

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXV.

JANUARY, 1822.

VOL. V.

CONTENTS.

<i>The Lion's Head.</i>	1	Sketches on the Road, No. VI.	
THE TWELVE TALES OF LYDDAL-CROSS:		Leghorn	60
Introductory.....	5	Review: Sardanapalus: The Two	
ELPHIN IRVINE, the Fairies' Cup-bearer, <i>with Ballads</i>	13	Foscari: and Cain. By Lord Byron.	66
Dream-Children, a Reverie. By ELIA.	21	<i>Ode of Casimir to his Lyre</i>	71
LIFE of CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.		LETTERS from LONDON to a Friend	
Continuation of Dr. Johnson's		in Edinburgh, No. I.	
Lives of the Poets, No. III..	24	The Leith Smack.....	72
BEAUTIES of the LIVING DRAMATISTS, No. I.		Review: The Pirate. By the Author	
A Scene from VIRTUE'S HARVEST HOME, a Comedy in		of Waverley.....	80
5 Acts. By T. M. Esq.....	29	The Drama.....	90
<i>Osmyn, a Persian Tale: Part II.</i>	33	Report of Music.....	95
The EARLY FRENCH POETS.		Literary and Scientific Intelligence.	97
Antoine Heroet, and Mellin de		Abstract of Foreign and Domestic Oc-	
Saint Gelais.....	37	currences.....	98
<i>Hymn to Spring.</i> By JOHN CLARE.	43		
ON THE ENGLISH STANDARD HEROIC, with some Remarks on the French Drama.			
Leisure Hours, No. V.....	44		
Neapolitan Priests.....	49		
On Imitation.....	51		
<i>Dramatic Fragment</i>	53		
AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES of the late			
Dr. BARRETT, Vice-Provost of			
Trinity College, Dublin.....	53		

Monthly Register.

Agricultural Report.....	1
Commercial Report.....	2
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	6
Ecclesiastical Preferments.....	8
Observations on the Weather, for November	8
Meteorological Journal, for November	10
Works preparing for Publication and lately published, new Patents, Bankruptcies, MARKETS, STOCKS, &c.....	11-18

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

WE had the imprudence to request of a learned Scotchman the explanation of a few difficult northern words, which our readers may encounter on their way through the first tale of Lyddalcross, and we have been punished and intimidated by an array of usages and authorities from which we have singled out the following.

KANE, or CANE, or KAIN.

The payment in produce or *kind* made by a vassal to his lord; by a farmer to his master; hence kane-grain, kane-fowls, kane cattle.

"To death we've dearly paid the *kane*—
Tam Samson's dead."—BURNS.

"It was but the last week that syne
The laird got all to pay his *kain*."—ALIAN RAMSAY.

"For Campbell rode, but Myrie ran,
And sore he paid the *kain*, man."—OLD SONG.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen,
That I have coft to day;
I'd paid my *kane* seven times to hell,
Ere you'd been won away."—TALE OF TAMLANE.

SUNKET.

On the word Sunket our friend has been equally prolix, but we shall abridge his muster of northern authorities by a brief explanation.—In Suffolk *suncate* signifies a dainty, and may probably be the same with *juncate* or *junket*, a sweetmeat according to Shakspeare. *Sunket* means provisions of any kind, and is usually applied in Scotland to refreshments.

LUCKEN BROWS.

A person, the hair of whose eye-brows is connected over the nose, is called lucken-browed; and anciently the looks of such a one were reckoned "unsonsie" or ominous.—Jamieson, the learned and accurate Jamieson, has missed this singular word in his dictionary, but it is in common use among the lowland Scotch.

"If I. E. L. had written her "Stanzas" before the appearance of Lord Byron's, their merit would have been unquestionable.

We would advise all our Correspondents to try themselves on new subjects, or on such strains as less obviously suggest unfavourable comparisons. If they find themselves *unable* to write well, unless excited by the recollections of poetry which they admire, their judgment should then have influence enough to deter them from writing at all.

G.'s Muse should use Steer's opodeldoc, which is allowed to be excellent for "*strains*."

Lion's Head is really touched with the modest manner in which R. N. E. tenders *her* Fragmenta; but, although they are not without merit, that merit is not strong enough to allow of a reference to the Printer.

We cannot pledge ourselves for the insertion of three Sonnets, by H. B. M. R. and H. L., but they are on our books as candidates for the next vacancy.

To Y. and Y. No.—A word to the *Y's*!

We have "shut the Lion's Mouth," as D. has requested.

L. sends us "a Scene from Memory, *from* the French."—We suppose L.'s Memory is "in French."

A. B. F.'s "Hymn, in imitation of Wordsworth," would be a sad drop in the Lake School, and Lion's Head is unfortunately obliged to decline giving it the opportunity of being "said or sung," by the Readers of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

It would be, perhaps, difficult to say *no* to Maria, or Anne F——: it is barely possible to refuse their verses.

We cannot book a place for "Night's Journey:" let her apply at the Saracen's Head.

Y. E. S. is our creditor for kind intention. There is a promise in his poetry, that we hope to see realized. H. L. would probably write better if he wrote less.

The author of an anonymous epistle, has our thanks for the expression of his opinion. We beg that he will make our compliments to his Uncle.

Christopherus is *inflamed* as requested :

J. B. "On the Management of Harriers" is deferred till the Dog-days ;
and

Homo's "Sonnet to Eve" is out of date.

A Correspondent has sent us some lines "On Winter," which, with much gravity, he informs us are meant for burlesque.—The following are certainly serious.

Riding on the storm, he shies
Hail and snowballs from the skies.
And the earth, all over white,
Is very bad for a weak sight :
But spectacles made of green glass
Will make it look again like grass :
And you shall dream of making hay
In the middle of Christmas day :
And think you spy green gooseberries budding
In all the eyes of a raisin pudding.

The Messiah is a very sublime subject ; and A. Y. Z. must not wonder therefore at his want of success.

A. A. A.—H. alias L.—M. N.—W. W.—Guido.—B.—John Raw.—T. C.
—K. L.—W. B. *****—D.—J. E. L.—Paul Drowsy.—A. B. F.—R. M. E.
—E. K.—Teman.—Y.—S. H.—and the Captive—are for various reasons inadmissible.

We have received the following letter.

SIR,—

After reading the other day, that Pope could have extracted poetry out of a warming pan, it occurred to me that I could, perhaps, wring a verse or two out of a bell, or strike a few stanzas out of a brass knocker. Whether I have succeeded, I leave to be judged from the following :

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

1.

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

2.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat* :
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger, and answer'd the door.

3.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
For the moment will come when such comers must go :
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

We received in the beginning of the month the following letter from a Correspondent, calling himself Pragmaticus:

"Mr. Editor,—It appears to me that your mode of spelling is not so precise as to show a decided attachment to any system. If I am right, you will, perhaps, have the less objection to receive the suggestions of one who has made Orthography his study, if such a word may be allowed on so trifling a subject. Let me, without further preamble, recommend for your adoption the following rules:

1st. That all participles (agreeably to a very high authority) shall double the consonant before *ing* or *ed*, *only* when the penultimate syllable is *emphatic*, and composed of a single vowel, as in *compelling*, *repelled*, *acquitted*, &c. But when the penultimate is formed of a single vowel, *not* emphatic, then that the *single* consonant be preserved, as in *galloping*, *riveting*, *traveling*, *reveling*, &c.

2d. That the substantives formed from these verbs be spelt in the same manner, that is, with the consonant double, or otherwise, as the emphasis may require; for instance, *traveler*, *reveler*, *repeller*, *compeller*, &c."

Our Correspondent must excuse us from inserting the remainder of his Letter; a Committee of "*Devils*" having sat upon it, and reported it "*frivolous and vexatious*." We have partly adhered to the above rules in the present Number; and may, perhaps, adopt them as our standard for the future.

Now we are on the subject of innovation, we beg to acquaint our readers, that from the commencement of this year the Monthly Register will be comprized in the last sheet of each Number, which is paged separately, in order that the whole may be bound together at the end of each volume.

AC

And
Ash
Ash
Bas
Do.
Bir
Bol
Bre
Che
Che
Cov
Cry
Der
Dud
Elle
Ere
Fort
Glo
ol
Do.
Gra
Gra
Do.
Gra
Do.
Gra
Gra
Hud
Ken
Lan
Lee
Leic
Leic
U
Lou
Melt
Mer
Mon
Do.
Mon
Neat
Nott
Nott
Oxfo
Peak
Ports
Rege
Roch
Shre
Shro
Som
Staff
Stou
Strat
Strou
Swan
Tavis
Than
Tren
Tru

Warv
Warv
Wilt
Wish
Worc

Brist
Do. N
Comm
East-
East
Lond
West

V

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Dec. 21st, 1821.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.		£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark	13	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	1482	100	Do. new	32	7½ p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham	80	4	1760	—	Vauxhall	15	—	3000	100
Basingstoke	6	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes	93	5	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds	40	2	54,000l.	—	Waterloo	5	5	5000	100
Birmingham (divided)	560	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	27	10	5000	60
Bolton and Bury	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	22	10	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny	80	4	958	150	— Bonds	102	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	95	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield	120	8	1500	100	Barking	30	—	300	100
Coventry	1000	44	500	100	Commercial	106	10	1000	100
Croydon	3	—	4546	100	— East-India	100	5	—	100
Derby	135	6	600	100	Branch	35	1 17 6	492	100
Dudley	63	3	2060½	100	Great Dover Street	4	—	2393	50
Ellesmere and Chester	63	3	3575½	133	Highgate Archway	—	1	1000	65
Erewash	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway	—	1	1000	60
Forth and Clyde	480	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.	30	1 6	3762	50
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye				
Do. optional Loan	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction	222	9	11,815½	100	East London	93	—	3800	100
Grand Surrey	59	3	1521	100	Grand Junction	55	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan	100	10	48,800l.	—	Kent	31	10	2000	100
Grand Union	20	—	2849½	100	London Bridge	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan	95	5	19,327l.	—	South London	25	—	800	100
Grand Western	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex	50	2	7540	—
Grantham	142	8	749	150	York Buildings	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield	13	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon	17	5	25,328	100	Albion	50	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster	27	1	11,699½	100	Atlas	4	15 6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool	325	12	2879½	100	Bath	575	40	—	—
Leicester	290	14	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union	84	4	1895	100	British	50	3	—	250
Loughborough	2600	170	70	—	County	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray	215	10	250	100	Eagle	2	12 6	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	—	European	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire	170	10	2409	100	Globe	131	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures	99	5	43,526l.	100	Guardian	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	700	100	Hope	4	6	40,000	50
Neath	410	25	247	—	Imperial	90	4 10	2400	500
North Wilts	—	—	1770	25	London Fire	24	1 4	3900	25
Nottingham	200	12	500	150	London Ship	20	1	31,000	25
Oxford	649	32	1720	100	Provident	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest	66	3	2400	100	Rock	1	18 2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange	250	10	745,100l.	—
Regent's	24	10	12,294	—	Sun Fire	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale	45	2	5631	100	Sun Life	23	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury	165	9	500	125	Union	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal	107	10	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company)	62	4	8000	50
Stafford & Worcestershire	700	40	760	100	Do. New Shares	56	3 4	4000	50
Stourbridge	210	9	300	145	City Gas Light Company	104	8	1000	100
Stratford on Avon	11	—	3647	—	Do. New	54	4	1000	100
Stroudwater	495	22	—	—	Bath Gas	17	18 4	2500	20
Swansea	190	10	533	100	Brighton Gas	15	14	1500	20
Tavistock	90	—	350	100	Bristol	26	2	2500	20
Thames and Medway	20	—	2670	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk	1810	75	1300	200	London	28	—	1000	75gs
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	1000	100	Russel	10	10	700	25gs
Warwick and Napton	210	9	980	100	Surrey	5	—	700	30gs
Wilts and Berks	4	—	14,288	—	Miscellaneous.				
Wisbeach	60	—	126	105	Auction Mart	22	1 5	1080	50
Worcester and Birmingham	24	1	6000	—	British Copper Company	52	2 10	1397	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery	11	—	2259	80
Bristol	15	—	2209	146	Do.	7	—	3447	50
Do. Notes	100	10	268,324l.	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms	17	1	2000	150
Commercial	75	3	3132	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class	85	4	—	—
East-India	164	10	450,000l.	100	Do. 2d Class	72	3	—	—
East Country	22	—	1038	100	City Bonds	106	5	—	—
London	104	10	3,114,000l.	100					
West-India	180	10	1,200,000l.	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th Nov. to 24th Dec.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Nov.															
26	239	77½	78½ 8	—	96	110	19½	—	—	242	69	—	—	3	78½
27	239	77½	78½ 7	87½	96	110	19½	—	—	—	67	—	—	3	78½
28	239	77½	77½ 6	87½	96½	110½	19½	76½	—	—	65	—	—	2	78½
29	239	77½	77½ 6	87½	96	110	19½	—	—	241	66	—	—	3	78½
30	—	77	77½ 6	—	96	110½	19½	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	78½
Dec.															
1	238½	76½	77½ 7	87½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	240	67	—	—	4	78½
3	238½	76½	77½ 7	87½	96	110	19½	—	—	240½	65	—	—	3	78½
4	236½	76½	76½ 7	86½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	239	63	—	—	2	77½
5	237	76½	shut.	87	96	111	19½	75½	—	—	66	—	—	2	78
6	237	76½	7	87½	96½	111½	19½	75½	—	—	65	—	—	2	78½
7	—	76½	—	87½	96½	111	19½	75½	—	—	65	—	—	2	78½
8	—	76½	—	—	96½	111	19½	—	—	—	65	—	—	2	78
10	—	76½	—	—	96½	110½	—	—	—	—	67	—	—	2	77½
11	235½	76½	—	87½	96½	111	—	75½	—	—	68	—	—	2	77½
12	236	76½	—	87½	96½	111	—	75½	—	—	68	—	—	2	78
13	237	76½	—	87½	96	—	19½	75½	—	—	69	—	76½	2	78½
14	236½	76½	—	87½	96½	—	19½	75½	—	—	70	—	76½	2	77½
15	237	76½	—	87½	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	3	78½
17	236½	76½	—	—	96½	—	—	—	—	—	71	—	—	3	78
18	237	76½	—	87½	96½	111	19½	—	—	—	71	—	76½	3	78½
19	236½	76½	—	87½	96½	111	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	3	78½
20	236½	76½	—	87½	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	2	78½
21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	236	76½	—	87½	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	3	78½
24	235½	76½	—	—	96	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	2	77½

IRISH FUNDS.

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Nov. 24. to Dec. 20.

Nov.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.	1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Nov.												Nov.	fr. c.	fr. c.
22	239	87	86½	—	—	109½	109	96	—	74	—	24	89 35	—
23	—	87	86½	—	—	109½	109	96	48	73½	—	28	89 75	—
26	239	87	86½	—	—	109½	109	96	—	—	—	Dec.		
Dec.												1	89 15	1597 50
1	238½	87½	86½	—	—	109½	109	96½	—	—	15	4	88 50	—
6	—	86	86	—	—	109½	109½	96½	—	72½	22½	8	87 40	1595 —
7	—	86	86	—	—	109½	109	96½	—	71½	—	11	88 40	1592 50
10	235½	86	85	—	—	109	109	—	45½	71½	22½	15	87 40	1592 50
12	—	86	85	—	—	108½	108½	96½	46	72	—	17	88 10	—
13	—	85½	85½	—	—	108½	108	96½	46½	73	—	20	87 35	—
14	236½	85½	85½	—	—	108½	108½	96½	47	73	23			

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.						NEW YORK.			
	Dec.						Nov.			
	4	7	11	14	18	21	10	15	16	23
Bank Shares.....	23	23	23	—	—	—	112	114½	114½	113½
6 per cent. 1812.....	99	99	99	99	99	90	106½	106½	107½	107½
1813.....	100	100	100	100	100	100	107½	107½	108½	108½
1814.....	101½	101½	101½	102	102	102	109½	109½	109½	109½
1815.....	102½	102	102	102½	102½	102½	111½	111½	110½	111½
5 per cent. 1821.....	102	102	101	101	101	101	108½	108½	109	109½

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXV.

JANUARY, 1822.

VOL. V.

The Twelve Tales of Lyddalcross.

INTRODUCTORY.

COME turn your footsteps to wild Fancy's land,
To haunted Lyddal, Solway's fairy strand ;
To the charm'd ground where grey tradition tells
Of the dread lair where the old wizard dwells,
Who milk'd men's flocks, and drown'd the herds in Dryfe,
And coost seven witch-knots on proud Willie's wife ;
The blessed well where the sick pilgrim drinks,
The mermaid-water where the gay ship sinks,
The heath where flits the grisly ghost,—the glen
With spectres throng'd and fiery shapes of men.
We'll pull the ragwort on which witches prance,
Through the sick air, to quaff the wines of France ;—
We'll dance upon the greensward upland, where
The elfin minstrels sooth'd the wintry air
To summer sweetness, while the dewy weet
Show'd the starr'd sparkling of ten thousand feet.
Of the fierce Kelpies, too, we'll talk—the lords
Of Lyddal's pools, and Dryfe's more deadly fords ;—
Of spectre-lights which glimmer far and nigh,
Lights of the grave where all who live must lie ;
Of elfin lights ;—in all the lights which gleam
Down dim tradition we shall find a theme.

On themes, too, sweeter shall we muse, and talk
With whispering maidens in the twilight walk ;
With peasants revel ; converse hold, and quaff
Ale berry-brown, and sing, and leap, and laugh ;—
Paint the grave humour and the witty grace
Of Scotland's keen and England's honest face.
Pause 'mid our mirth, and sigh above the shroud
Where princely Percys lie and Musgraves proud ;
The gallant Selbys wild of wit and will,
The Dacres hot, the Harclas hotter still :
Nor shall the Douglas be forgot,—the wight
And witty Gordons, Lindsays gay and light ;
The Maxwell, too, whom Nithsdale matrons mourn,
Smote low and bleeding by the Dryfesdale thorn ;

And Scott, a name which while the greenwood grows,
 While Skiddaw towers, and silver Solway flows,
 While eyes love light, and ladies lover-story,
 Shall shine in martial might and minstrel glory;
 And bold Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's fiery knight,
 Dimm'd now and shining with diminish'd light.
 And Halliday, what muse but thinks of thee,
 The wight, the witty, friendly, frank, and free;
 And ancient Lyddal, thou whose lineage long
 Has cherish'd northern oral lore and song;
 And all the names in olden tale renown'd,
 Sung in romance on fancy's charmed ground;—
 On these we'll muse, stretch'd on the sunward sod,
 Erewhile by mailed knight and fairy trod,
 Swathed in the shepherd's maud—around, around,
 Will gray tradition pour her fitful sound,
 And charm us up old visions haught and high,
 Reveal'd to none save ours, or the GREAT WIZARD's eye.

The stream of Lyddal, in winding down the romantic border vale on which it confers its name, partly encloses a small, round, woody mount, or knoll, once occupied by a fortress or tower, the residence of the ancient and warlike name of Lyddal. This fortress, during the eventful times of the English and Scottish wars, acknowledged for captains many of the martial names of Cumberland and Dumfriesshire. If the winds of Lyddal fanned the pennons of the Percys, the Musgraves, the Mordaunts, the Selbys, the Dacres, and the Harclas; they also in succession waved the banners of the Scotts, the Maxwells, the Johnstones, the Hallidays, and the Lyddals. And tradition does not fail to inform us, that the same breeze which blew on the loyal pennons of these redoubted border chieftains, blew more than once with equal gentleness on the banners of the marauding Grahames, Armstrongs, and Jardines, fairly displayed on the summit of Lyddal tower. Nay; to one of these temporary lords of Lyddal is ascribed the famous war-cry in the onset at Ancram-moor, "Every man for his ain hand, and God for us a'"; and a border family still show a gold girdle, with an embossed sword, which in that memorable day forsook the side of Sir Brian Latoun, and attached itself to the side of Richard Armstrong, lord, for the time, of the towers of Gillknockie and Lyddal.

But disuse, says the poet, will rust the brightest sword; so time will sap the strength of the strongest wall. The castle of Lyddal was silently dismantled by the long peace which

followed the first Stuart to the English throne; and though it held up its head for a season, during the great civil war, it gradually lost its martial appearance; and soon after the accession of the Hanoverian branch of the Stuarts, when the wars which filled our towns with fire, and flooded our hearths with blood, were carried to foreign lands, it reduced its exterior to the peaceful look of domestic repose, and national tranquillity. This quiet sustained a slight interruption by the march of the Highland host, in 1745, when the mutilated tower was occupied as a magazine by a retainer to the chief of the clan Macpherson. On the retreat of the rebels from England, orders were given to blow up the magazine, and this service was entrusted to a clansman, much better skilled in the virtues of sword-blades and dirks, than in the powers of twenty barrels of gunpowder. He made his way to the door, and throwing a blazing turf, which he plucked from a peasant's hearth, among the barrels, quietly awaited the result. The tower was shattered from turret to foundation-stone, and the astonished clansman thrown three acres broad from the spot where he stood. He started to his feet, much singed, and but little hurt, and shaking the fire from his kilt and plaid, exclaimed with a snort: "Tamn ye! put ye're hasty elding" (fuel.)

Walter Lyddal, to whom this tower pertained at the time of the highland incursion, was the last of the ancient and immediate race, and altogether a remarkable person. In

his youth, he was renowned over the whole border for the beauty of his person, for his skill in all manly exercises, and for the undaunted bravery of his nature. He was in love with a young lady, of the ancient family of the Selbys, and won her affection from many opulent and noble rivals. They met and plighted their vows, and broke a ring between them at the foot of Lyddalcross, an ancient monument of stone held in superstitious veneration by the peasantry; but their affections were crossed by false friends, or by their own evil fortunes. He flew to a foreign land, and the loss of her lover, and the disasters which the fatal rebellion of 1715 brought on her family, conducted the lady to an untimely grave. Walter Lyddal returned to his native land, but he was no longer the gay and the fiery youth, whose bravery kept the border-riders in awe, and influenced the hearts of many noble maidens. He abolished the ancient state and splendour of his house—turned his deer-herds to the mountains, permitted no one to call him lord, and exchanged the mantle, and hat, and heron plume, worn by many of the romantic youths of that period, for a lowland bonnet, and a shepherd's maud. The sword and pistols, the common badges of gentle birth, and which personal safety often demanded, were exchanged for a simple staff; and for the sound of the trumpet, and the marshalling of armed men,—he had now the music of the shepherd's pipe, and the management of numerous flocks, which he delighted to lead out to pasture among the romantic hills of his native land.

This transformation was beheld with sorrow and pity by the ancient dependants of the name of Lyddal; they had ever been accustomed to associate the name with the sword, and the spear, with chivalry and feats of arms, and sighed to see the descendant of the heroes of their fathers' tales and songs degenerate into a feeder of flocks. The rustic minstrels of the north made ballads "of scoff and of scorn" on this unhappy degeneracy, but nothing would rouse him from his lethargy. Even when the highland host took forcible possession of his residence, and made it

into a magazine, he offered resistance neither in word nor deed, but seated himself on a little hill, and looked unconcerned on the strange array of warriors as they passed. When his home—the ancient dwelling of his race was blown to the air, he was only observed to remove with much anxiety the rubbish from the old stone cross which stood beside the tower; and pulling an emblem or token from his bosom, he walked round and round the ancient monument, muttering words which sounded like a prayer, and of which the name of Selby could alone be distinguished.

After the retreat of the Highlanders, the house was speedily re-built, and the name was changed to Lyddalcross; a name which the peasantry, out of love for the proprietor, allowed it to retain. As he advanced in years, his attachment to a pastoral life became more and more decided; he sometimes admitted visitors from among the gentle friends of his father's house; but he heard of titles and rank conferred on names long in rivalry with his own with perfect indifference, and drove out his flocks to pasture, and consorted with peasants and shepherds, like one who had never aspired at distinction, or prayed for ladies' love. But he was no churl, though churls were his companions; his heart was ever kind, and his hand was ever open. His hearth, during winter, blazed the brightest of all border hearths; his hall was crowded with the wretched and the indigent, and his tables loaded with the abundance which his extensive estates supplied. To a race of beings whom the sordid feelings of the present portioners of the earth have shut up in alms-houses and cells, "the moping idiot, and the madman gay," his house was ever open, and his table ever spread. His large fire was commonly flanked by a couple of these wanderers,—to whose residence in a family, the merciful proverb of the north imputed half the good fortune that befel; nor did the incumbents think of removing, till perhaps the arrival of others, equally deranged, but more intractable than themselves, drove them from the chimney-cheek. The new occupants again in their turn were

dispossessed, more by force than entreaty, by others of their brethren of the district.

To those fond of observing the revival of the rude hospitality of our ancestors,—a view of the evening fire-side of Lyddalcross would have given no small pleasure. The halt, the lame, and the blind; those who felt distress, or counterfeited misfortune; the young and the aged, the soldier from the wars, and the mariner from the waves, all were there. The soldier's wife, with her children, and her story of distress, and the last letter she received from one who would never more write again; the blue gown mendicant, the privileged lifter of every door-latch, and the chronicle of the district; the strolling seller of ballads and tales, those wandering booksellers, whose traffic in abridged romances, legends, and songs, has been long cut up by the periodical venders of visionary reforms, and leading articles in the practice and morals contained in the impure pages of Paine; and though last, not the least important, the pleasant packman, whose tact in selling snoods of silk, and kirtles of callimanco, had rendered him a standard favourite on the border; all considered Lyddalcross as a refuge and a home.

These various and discordant materials of fire-side felicity the proprietor knew well how to manage, and perhaps no person ever possessed equal skill in extracting information and amusement from such intractable matter. He entered into the peculiar habits and feelings, and singularities of each individual, and distributed little marks of attention and notice, with such a graceful, but yet frugal hand, that all felt pleased, went away satisfied, and returned with joy. He suited himself to the whimsical and capricious humours of the crazy and demented; and with the old mendicants, he entered deeply into the spirit and history of past times, and conversed on family feuds, domestic misfortunes, national quarrels, and stories steeped deep in popular belief and superstition. On those who possessed the gift of story-telling in the greatest perfection, the laird's favours not only dropt, but were absolutely showered; and, to tell the

truth, to go to Lyddalcross, without some real or well-feigned story, was to expose the visitant, not to expulsion, but to the mortification of a seat distant from the fire, and cold cheer at the supper table.

Of all this the travelling people of the neighbouring districts were perfectly aware, and amply indulged the aged laird in this harmless propensity, so that the Tales of Lyddalcross became famous, like the minstrelsy of old, all over the north country. The shepherd maiden sang at bught and bridal the songs of Lyddalcross, and the mendicant tale-teller justified in remote parishes any departure which he made from the direct line of established narrative, by declaring "such is the way at Lyddalcross;" so that this mansion became as famous for the cleverest versions of traditional story, as the Ballantyne press is at present for the finest editions of popular books.

How I became acquainted with Walter Lyddal is a tale easily told, and to me, at this distant day, there is pleasure in relating it. In the early part of my life, I was pursuing my way along the border towards Carlisle, with the carelessness of one who had not learned to set value upon time, and to whom an hour of lingering by an old castle wall, or a couple of hours pondering around the circumference of a Danish or Roman entrenchment, were moments numbered by joy. It was nigh the close of harvest, and the sun had nearly an hour to shine, when, after pursuing the curves and freaks of a pure and beautiful brook, I came within sight of the house of Lyddalcross; I stood looking on the romantic scene before me, conjuring up as I gazed the forms of the heroes of old, whose names and deeds had rendered this valley famous in story. So deeply was I engaged among the imaginary heroes of the Round Table, the wizard Merlin, the enchanter Walter de Soulis, and, descending down the stream of traditional chivalry, among the English and Scottish knights and minstrels, who tilted and battled, and sang on the streamlet banks, that I scarcely observed the approach of two men, who seemed engaged in very earnest conversation.

They were travelling merchants or pedlars, one was old and bent, with a look of particular shrewdness and calculation; the other was young, but there was a forecast in his looks, and a spirit of consideration in his eye, which foreboded that he would become an accomplished person in his way. Of this his hoary companion seemed to be aware, from the particular pains which he took to school him in his craft or calling, and prepare him for making his "first foot, or entrée," at Lyddalcross, with honour and emolument. "And now William," said the old pedlar, "having settled the mystery of merchandize, have ye got a tale to tell to the laird of Lyddalcross, to secure ye a cozy seat at the fire, and the choicest comfort at his supper-board? Let me tell ye, my man, never be wanting in your tale; better want an inch of your ellwand. Ye maun have a tale of love and witty courtship for the maidens, a tale of mirth for the young men, and a tale of devotion, weel larded with scripture warrant, and the death-bed saws of saints, for the old and devout. But for the Laird of Lyddalcross, ye maun have an auld-world tale of blood-spilling, and her ship and spulziement; or something anent witches, and wizards may be. There was auld Margaret Humlock, yere mother's nearest neighbour, as uncannie a cummer as a man may talk about; ye can readily spirit up some sinful story anent her, and may be, my lad, tell nae falsehoods for all that; she was a fearful woman: or a tale of fairyrade and revelry-age; better than a', and more becoming for one of thy years." "Ah, Simon," said he to the senior, "let me alone for a cunning tale, and a grave face. I vow I have as rare a tale to tell as the ears of an old man may covet." "Hast thou indeed," responded Symon, in a tone that seemed intended to reprove the presumption of the youth, "it will be something notable gif it be brewed in thy own brain; let me have a tasting on't, my bairn; repeat me a bit, and repeat it deliverly." "Repeat to thee my tale; my chiefest of all tales," answered Willie; "my sooth man I'm nae sic simpleton; ye would tell't for your ain, and win the warm cheer, and the cozy seat frae

the laird, and leave me a cauld and supperless seat, and a bed in the barn, under an ell-deep of damp sacks." "Aweel, aweel, keep it thyself," said the senior, whose temper the insolence of the youth seemed unable to ruffle. "But what tempts thee to think I would steal one of thy 'quothe' and 'quothe I' stories; and wi' sic a gallant collection of my own. I shall tell a tale to-night, sic as has nae been heard in Lyddal tower since the banner of Johnie Armstrong, the freebooter, floated oore its rafters. But let us forward, else some daft and demented carlin will catch the warmest nook before us; and ye maun ken, the laird never moves the seat of a crazy bodie; no, for the fairest tale ever invented and tauld. Ye need nae wonder at that; he has a fellow-feeling, Willie, my man; he's tarred with the same stick, as the corbie-crow said to the raven." And forward the two companions hastened, leaving me much interested in the singular laird of Lyddalcross.

I had heard of Walter Lyddal, for the unhappy tale of his youthful days had flown far and wide; and I had also heard of his return to Scotland, of the remarkable style of rude hospitality in which he lived, and the curious characters which it was his delight to assemble about him. As I recalled these matters to my mind, two women, cloaked and hooded, with long walking sticks in their hands, advanced along the road, and the theme on which they turned the current of conversation was the same which at that time employed my own thoughts. "Aweel and aweel," said one old cummer, showing from below her hood, as she spoke, a long gray eyelash, and lucken brows, "aweel, its a wonderous weel told tale; but its too common, Marion, its too common; it looks too like yesterday to pass for a bairn of fern-year. A tale like that will never win the notice of the laird, nor win a pound of hawslock wool to make hose for your good man. I see ye're green at this gear; sae hearken hinnie, and I will school thee. It is now some sax and twenty years, come summer, since I began to feast on the fat of Lyddalcross; mony's the good stone of gimmer-wool I have gained by

cannie management, and mony's the happy and gladsome night I have spent at his fire-side. It was nae sae in auld times, I have heard my douce good man say, low as he now lies in Wamphray kirkyard, with the green grass growing aboon one of the whitest and manliest brows the sun ever shone on; it was nae sae, he said, when the hall of Lyddalcross, instead of hanging full of the sides and spaulds of sheep, and deer hams, and kippered salmon, and teats of wool, and hanks of yarn, was gleaming from floor to rafter with the swords and the bucklers of mighty men. The horn that now blows the shepherd to his sunkit on the hill side, had it been set to a Lyddal's lip, would have touted out two hundred helmets, with as mony bauld Lyddals and Hallidays, all on their barbed steeds, with their mail coats on, and their swords by their sides. But times, hinnie, are sadly altered now, and a man has to toil and sweat, and turn over dirty acres, from sunrise to sun-set, for a handful of meal and a pint of skimmed milk. A man in the auld times would mount his horse at the gloaming, and clink into his wife's lap, sometime ere midnight, the golden gauds of some baron's lady; he lived, lass, by the bow and the spear, and reaped a richer and a readier harvest in ae night, than a farmer will reap now in seven years. But as I was saying, mony a happy night have I spent at the hearth of Lyddalcross; but for every night of howff and shelter have I rewarded him with some cannie auld-farrand tale. Sae all that ye have to do is to glide in at the gate like a ghaist, with a 'peace be here,' and 'health t'ye laird of Lyddalcross;' and should ony ane say, 'away ye strange quean, the laird disnae ken ye,' ye maun make answer: 'Eh, sirs, but that's the first unkindly word woman ever heard at Lyddalcross. The auld Lyddals had a frank hand, and a weel plenished board for their dependants; it's altered days indeed. I heard my grandsire say, that when the auld lords of Lyddal feasted the nobles and the princes, the venison smoked like Lyddal mount in a mist, and the wine ran as red as ever the Lyddal ran with English blood,

mair by token three parishes feasted on the crumbs after the feast, and got drunk on the remnant wine.' Say this, or something like this, and I'll be your warrant; only ye'll have yere tale to tell, or yere ballad to sing nevertheless:" and continuing this amusing admonition, the two cummers descended into the valley, and proceeded towards the house.

To resist the wish of visiting Walter Lyddal, after listening to these conversations, was impossible; so I descended into the valley, and approached the house, not without apprehension that I might fail in the curious trial of introduction to the warmest seat, and the choicest cheer. The door appeared to be guarded by a gray-headed domestic, who, on observing an utter stranger in the path, came forward to meet me: "Ye'll be wanting to look at Lyddal mount, Sir, and the Saxon cross, whilk my master calls Lady Selby's cross," said the retainer of the last lord of Lyddal; "or ye may be wanting," added he, in a lower tone, but of equal kindness, "food and fire, and shelter." I looked round the ancient mount, and the Saxon cross, and rewarding my conductor with a small gratuity for his trouble, prepared to pass the threshold; he whispered in a confidential tone, in which he perhaps wished me to think that my notice of him was not forgotten: "Your food will be the richer, Sir, and your bed softer, and your welcome warmer, if ye can tell some brave auld-world tale to cheer the heart of my kind auld master; for, the saints help him! he kens of nae comfort now, save what comes frae strange lips."

I entered, and found a large and roomy hall, already peopled with motley guests, while a huge fire in the middle of the floor shared the glory of illuminating the place with the last ray of the descending sun. Tale and ballad had already begun, for a wandering dealer in legends and songs endeavoured, as I advanced, to obtain a warmer seat, and augment his evening cheer, by singing the following song, of which he carried six dozen of printed copies, at the rate of seven songs for a penny.

THE AULD MAN.

1.

Down Lyddal glen the stream leaps glad ;
 The lily blooms on Lyddal lea ;
 The daisy glows on the sunny sod ;
 The birds sing loud on tower and tree :
 The earth laughs out, yet seems to say,
 Thy blood is thin, and thy locks are gray.

2.

The minstrel trims his merriest string,
 And draws his best and boldest bow ;
 The maidens shake their white brow-locks,
 And go starting off with their necks of snow.
 I smile, but my smiling seems to say,
 Thy blood is thin, and thy locks are gray.

3.

The damsels dance ; their beaming eyes
 Shower light and love, and joy about ;
 The glowing peasant answers glad,
 With a merry kiss, and mirthsome shout.
 I leap to my legs, but well-a-day,
 Their might is gone, and my locks are gray.

4.

A maiden said to me with a smile,
 Though past thy hour of bridal bliss,
 With hoary years, and pains, and fears,
 A frozen pow, and a frosty kiss,
 Come down the dance with me, I pray,
 Though thy blood be thin, and thy locks be gray.

5.

Sweet one, thou smilest ; but I have had,
 When my leaf was green, as fair as thee
 Sigh for my coming, and high-born dames
 Have loved the glance of my merry ee ;
 But the brightest eye will lose its ray,
 And the darkest locks will grow to gray.

6.

I've courted till the morning star
 Wax'd dim ere came our parting time ;
 I've walk'd with jewel'd locks, which shone
 I' the moon when past her evening prime ;
 And I've ta'en from rivals rich away
 The dame of my heart, though my locks be gray.

The audience applauded the song, but I was too glad of the opportunity which its singing gave me of contemplating Walter Lyddal, to give that regard to the rhyme which probably it merited. The representative of this ancient border name was seated on an antique settle, or couch of carved oak, placed apart from the crowd, and cushioned deep with sheep skins. He was muffled up to the chin in a dark gray cloak, formed from the wool of his own flocks ; his head was bare, and sprinkled about the temples with long white

hairs. His form was perfectly erect, but the weight of sixty-five years, many of them full of sorrow, had done much to pull down a stately and powerful frame, and had given a palsied and tremulous motion to the hands and head. He rested him over a staff, and his large dark and inquisitive eyes roamed incessantly among the strange faces which thronged his hearth. Dogs of the chase, and shepherd's curs, and curs of low degree, lay stretched on the floor, while the beams and walls were hung with dried flesh and fish, and all the pre-

served and pickled dainties of a pastoral establishment.

At last the old man fixed his eyes on me, and making something like an effort to rise, said: "You are welcome, Sir, to Lyddalcross; welcome to such cheer as a frail old man can give you. For the days are far away that were once here when I had three fair sisters to make a stranger's seat soft, and minister to his cheer. These days are all gone, Sir, so even come and draw yere seat near me, and tell any strange tidings ye may have heard; for I am one who hears nought, save what the kindness of strangers gathers for my gratification." Two of his dogs, as he spoke, came and caressed me like an old acquaintance; while one of the domestics, who evidently did not confound me with the mendicants who thronged the floor, placed a seat for my accommodation: so down I sat, without farther ceremony; and thus I addressed the old man. "I have sought your hearth, and accept your welcome, and I doubt not to find the truth of the ancient Dumfries-shire proverb, 'Aught's gude frae the hand of a Lyddal.'" "And so ye're a quoter of old proverbs," said the laird to me; "I like ye all the better for that; the man who can apply a good old proverb with discretion is no' a man to be met with under every blue bonnet; and that's a proverb too. Halbert, bring hither the drinking loom of Lyddalcross, the ancient fairy cup; and bring it full of wine: keep your ale for the self-sufficient citizens of cannie Carlisle; this is a lad of better mettle, his face reminds me of old acquaintance and firm friendship, and we shall taste wine together this night, were it only in honour of his looks."

The old domestic advanced with the wine cup and the flagon; and the laird, seizing the former by the two massy ears, placed it beside him, poured it full of wine, and eyeing me for a moment, renewed his discourse. "I ken ye well, your name is Halliday, descended from Thomas Halliday, the sister's son of Sir William Wallace, the bauld and homely Halliday; one of thy ancestors was Walter Halliday, marshal of the English minstrels to Edward the Fourth; thy grandfather and I in the days of

our youth were soothfast friends, and the Lyddals and Hallidays have ridden side by side in battle when Eden water ran red with blood; it's an old name and a good," and elevating the cup as he spoke, he drained the wine at a draught. The cup was instantly replenished, and placed in my hands; and even while I raised it to my lips, no wise slow in doing honour to my entertainer, I could not help admiring the exquisite beauty of the sculpture with which its sides were adorned. The artist had represented a fairy procession, and the elfin people on horseback and foot moved along to the sound of supernatural minstrelsy. The earth seemed green under their feet, the sky sparkled with stars above them, and the whole romantic scene seemed charmed into life and beauty.

"It is a bonnie cup," said my entertainer, "and has belonged to the name of Lyddal since the harrying of Holmcultrum-house, when the strife was between Bruce and Baliol. The common people, who seldom err in traditionary matters, aver it to be the work of elves, and call it the fairy cup of Lyddalcross. But I keep ye from your wine, Sir, and ye'll admire the vessel not the less when ye have proved its contents." I obeyed, and emptied a cup of wine which was worthy of wetting the lips of Queen Mab herself. "Laird of Lyddal," I said, "if the cup be beautiful, the wine is delicious; and I much question if more exquisite wine ever sparkled in the cup when presented to the Princess of Fairy-land herself, by the hands of ELPHIN IRVING, who was seven years cup-bearer to the elves, in the vale of Corriewater." "Seven years cup-bearer," said Walter Lyddal, chaffing his huge hands together with joy, "seven years cup-bearer to the Queen of Elfland; I never heard of the tale before. I'll warrant it's an odd one and a wild:—Elphin Irving! I have never heard of the youth, so take another tasting of wine, and tell me, and have the discretion to speak out, for my hearing is less sharp than it should be. But, first, let me tell ye the use and wont of Lyddalcross. I dwell apart from mankind, and my main delight is in listening to traditional stories; tales which are full

of the failings and the feelings, the beliefs, the superstitions, the sins, and the actions of man: my hearth is crowded, as ye may see, with curious old-world sort of people like myself, and many a well-imagined story is related for my edification.

Such is the use and wont of my hall. If ye lacked invention and knowledge in old matters, the name of Halliday should float ye over family rules; yet, for the sake of old friendship, let me hear the tale of ELPHIN IRVING, the FAIRIES' CUP-BEARER."

TALE THE FIRST.

ELPHIN IRVING, THE FAIRIES' CUPBEARER.

The lady kilted her kirtle green
 A little aboon her knee,
 The lady snooded her yellow hair
 A little aboon her bree,
 And she's gane to the good green wood
 As fast as she could hie.

And first she let the black steed pass,
 And syne she let the brown,
 And then she flew to the milk-white steed,
 And pull'd the rider down:
 Syne out then sang the queen o' the fairies,
 Frae 'midst a bank of broom,
 She that has won him, young Tamlane,
 Has gotten a gallant groom.

Old Ballad.

The romantic vale of Corriewater, in Annandale, is regarded by the inhabitants, a pastoral and unmingled people, as the last border refuge of those beautiful and capricious beings the fairies. Many old people, yet living, imagine they have had intercourse of good words and good deeds with the "good folk," and continue to tell, that in the ancient of days the fairies danced on the hill, and revelled in the glen, and showed themselves like the mysterious children of the deity of old among the sons and daughters of men. Their visits to the earth were periods of joy and mirth to mankind, rather than of sorrow and apprehension. They played on musical instruments of wonderful sweetness and variety of note, spread unexpected feasts, the supernatural flavour of which overpowered on many occasions the religious scruples of the presbyterian shepherds, performed wonderful deeds of horsemanship, and marched in midnight processions, when the sound of their elfin minstrelsy charmed youths and maidens into love for their persons and pursuits; and more than one family of Corriewater have augmented the numbers of the elfin chivalry. Faces of friends and relatives, long since doomed to the battle-trench, or the deep sea, have been recognized

by those who dared to gaze on the fairy march. The maid has seen her lost lover, and the mother her stolen child; and the courage to plan and achieve their deliverance has been possessed by, at least, one border maiden. In the legends of the people of Corrievale there is a singular mixture of elfin and human adventure, and the traditional story of the Cupbearer to the Queen of the Fairies appeals alike to our domestic feelings and imagination.

In one of the little green loops, or bends, on the banks of Corriewater, mouldered walls, and a few stunted wild plum-trees, and vagrant roses, still point out the scite of a cottage and garden. A well of pure spring-water leaps out from an old tree-root before the door, and here the shepherds, shading themselves in summer from the influence of the sun, tell to their children the wild tale of Elphin Irving, and his sister Phemie; and, singular as the story seems, it has gained full credence among the people where the scene is laid.

"I ken the tale and the place weel," interrupted an old Scottish-woman, who, from the predominance of scarlet in her apparel, seemed to have been a follower of the camp, "I ken them weel, and the tale's as

true as a bullet to its aim, and a spark to powder. Oh bonnie Corriewater, a thousand times have I pulled gowans on its banks wi' ane that lies stiff and stark on a foreign shore in a bloody grave:" and sobbing audibly, she drew the remains of a military cloak over her face, and allowed the story to proceed.

When Elphin Irving and his sister Phemie were in their sixteenth year, for tradition says they were twins, their father was drowned in Corriewater, attempting to save his sheep from a sudden swell, to which all mountainstreams are liable; and their mother, on the day of her husband's burial, laid down her head on the pillow, from which, on the seventh day, it was lifted to be dressed for the same grave. The inheritance left to the orphans may be briefly described: seventeen acres of plow and pasture land, seven milk cows, and seven pet sheep, (many old people take delight in odd numbers;) and to this may be added, seven bonnet-pieces of Scottish gold, and a broad sword and spear, which their ancestor had wielded with such strength and courage in the battle of Dryfe-sands, that the minstrel who sang of that deed of arms, ranked him only second to the Scotts and Johnstones.

The youth and his sister grew in stature and in beauty. The brent bright brow, the clear blue eye, and frank and blythe deportment of the former, gave him some influence among the young women of the valley; while the latter was no less the admiration

of the young men, and at fair and dance, and at bridal, happy was he who touched but her hand, or received the benediction of her eye. Like all other Scottish beauties, she was the theme of many a song; and while tradition is yet busy with the singular history of her brother, song has taken all the care that rustic minstrelsy can of the gentleness of her spirit, and the charms of her person.

"Now I vow," exclaimed a wandering piper, "by mine own honoured instrument, and by all other instruments, that ever yielded music for the joy and delight of mankind, that there are more bonnie songs made about fair Phemie Irving than about all other dames of Annandale, and many of them are both high and bonnie. A proud lass maun she be, if her spirit hears; and men say, the dust lies not insensible of beautiful verse; for her charms are breathed through a thousand sweet lips, and no farther gone than yesternorn, I heard a lass singing on a green hillside what I shall not readily forget. If ye like to listen ye shall judge; and it will not stay the story long, nor mar it much, for it is short, and about Phemie Irving:" and accordingly he chaunted the following rude verses, not unaccompanied by his honoured instrument, as he called his pipe, which chimed in with great effect, and gave richness to a voice which felt better than it could express.

FAIR PHEMIE IRVING.

1.

Gay is thy glen, Corrie,
With all thy groves flowering;
Green is thy glen, Corrie,
When July is showering;
And sweet is yon wood,
Where the small birds are bowering,
And there dwells the sweet one
Whom I am adoring.

2.

Her round neck is whiter
Than winter when snowing,
Her meek voice is milder
Than Ae in its flowing;
The glad ground yields music
Where she goes by the river,
One kind glance would charm me
For ever and ever.

3.

The proud and the wealthy
 To Phemie are bowing ;
 No looks of love win they
 With sighing or sueing ;
 Far away maun I stand
 With my rude wooing,
 She's a flow'et too lovely
 To bloom for my pu'ing.

4.

O were I yon violet,
 On which she is walking ;
 O were I yon small bird,
 To which she is talking ;
 Or yon rose in her hand,
 With its ripe ruddy blossom ;
 Or some pure gentle thought,
 To be blest with her bosom.

This minstrel interruption, while it established Phemie Irving's claim to grace and to beauty, gave me additional confidence to pursue the story —

But minstrel skill, and true love tale, seemed to want their usual influence, when they sought to win her attention; she was only observed to pay most respect to those youths who were most beloved by her brother; and the same hour that brought these twins to the world, seemed to have breathed through them a sweetness and an affection of heart and mind which nothing could divide. If, like the virgin queen of the immortal poet, she walked "in maiden meditation fancy free," her brother, Elphin, seemed alike untouched with the charms of the fairest virgins in Corrie. He plowed his field, he reaped his grain, he leaped, he ran, and wrestled, and danced, and sang, with more skill, and life, and grace, than all other youths of the district; but he had no twilight and stolen interviews: when all other young men had their loves by their side he was single, though not unsought; and his joy seemed never perfect, save when his sister was near him. If he loved to share his time with her, she loved to share her time with him alone, or with the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air. She watched her little flock late, and she tended it early; not for the sordid love of the fleece, unless it was to make mantles for her brother, but with the look of one who had joy in its company. The very wild creatures, the deer and the

hares, seldom sought to shun her approach, and the bird forsook not its nest, nor stinted its song, when she drew nigh; such is the confidence which maiden innocence and beauty inspire.

It happened one summer, about three years after they became orphans, that rain had been for awhile withheld from the earth, the hillsides began to parch, the grass in the vales to wither, and the stream of Corrie was diminished between its banks to the size of an ordinary rill. The shepherds drove their flocks to marshy lands, and lake and tarn had their reeds invaded by the scythe, to supply the cattle with food. The sheep of his sister were Elphin's constant care; he drove them to the moistest pastures during the day, and he often watched them at midnight, when flocks, tempted by the sweet dewy grass, are known to browse eagerly, that he might guard them from the fox, and lead them to the choicest herbage. In these nocturnal watchings he sometimes drove his little flock over the water of Corrie, for the fords were hardly ankle-deep, or permitted his sheep to cool themselves in the stream, and taste the grass which grew along the brink. All this time not a drop of rain fell, nor did a cloud appear in the sky.

One evening, during her brother's absence with the flock, Phemie sat at her cottage door, listening to the bleatings of the distant folds, and the lessened murmur of the water of Corrie, now scarcely audible beyond its banks. Her eyes, weary with

watching along the accustomed line of road for the return of Elphin, were turned on the pool beside her, in which the stars were glimmering fitful and faint. As she looked she imagined the water grew brighter and brighter; a wild illumination presently shone upon the pool, and leaped from bank to bank, and suddenly changing into a human form, ascended the margin, and passing her, glided swiftly into the cottage. The visionary form was so like her brother in shape and air, that starting up she flew into the house, with the hope of finding him in his customary seat. She found him not, and impressed with the terror which a wraith or apparition seldom fails to inspire, she uttered a shriek so loud and so piercing as to be heard at Johnstone bank, on the other side of the vale of Corrie.

An old woman now rose suddenly from her seat in the window-sill, the living dread of shepherds, for she travelled the country with a brilliant reputation for witchcraft, and thus she broke in upon the narrative: "I vow, young man, ye tell us the truth upset and down-thrust. I heard my dounce grand-mother say, that on the night when Elphin Irving disappeared, disappeared I shall call it, for the bairn can but be gone for a season, to return to us in his own appointed time,—she was seated at the fire-side at Johnstone bank; the laird had laid aside his bonnet to take the book, when a shriek mair loud, believe me, than a mere woman's shriek, and they can shriek loud enough, else they're sair wranged,—came over the water of Corrie, so sharp and shrilling, that the pewter-plates dinned on the wall: such a shriek, my dounce grand-mother said, as rang in her ear till the hour of her death, and she lived till she was aught and aught, forty full ripe years after the event. But there is another matter, which, doubtless, I cannot compel ye to believe, it was the common rumour that Elphin Irving came not into the world like the other sinful creatures of the earth, but was one of the Kane-bairns of the fairies, whilk they had to pay to the enemy of man's salvation every seventh year. The poor lady-fairy,—a mother's aye a mother, be she Elve's flesh or Eve's flesh—hid her Eli son beside the christened flesh

in Marion Irving's cradle, and the auld enemy lost his prey for a time. Now hasten on with your story, which is not a bodle the waur for me. The maiden saw the shape of her brother—fell into a faint, or a trance, and the neighbours came flocking in:—gang on with your tale, young man, and dinna be affronted because an auld woman helped ye wi't."

It is hardly known, I resumed, how long Phemie Irving continued in a state of insensibility. The morning was far advanced, when a neighbouring maiden found her seated in an old chair, as white as monumental marble; her hair, about which she had always been solicitous, loosened from its curls, and hanging disordered over her neck and bosom, her hands and forehead; the maiden touched the one and kissed the other, they were as cold as snow: and her eyes wide open were fixed on her brother's empty chair, with the intensity of gaze of one who had witnessed the appearance of a spirit. She seemed insensible of any one's presence, and sat fixed, and still, and motionless. The maiden, alarmed at her looks, thus addressed her:—"Phemie, lass, Phemie Irving, dear me, but this be awful! I have come to tell ye, that seven of your pet sheep have escaped drowning in the water; for Corrie, sae quiet and sae gentle yestreen, is rolling and dashing frae bank to bank this morning. Dear me, woman, dinna let the loss of world's gear bereave ye of your senses. I would rather make ye a present of a dozen mug-ewes of the Tinwald brood myself; and now I think on't, if ye'll send over Elphin, I will help him hame with them in the gloaming myself. So, Phemie, woman, be comforted."

At the mention of her brother's name she cried out, "Where is he? Oh, where is he?"—gazed wildly round, and shuddering from head to foot, fell senseless on the floor. Other inhabitants of the valley, alarmed by the sudden swell of the river, which from a brook had augmented to a torrent, deep and impassable, now came in to inquire if any loss had been sustained, for numbers of sheep and teds of hay had been observed floating down about the dawn of the morning. They assisted in reclaim-

ing the unhappy maiden from her swoon; but insensibility was joy, compared to the sorrow to which she awakened. "They have ta'en him away, they have ta'en him away," she chaunted, in a tone of delirious pathos; "him that was whiter and fairer than the lily on Lyddal-lee. They have long sought, and they have long sued, and they had the power to prevail against my prayers at last. They have ta'en him away; the flower is plucked from among the weeds, and the dove is slain amid a flock of ravens. They came with shout, and they came with song, and they spread the charm, and they placed the spell, and the baptized brow has been bowed down to the unbaptized hand. They have ta'en him away, they have ta'en him away; he was too lovely, and too good, and too noble to bless us with his continuance on earth; for what are the sons of men compared to him?—the light of moon-beam, to the morning sun; the glow-worm, to the eastern star. They have ta'en him away; the invisible dwellers of the earth. I saw them come on him with shouting and with singing, and they charmed him where he sat, and away they bore him; and the horse he rode was never shod with iron, nor owned, before, the mastery of human hand. They have ta'en him away over the water, and over the wood, and over the hill. I got but ae look of his bonnie blue ee, but ae, ae look. But as I have endured what never maiden endured, so shall I undertake what never maiden undertook, I will win him from them all. I know the invisible ones of the earth; I have heard their wild and wondrous music in the wild woods, and there shall a christened maiden seek him, and achieve his deliverance." She paused, and glancing around a circle of condoling faces, down which the tears were dropping like rain, said, in a calm and altered, but still delirious tone—"Why do you weep, Mary Halliday? and why do you weep, John Graeme? Ye think that Elphin Irving; oh, its a bonnie, bonnie name, and dear to many a maiden's heart as well as mine; ye think he is drowned in Corrie, and ye will seek in the deep, deep pools for the bonnie, bonnie corse, that ye may weep over it, as

it lies in its last linen, and lay it, amid weeping and wailing, in the dowie kirk-yard. Ye may seek, but ye shall never find; so leave me to trim up my hair, and prepare my dwelling, and make myself ready to watch for the hour of his return to upper earth." And she resumed her household labours with an alacrity which lessened not the sorrow of her friends.

Meanwhile the rumour flew over the vale that Elphin Irving was drowned in Corriewater. Matron and maid, old man and young, collected suddenly along the banks of the river which now began to subside to its natural summer limits, and commenced their search; interrupted every now and then by calling from side to side, and from pool to pool, and by exclamations of sorrow for this misfortune. The search was fruitless: five sheep, pertaining to the flock which he conducted to pasture, were found drowned in one of the deep eddies, but the river was still too brown from the soil of its moorland sources to enable them to see what its deep shelves, its pools, and its overcharging and hazely banks concealed. They remitted farther search till the streams should become pure, and old man taking old man aside, began to whisper about the mystery of the youth's disappearance; old women laid their lips to the ears of their coevals, and talked of Elphin Irving's fairy parentage, and his having been dropt by an unearthly hand into a Christian cradle. The young men and maids conversed on other themes; they grieved for the loss of the friend and the lover, and while the former thought that a heart so kind and true was not left in the vale, the latter thought, as maidens will, on his handsome person, gentle manners, and merry blue eye, and speculated with a sigh on the time they might have hoped a return for their love. They were soon joined by others who had heard the wild and delirious language of his sister: the old belief was added to the new assurance, and both again commented upon by minds full of superstitious belief, and hearts full of supernatural fears, till the youths and maidens of Corrievale held no more love trystes for seven days and nights, lest, like Elphin Irving, they should be carried away

to augment the ranks of the unchristened chivalry.

It was curious to listen to the speculations of the peasantry. "For my part," said a youth, "if I were sure that poor Elphin escaped from that perilous water, I would not give the fairies a pound of hiplock wool for their chance of him. There has not been a fairy seen in the land since Donald Cargil, the Cameronian, conjured them into the Solway for playing on their pipes during one of his nocturnal preachings on the hip of the Burnswark hill." "Preserve me, bairn," said an old woman, justly exasperated at the incredulity of her nephew, "if ye winna believe what I both heard and saw at the moonlight end of Craigyburnwood on a summer night, rank after rank of the fairy folk; ye'll at least believe a douce man and a ghostly professor, even the late minister of Tinwaldkirk: his only son, I mind the lad weel with his long yellow locks and his bonnie blue eyes, when I was but a gilpie of a lassie, he was stolen away from off the horse at his father's elbow, as they crossed that false and fearsome water, even Locherbrigg-flow, on the night of the Midsummer fair of Dumfries. Aye, aye, who can doubt the truth of that; have not the godly inhabitants of Almsfieldtown and Tinwaldkirk seen the sweet youth riding at midnight, in the midst of the unhallowed troop, to the sound of flute and of dulcimer; and though meikle they prayed, naebody tried to achieve his deliverance." "I have heard it said by douce folk and sponisible," interrupted another, "that every seven years the elves and fairies pay kane, or make an offering of one of their children to the grand enemy of salvation, and that they are permitted to purloin one of the children of men to present to the fiend; a more acceptable offering I'll warrant, than one of their own infernal brood that are Satan's sib allies, and drink a drop of the deil's blood every May morning. And touching this lost lad, ye all ken his mother was a hawk of an uncannie nest, a second cousin of Kate Kimmer, of Barfloschan, as rank a witch as ever rode on ragwort. Aye, Sirs, what's bred in the bone is ill to come out of the flesh." On these and similar topics, which a peasantry, full of ancient tradition

and enthusiasm, and superstition, readily associate with the commonest occurrences of life, the people of Corrievale continued to converse till the fall of evening; when each seeking their home, renewed again the wondrous subject, and illustrated it with all that popular belief and poetic imagination could so abundantly supply.

The night which followed this melancholy day was wild with wind and rain; the river came down broader and deeper than before, and the lightning, flashing by fits over the green woods of Corrie, showed the ungovernable and perilous flood sweeping above its banks. It happened that a farmer, returning from one of the border fairs, encountered the full swing of the storm; but mounted on an excellent horse, and mantled from chin to heel in a good grey plaid, beneath which he had the farther security of a thick great-coat, he sat dry in his saddle, and proceeded in the anticipated joy of a subsided tempest and a glowing morning sun. As he entered the long grove, or rather remains of the old Galwegian forest, which lines for some space the banks of the Corriewater, the storm began to abate, the wind sighed milder and milder among the trees; and here and there a star, twinkling momentarily through the sudden rack of the clouds, showed the river raging from bank to brae. As he shook the moisture from his clothes, he was not without a wish that the day would dawn, and that he might be preserved on a road which his imagination beset with greater perils than the raging river; for his superstitious feeling let loose upon his path elf and goblin, and the current traditions of the district supplied very largely to his apprehension the ready materials of fear.

Just as he emerged from the wood, where a fine sloping bank, covered with short green sward, skirts the limit of the forest, his horse made a full pause, snorted, trembled, and started from side to side, stooped his head, erected his ears, and seemed to scrutinize every tree and bush. The rider too, it may be imagined, gazed round and round, and peered warily into every suspicious looking place. His dread of a supernatural visitation was not much allayed, when

he observed a female shape seated on the ground at the root of a huge old oak-tree, which stood in the centre of one of those patches of verdant sward, known by the name of "fairy rings," and avoided by all peasants who wish to prosper. A long thin gleam of eastern day-light enabled him to examine accurately the being who, in this wild place and unusual hour, gave additional terror to this haunted spot. She was dressed in white from the neck to the knees; her arms, long, and round, and white, were perfectly bare; her head uncovered, allowed her long hair to de-

scend in ringlet succeeding ringlet, till the half of her person was nearly concealed in the fleece. Amidst the whole, her hands were constantly busy in shedding aside the tresses which interposed between her steady and uninterrupted gaze, down a line of old road which winded among the hills to an ancient burial ground.

As the traveller continued to gaze, the figure suddenly rose, and wringing the rain from her long locks, paced round and round the tree, chaunting in a wild and melancholy manner an equally wild and delirious song.

THE FAIRY OAK OF CORRIEWATER.

1.

The small bird's head is under its wing,
The deer sleeps on the grass;
The moon comes out and the stars shine down,
The dew gleams like the glass:
There is no sound in the world so wide,
Save the sound of the smitten brass,
With the merry cittern and the pipe
Of the fairies as they pass.—
But oh! the fire maun burn and burn,
And the hour is gone and will never return.

2.

The green hill cleaves, and forth, with a bound,
Comes elf and elfin steed;
The moon dives down in a golden cloud,
The stars grow dim with dread;
But a light is running along the earth,
So of heaven's they have no need:
O'er moor and moss with a shout they pass,
And the word is spur and speed—
But the fire maun burn and I maun quake,
And the hour is gone that will never come back.

3.

And when they came to Craigyburnwood
The Queen of the fairies spoke;
"Come, bind your steeds to the rushes so green,
And dance by the haunted oak:
I found the acorn on Heshbon-hill,
In the nook of a palmer's poke,
A thousand years since; here it grows!"
And they danced till the greenwood shook—
But oh! the fire, the burning fire
The longer it burns, it but blazes the higher.

4.

"I have won me a youth," the Elf-queen said,
"The fairest that earth may see;
This night I have won young Elphinstone
My cup-bearer to be.
His service lasts but for seven sweet years,
And his wage is a kiss of me."
And merrily, merrily, laugh'd the wild olves
Round Corrie's greenwood tree.—
But oh! the fire it glows in my brain,
And the hour is gone and comes not again.

5.

The Queen she has whisper'd a secret word,
 "Come hither my Elphin sweet,
 And bring that cup of the charmed wine,
 Thy lips and mine to weet."
 But a brown elf shouted a loud loud shout,
 "Come, leap on your coursers fleet,
 For here comes the smell of some baptized flesh,
 And the sounding of baptized feet."—
 But oh! the fire that burns, and maun burn;
 For the time that is gone will never return.

6.

On a steed as white as the new-milk'd milk
 The Elf-queen leap'd with a bound,
 And young Elphin a steed like December snow
 'Neath him at the word he found.
 But a maiden came, and her christened arms
 She linked her brother around,
 And called on God, and the steed with a snort
 Sank into the gaping ground.—
 But the fire maun burn and I maun quake,
 And the time that is gone will no more come back.

7.

And she held her brother, and lo! he grew
 A wild bull waked in ire;
 And she held her brother, and lo! he changed
 To a river roaring higher;
 And she held her brother, and he became
 A flood of the raging fire;
 She shrieked and sank, and the wild elves laughed
 Till mountain rang and mire.—
 But oh! the fire yet burns in my brain,
 And the hour is gone and comes not again.

8.

"Oh maiden, why waxed thy faith so faint,
 Thy spirit so slack and slaw?
 Thy courage kept good till the flame wax'd wud,
 Then thy might began to thaw;
 Had ye kissed him with thy christen'd lip,
 Ye had won him frae 'mang us a'.
 Now bless the fire, the elfin fire,
 That made thee faint and fa';
 Now bless the fire, the elfin fire,
 The longer it burns it blazes the higher."

At the close of this unusual strain, the figure sat down on the grass, and proceeded to bind up her long and disordered tresses, gazing along the old and unfrequented road. "Now God be my helper," said the traveller, who happened to be the laird of Johnstonebank, "can this be a trick of the fiend, or can it be bonnie Phemie Irving, who chaunts this dolorous sang? Something sad has befallen that makes her seek her seat in this eerie nook amid the darkness and tempest: through might from aboon I will go on and see." And the horse, feeling something of the owner's reviving spirit in the application of spur-steel, bore him at once to the foot of the tree. The poor delirious maiden uttered a yell of piercing joy as she beheld him, and with the swiftness of a creature winged, linked her arms round the rider's waist and shrieked till the woods rang. "Oh, I have ye now, Elphin, I have ye now," and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp. "What ails ye, my bonnie lass?" said the laird of Johnstonebank, his fears of the supernatural vanishing, when he beheld her sad and bewildered look. She raised her eyes at the

sound, and seeing a strange face, her arms slipped their hold and she dropped with a groan on the ground.

The morning had now fairly broke : the flocks shook the rain from their sides, the shepherds hastened to inspect their charges, and a thin blue smoke began to stream from the cottages of the valley into the brightening air. The laird carried Phemie Irving in his arms, till he observed two shepherds ascending from one of the loops of Corriewater, bearing the lifeless body of her brother. They had found him whirling round and round in one of the numerous eddies, and his hands clutched and filled with wool showed that he had lost his life in attempting to save the flock of his sister. A plaid was laid over the body, which, along with the unhappy maiden in a half lifeless state, was carried into a cottage, and laid in that apartment distinguished among the peasantry by the name of the chamber. While the peasant's wife was left to take care of Phemie,—old man and matron, and maid, had collected around the drowned youth, and each began to relate the circumstances of his death, when the door suddenly opened, and his sister, advancing to the corse with a look of delirious serenity, broke out into a wild laugh and said : " O, it is wonderful, its truly wonderful ! that bare and death-cold body, dragged from the darkest pool of Corrie, with its hands filled with fine wool, wears the perfect similitude of my own Elphin ! I'll tell ye—the spiritual dwellers of the earth, the Fairyfolk of our evening tale, have stolen the living body, and fashioned this cold and inanimate clod to mislead your pursuit. In common eyes this seems all that Elphin Irving would be, had he sunk in Corriewater ; but so it seems not to me. Ye have sought the living soul, and

ye have found only its garment. But oh, if ye had beheld him, as I beheld him to-night, riding among the elfin troop the fairest of them all ; had you clasped him in your arms, and wrestled for him with spirits and terrible shapes from the other world, till your heart quailed and your flesh was subdued, then would ye yield no credit to the semblance this cold and apparent flesh bears to my brother. But hearken—on Hallowmass-eve, when the spiritual people are let loose on earth for a season, I will take my stand in the burial ground of Corrie, and when my Elphin and his unchristened troop come past with the sound of all their minstrelsy, I will leap on him and win him, or perish for ever."

All gazed aghast on the delirious maiden, and many of her auditors gave more credence to her distempered speech than to the visible evidence before them. As she turned to depart she looked round, and suddenly sank upon the body with tears streaming from her eyes, and sobbed out, " My brother ! Oh, my brother !" She was carried out insensible, and again recovered ; but relapsed into her ordinary delirium, in which she continued till the Hallow-eve after her brother's burial. She was found seated in the ancient burial-ground, her back against a broken grave-stone, her locks white with frost-rime, seemingly watching with intensity of look the road to the kirk-yard : but the spirit which gave life to the fairest form of all the maids of Ammandale was fled for ever.—Such is the singular story which the peasants know by the name of Elphin Irving, the Fairies' Cupbearer ; and the title, in its fullest and most supernatural sense, still obtains credence among the industrious and virtuous dames of the romantic vale of Corrie.

DREAM-CHILDREN ; A REVERIE.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children ; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the

other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and Papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the

country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best

dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a

great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us ; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially ; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain ;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed ; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death ; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunt-

ed and haunted me ; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n ; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was,—and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech ; “ We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing ; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name ”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever. ELIA.

CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

Lives of the Poets.

No. III.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

AN account of Christopher Anstey, written by his second son, is prefixed to the handsome edition of his works, printed at London, in 1808. He was born on the thirty-first of October, 1724, and was the son of Doctor Anstey, rector of Brinkley, in Cambridgeshire, a living in the gift of St. John's College, Cambridge; of which the Doctor had formerly been fellow and tutor. His mother was Mary, daughter of Anthony Thompson, Esq. of Trumpington, in the same county. They had no offspring but our poet, and a daughter born some years before him.

His father was afflicted with a total deafness for so considerable a portion of his life as never to have heard the sound of his son's voice; and was thus rendered incapable of communicating to him that instruction which he might otherwise have derived from a parent endowed with remarkable acuteness of understanding. He was, therefore, sent very early to school at Bury St. Edmunds. Here he continued, under the tuition of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman, till he was removed to Eton; on the foundation of which school he was afterwards placed.

His studies having been completed with great credit to himself, under Doctor George, the head-master of Eton, in the year 1742 he succeeded to a scholarship of King's College, Cambridge, where his classical attainments were not neglected. He was admitted in 1745 to a fellowship of his college; and, in the next year, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He now resided chiefly in the University; where his resistance to an innovation, attempted to be introduced into King's College, involved him in a dispute which occasioned the degree of Master to be refused him. That College had immemorably asserted for its members an exemption from the performance of those public exercises demanded of the rest

of the University as a qualification for their degrees. This right was now questioned; and it was required of the Bachelor Fellows of King's, that they should compose and pronounce a Latin oration in the public schools. Such an infringement of privilege was not to be tamely endured. After some opposition made by Anstey, in common with the other junior Fellows, the exercise in dispute was at length exacted. But Anstey, who was the senior Bachelor of the year, and to whose lot it therefore fell first to deliver this obnoxious declamation, contrived to frame it in such a manner, as to cast a ridicule on the whole proceeding. He was accordingly interrupted in the recitation of it, and ordered to compose another; in which, at the same time that he pretended to exculpate himself from his former offence, he continued in the same vein of raillery. Though his degree was withheld in consequence of this pertinacity, yet it produced the desired effect of maintaining for the College its former freedom.

While an undergraduate, he had distinguished himself by his Latin verses, called the *Tripes Verses*; and, in 1748, by a poem, in the same language, on the *Peace*; printed in the Cambridge Collection.

His quarrel with the senior part of the University did not deprive him of his fellowship. He was still occasionally an inmate of the College; and did not cease to be a Fellow, till he came into the possession of the family estate at his mother's death, in 1754.

In two years after, he married Anne, third daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury-Hall, in Hertfordshire, and the sister of John Calvert, Esq. one of his most intimate friends, who was returned to that and many successive Parliaments, for the borough of Hertford. "By this most excellent lady," say

his biographer, with the amiable warmth of filial tenderness, "who was allowed to possess every endowment of person, and qualification of mind and disposition which could render her interesting and attractive in domestic life, and whom he justly regarded as the pattern of every virtue, and the source of all his happiness, he lived in uninterrupted and undiminished esteem and affection for nearly half a century; and by her (who for the happiness of her family is still living) he had thirteen children, of whom eight only survive him."

This long period is little chequer-ed with events. Having no taste for public business, and his circumstances being easy and independent, he passed the first fourteen years at his seat in Cambridgeshire, in an alternation of study and the recreations of rural life, in which he took much pleasure. But, at the end of that time, the loss of his sister gave a shock to his spirits, which they did not speedily recover. That she was a lady of superior talents is probable, from her having been admitted to a friendship and correspondence with Mrs. Montague, then Miss Robinson. The effect which this deprivation produced on him was such as to hasten the approach, and perhaps to aggravate the violence, of a bilious fever, for the cure of which, by Doctor Heberden's advice, he visited Bath, and by the use of those waters was gradually restored to health.

In 1766 he published his *Bath Guide*, from the press of Cambridge; a poem, which aiming at the popular follies of the day, and being written in a very lively and uncommon style, rapidly made its way to the favour of the public. At its first appearance, Gray, who was not easily pleased, in a letter to one of his friends observed, that it was the only thing in fashion, and that it was a new and original kind of humour. Soon after the publication of the second edition, he sold the copy-right for two hundred pounds to Dodsley, and gave the profits previously accruing from the work to the General Hospital at Bath. Dodsley, about ten years after his purchase, candidly owned that the sale had been more

productive to him than that of any other book in which he had before been concerned; and with much liberality restored the copy-right to the author.

In 1767 he wrote a short *Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock*; and the *Patriot*, a Pindaric Epistle, intended to bring into discredit the practice of prize-fighting.

Not long after he was called to serve the office of high-sheriff for the county of Cambridge. In 1770 he quitted his seat there for a house which he purchased in Bath. The greater convenience of obtaining instruction for a numerous family, the education of which had hitherto been superintended by himself, was one of the motives that induced him to this change of habitation.

The *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers* appearing soon after his arrival at Bath, and being by many imputed to a writer who had lately so much distinguished himself by his talent for satire, he was at considerable pains to disavow that publication; and by some lines containing a deserved compliment to his sovereign, gave a sufficient pledge for the honesty of his declaration.

In 1776, a poem entitled *An Election Ball*, founded on a theme proposed by Lady Miller, who held a sort of little poetical court at her villa at Batheaston, did not disappoint the expectations formed of the author of the *Bath Guide*. It was at first written in the Somersetshire dialect, but was afterwards judiciously stripped of its provincialism.

About 1786 he entertained a design of collecting his poems, and publishing them together. But the painful recollections which his task awakened, of those friends and companions of his youth who had been separated from him by death during so long a period, made him relinquish his intention. He committed, however, to the press, translations of some of Gay's *Fables*, which had been made into Latin, chiefly with a view to the improvement of his children; an *Alcaic Ode to Doctor Jenner*, on the *Discovery of the Cow-pock*; and several short poems in his own language. "His increasing years," to use the words of his son, "stole imperceptibly on the even

tenor of his life, and gradually lessened the distance of his journey through it, without obscuring the serenity of the prospect. Unimpeded by sickness, and unclouded by sorrow, or any serious misfortune, his life was a life of temperance, of self-denial, and of moderation in all things; and of great regularity. He rose early in the morning, *ante diem poscens chartas*, and was constant on horseback at his usual hour, and in all seasons. His summers were uniformly passed at Cheltenham, with his family, during the latter part of his life; and upon his return to Bath in the autumn, he fell habitually into the same unruffled scenes of domestic ease and tranquillity, rendered every day more joyous and interesting to him by the increase of his family circle, and the enlargement of his hospitable table; and by many circumstances and occurrences connected with the welfare of his children, which gave him infinite delight and satisfaction."

At the beginning of 1805, he experienced a sudden and general failure of his bodily faculties, and a correspondent depression of mind. The little confidence he placed in the power of medicine made him reluctantly comply with the wishes of his friends, that he should take the opinion of Doctor Haygarth. Yet he was not without hope of alleviation to his complaints from change of air; and, therefore, removed from Bath to the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet, in Wiltshire. Here, having at first revived a little, he soon relapsed, and declining gradually, expired in the eighty-first year of his age, without apparent suffering, in the possession of his intellectual powers, and, according to the tender wish of Pindar for one of his patrons—

ἔσθ' ὦν, Ψαῖμα, παρισταμένων,

in the midst of his children.

He was buried in the parish church of Walcot, in the city of Bath, in the same vault with his fourth daughter the wife of Rear-Admiral Sotheby, and her two infant children.

A cenotaph has been erected to his memory among the poets of his country in Westminster Abbey, by his eldest son, the Rev. Christopher Anstey, with the following inscription:—

M. S.
 Christopheri Anstey, Arm.
 Alumni Etonensis,
 Et Collegii Regalis apud Cantabrigienses olim Socii,
 Poete.
 Literis elegantioribus ac primè ornati,
 Et inter principes Poetarum,
 Qui in eodem genere floruerunt,
 Sedem eximiam tenentis.
 Ille annuum circiter
 MDCLXX.
 Rex suum in agro Cantabrigiensi
 Mutavit Bathoniâ,
 Quem locum ei præter omne dudum arrisisse
 Testis est, celeberrimum illud Poema,
 Titulo inde ducto insignitum:
 Ibi deinceps sex et triginta annos commoratus,
 Obiit A.D. MDCCCV.
 Et ætatis suæ
 Octogesimo primo.

To this there is an encomium added, which its prolixity hinders me from inserting.

A painter and a poet were, perhaps, never more similar to each other in their talents than the contemporaries Bunbury and Anstey. There is in both an admirable power of seizing the ludicrous and the grotesque in their descriptions of persons and incidents in familiar life; and this accompanied by an elegance which might have seemed scarcely compatible with that power. There is in both an absence of any extraordinary elevation or vigour; which we do not regret, because we can hardly conceive but that they would be less pleasing if they were in any respect different from what they are. Each possesses a perfect facility and command over his own peculiar manner, which has secured him from having any successful imitator. Yet as they were both employed in representing the fortuitous and transient follies, which the face of society had put on in their own day, rather than in portraying the broader and more permanent distinctions of character and manners, it may be questioned whether they can be much relished out of their own country, and whether even there, the effect must not be weakened as fatuity and absurdity shall discover new methods of fastening ridicule upon themselves. They border more nearly on farce than comedy. They have neither of them any thing of fancy, that power which can give a new and higher interest to the laughable itself, by mingling it with the marvellous, and which has placed Aristophanes so far above all his followers.

When Anstey ventures out of his

own walk he does not succeed so well. It is strange that he should have attempted a paraphrase of St. Paul's eulogium on Charity, after the same task had been so ably executed by Prior. If there is anything, however, that will bear repetition in a variety of forms, it is that passage of scripture; and his verses, though not equal to Prior's, may still be read with pleasure.

The Farmer's Daughter is a plain and affecting tale.

His Latin verses might well have been spared. In the translation of Gray's Elegy there is a more than usual crampness; occasioned, perhaps, by his having rendered into hexameters the stanzas of four lines, to which the elegiac measure of the Romans would have been better suited. The *Epistola Poetica Familiaris*, address-

ed to his friend Mr. Bamfylde, has more freedom. His scholarship did him better service when it suggested to him passages in the poets of antiquity, which he has parodied with singular happiness. Such is that imitated in one of Simkin's Letters:

Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire?
Or a god do we make of each ardent desire?
from Virgil's

*Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?*

a parody that is not the less diverting from its having been before gravely made by Tasso:

*O dio l'inspira,
O l'uom del suo voler suo dio si face.*

On the whole, he has the rare merit of having discovered a mode of entertaining his readers which belongs exclusively to himself.

BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS.

SELECTED FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

I FORGET who it was, that, on beholding some stupendous monument of the labour and ingenuity of former times, exclaimed, "How much less durable is man than his own works!" There is much general truth in this remark; yet there is one class of human labourers so very far without the pale of its application, as, indeed, to form an exemplification of the direct reverse of it. The industrious persons to whom I allude are our living dramatists. By "living dramatists," I do not mean Shakspeare, Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan, and others, who, in a higher sense of the phrase, may be so termed; but the *bonâ fide* eating, drinking, walking, (I had nearly said thinking) and scribbling gentlemen, who still go on adding to our stock of *rational* pleasures; the immortals who serve as a sort of posterity to themselves, by having, some of them, outlived, by at least ten years, the eternity of fame they promised themselves twenty or five-and-twenty years ago. To a poet, how frightful is the idea of falling into absolute nothingness, and leaving "not a rack behind!" How melancholy to behold his own column of renown, erected with so

much labour, stone upon stone, mouldering in decay, and sinking into oblivion; "to see fame," as the Irishman said, "walk away with itself." How agonizing the reflection, in his own particular case, that "man is much *more* durable than his own *works*!" These considerations have operated powerfully on my mind: and it is with the humane intention of sparing the *élite* of our cotemporary dramatic geniuses a portion of this moral suffering, that I have undertaken the task of collecting a few of their scenes, and ensuring them a perpetuity of fame by enshrining them in the pages of the London Magazine.

But, besides this, I have another object in view in this enterprize, one of more extensive utility, namely, that of assisting the progress of such of the rising generation as may be ambitious of increasing our stock of dramatic literature. Cotemporary fame is fickle; the *chef-d'œuvre* that brings all London together at the beginning of the season, is forgotten long before the end of it; and thus the young aspirant to dramatic honours is left destitute of the models by which alone his taste ought to be

formed, and without which, as his constant guides, success is hopeless. Would he compose a rural, agricultural, Sunday-schoolical, farcical, melodramatical, comedy, all about love and murder, in the style of M—rt—n; a naval and military loyal effusion, in five acts, à la D—bd—n; a *gentee* comedy, à la Sk—ff—n; a *sweet* opera, in the manner of D—m—d; or a wonder-stirring melodrama in all styles, or in no style; which way shall he look for assistance? The glorious models offered for imitation by these worthies, alas! are already scattered, lost, and forgotten; and he must either follow the impulses of his own taste and genius,—write from his own pure inspirations—or lean on the arm of Congreve and Sheridan, now too weak even to support themselves; and neither of these alternatives is likely to prove to his advantage in his dramatic career. It is for this purpose, as well as to save them from the oblivion in which a few weeks would otherwise have involved them, that I collect together a few slips and patterns of the favourites (not of the day, but) of *yesterday*, and deposit them in a museum, where the student may, at his ease, contemplate the finest models, in the various branches of dramatic composition, which modern times have afforded.

“And why not,” (says the first person that happens to take up this paper) “why not allow a young writer to follow the impulses of his own taste and genius?” Because, if you did, he would exhibit human nature as he finds it—ordinary men and women, of common proportions, having neither more nor less than one head, two arms, and two legs each. “Well?”—well; and at *Bartholomew fair* such beings would not draw a halfpenny; there you must exhibit giants or dwarfs, monsters having something extraordinary in their conformation—two heads, or eyes in their stomachs. “I am speaking of our national, patent, *legitimate-drama* theatres; you reply with *Bartholomew fair*.”—’Tis all one. “But Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan—why not allow them to serve as models?” Because Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan, are *out of fashion*. “And why are they out of fashion?”

For the same reason that truth is out of fashion with an habitual perverter of it; that the charms of nature, fresh green fields, and clear blue skies, yield no pleasure to a debauchee who has wallowed sixty years of his existence in the vilest dissipation the town affords; or that light delicate-flavoured Burgundy seems insipid to the palate of a dram-drinker. I believe I make myself intelligible; so “question me no further.” The days are gone when an English audience could find delight in five acts composed of nothing better than such absurdities as a probable plot, natural characters, wit, and common sense. I shall not pretend to decide whether the public taste is better or worse than it was; I merely assert that it is changed; and that what satisfied the *audiences* of our good old play-writers would not now satisfy the *spectators* of our modern play-wrights. The public has removed its seat of judgment from where it was formerly placed, to a point as distant from it as pole is from pole, though an inch may compass the space between—from the ear to the eye. But I meant to say only a few words as an introduction to the following scenes, and I am wandering into a preface. The public taste is such as it is. Many causes have contributed to make it so; and none more effectually than the *genius* of our modern dramatists.

I have already stated my motives for making the following collection; it would be useless to recapitulate them. The scenes which will be given are from original and unpublished manuscripts. Each is so deeply imbued with the peculiarities of its respective author, his beauties, and the characteristics of his style, that it will be needless to give his name at length—his initials only will be added to the title of his work. I may, perhaps, occasionally subjoin a note, or short commentary, for the purpose of pointing out any latent beauty, or placing it in a more advantageous light, or exhibiting those less obvious peculiarities by which the particular author under consideration is distinguished from his compeers.

Without further delay, I present the reader with

No. I.

OF A SERIES OF SPECIMENS OF THE
LIVING DRAMATISTS,
BEING A SCENE FROM VIRTUE'S HARVEST HOME,
A Comedy, in Five Acts, by T—— M——, Esq.

Characters {
LORD BLUEDEVIL.
LORD DASHTOWN.
SQUIRE CHEVYCHACE.
FARMER WHEATSHEAF.
LADY ROSEVALLEY.
DAME WHEATSHEAF.

Scene.—The interior of Farmer Wheatsheaf's cottage. In a corner of the apartment hangs a side of bacon. On a table in front is seen Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a Cheshire cheese, and a brown jug. Through the opening at the back, a farm-yard, with pig-stye, hen-coop, dunghill, several ploughs, plough-shares, plough-tails, plough-men, plough-boys, &c.*

Enter FARMER WHEATSHEAF, followed by DAME WHEATSHEAF.

Farmer. I tell 'ee, deame, it be o' noa youse; I wonna do't.†

Dame. What! not if my lord do tell 'ee?

Farmer. (*Firmly.*) Noa; for there be another Lord (*pointing upwards*) as do tell I not.

Dame. Why then, Gaffer, as sure as eggs bean't bacon, you'll be clean out of my lord's books.

Farmer. Books! Lookee, deame; thof I be nought but Gaffer Wheat-

* A person observing that there was always a deep interest in Mr. M——n's plays, another replied, "True; but it is always the agricultural interest."

† The decline, or, strictly speaking, the fall of the British drama has been attributed to the present uniform state of society. The collision of ranks and interests, it is said, has so smoothened and polished us, and rendered one human being so exactly like another, that the dramatic painter can no longer find prominent and characteristic materials for the employment of his pencil. But I suspect that those who utter this complaint draw their notions of society, not from an observation of society itself, but from the pictures which pass for true representations of it on the stage; and I am of opinion that society is very little to blame in the matter. There was plenty of character in the year 1500, but there was no *MOLIERE*. SHAKSPEARE found characters as long as he chose to look for them, so did CONGREVE in his time, so did SHERIDAN much later, so does KENNY now. Even REYNOLDS, who with an extraordinary talent for observation unluckily combined a very coarse taste, exhibited, in his earlier productions, many lively and natural sketches. PICARD, DUVAL, and some other of the best French dramatists, even up to this very moment, occasionally find a character which has escaped the search or observation of former writers, or which, at least, had not been exhibited in all the various points of view of which it was susceptible, and in which a skilful artist might place it. The fact is, that matter is not wanting for those who know where to look for it, or how to use it where they have discovered it, but that—I will illustrate what I was going to say by an anecdote. I one day called on a portrait painter, who complained bitterly to me of his want of patronage. "To be candid with you," said I, "you seldom catch a likeness, and never give character to your portraits." "And whose fault is that?" replied he: "likenesses now-a-days are damn'd hard to catch—faces are not what they were in Sir Joshua's time." The truth is, my friend was a bad painter.

But as a compensation for the absence of character (properly so called) from the modern drama, we have *dialect*. The honour of the invention of this easy and palpable expedient is, I believe, due to the author of "Virtue's Harvest Home." To hold the mirror up to—*Yorkshire*, is the precept by which the efforts of this gentleman have been invariably guided. Farmers and clod-hoppers, from the East Riding or the West Riding, from Somersetshire or from Devonshire, are his eternal models. He is the very Shakspeare of the farm-yard. His clod-poles are clod-poles from top to toe. Imitation, however, is dangerous; and his success in the clod-hopper line has tempted so many unskilful adventurers to follow him, that I almost curse the hour when a sentimental plough-boy, or a pathetic team-driver, was first introduced on the stage.

sheaf, there be *one* book I do vally more nor any other. Do thee know, missus, what that book do zay?

Dame. Noa; I can't zay as I do.

Farmer. More sheame vor thee, deame, more sheame vor thee, I zay. Then I'll tell 'ee. It do zay—Thou shalt commit no murder.

Dame. Truly and zoa it do, Gaffer, and zoa it do.

Farmer. I ha' gotten a bit o' a notion as how that be plain spoken enough, deame; and I wonna kill him * vor all the lords——

Dame. (*Greatly agitated.*) Kill him! kill whoa, Gaffer?

Farmer. (*Still more agitated than Dame.*) Don't ask I, don't ask I only thing about it.

Dame. Well, I won't, I won't. (*Aside.*) Ifackins! I must know all about it though. But only tell I who is to be killed, Gaffer.

Farmer. (*If possible, more agitated still.*) Killed! whoa talked o' killing! Killing be murder, and murder be——. Dom thee, hold thy tongue, missus; hold thy dom tongue, wool'ee? My brean do turn round, just for all the world like the sails o' yon windmill.

Dame. Be a bit cool, Gaffer; be a bit cool.

Farmer. (*Recovering himself.*) Lookee, deame, if I were to do zoa—— I should never be able to do zoa. (*Striking his bosom.*) †

Dame. No more thee would, Gaffer; no more thee would. Never care what my lord do zay. Come, gi' thy old deame a buss.

Farmer. First o' all, deame, can thee do zoa? (*Striking his bosom.*)

Dame. (*Hesitating.*) Noa—yes—I——

Farmer. O deame, deame!

Dame. (*Collecting herself.*) Yes, Gaffer, thof we be poor——I can do zoa. (*Striking her bosom.*)

Farmer. Then thee beest my old deame after all. (*They rush into each other's arms.*)

Dame. But here do come my lord.

Farmer. (*More agitated than ever.*) Do he! do he! But why do I tremble zoa? I ha' gotten a clear conscience yet o' while. O deame, deame! the clearest pond in my lord's garden be thick and muddy to a clear conscience; and the straightest hop-pole in the whole county be not half so upright as an upright heart. (*He removes the side of bacon, and discovers a secret door, through which they pass.*)

Enter LORD BLUEDEVIL. His countenance is pale and haggard; he has one hand in his bosom, the other in his breeches-pocket.

Lord B. Yes, it is decided. The hated thing that breaks my rest, and interrupts my feverish and agitated slumbers, must be——destroyed. If still this obstinate and headstrong loon refuse to perpetrate the deed, again the hand of Bluedevil, that hand already saturated with the crimson stream of life, must be dipped and stained, nay, plunged and empurpled in gore. But no: W heatsheaf must be the agent of my vengeance. On earth

* Mr. M—n is often praised for the *serious* interest he contrives to throw into his comedies; and the praise bestowed on him is not unmerited; for most of his comedies are as *serious* as rape, robbery, and murder, can make them. Folly, in all its varieties, the lesser vices, and the comic side of the greater ones, alone employed the pens of our elder writers of comedy; but the MODERN THALIA, with laudable industry, takes cognizance also of high crimes and misdemeanours. The snivelling hussey has had the address to steal her sister's bowl and dagger; and seldom appears in public without a pocket-handkerchief at her nose. For my own part, I like to cry at a comedy; but as there are many persons who still entertain sundry prejudices in favour of old-fashioned definitions, and whose fancy it might be well, and would be easy, to humour, why does not Mr. M—n give his productions the title of Five-act Melodramas? For (I just whisper it in your ear) such they are.

† Three gentle taps: not like the pert rat-tat-tat of an apprentice on Sunday, but the signal of a lover at his mistress's window—a sort of passing call, to know whether conscience is at home. This certain test of virtue is very liberally employed in all our author's plays, and never fails of exciting applause.

he is my tenant and my slave ; in hell—ha ! save me from the thought—in hell he'll be my equal ! No matter ; reflection comes too late ; my hand, already heavy with the weight of blood, can rise with murderous and fatal aim no more. What, ho ! within there ! *

Enter WHEATSHEAF.

Farmer. Be it your honour's lordship do please to call ?

Lord B. (*Signs to farmer to approach.*) Nearer, still nearer, I say ; what fear'st thou ?

Farmer. Fear, my lord ? Saving your lordship's presence, I ha' nothing to be afeard on. A man—is a man ; and zoa long as he can do zoa—(*striking his bosom,*) he needn't fear any body, I do take it.

Lord B. (*Groans deeply.* †) Ah ! he cuts me to the soul ! No more of this. Listen to me, farmer. Thou know'st this world contains one living creature hateful to my sight. (*Mysteriously.*) Thou know'st the rest, too. ‡

Farmer. (*Looking cautiously about.*) My lord—

Lord B. Listen, and reply not. Ere earth be canopied by the shades of night—(*More mysteriously.*) Thou understand'st me.

Farmer. (*Trembling, and grasping his own hair.*) My lord—

Lord B. Silence. Hast thou decided ?

Farmer. (*Irresolutely.*) My lord—

Lord B. Peace ! (*Draws his hand from his breeches-pocket, and gives the farmer a piece of money.*) This is the reward of thy obedience.

Farmer. (*Looking at the money.*) My lord—

Lord B. Enough. (*Draws his other hand from his bosom, and delivers to the farmer a knife.*) This is the instrument which must rid me of my tormentor.

Farmer. I do tremble zoa, and the words do stick in my throat for all the world like the teeth of a rake in a gravelly zoil.

Lord B. Quickly decide.

Farmer. (*Attempts to strike his bosom, but fails.*) I can't do zoa.

Lord B. No more of this trifling.

Farmer. (*Throws down the money.*) Dom thee, lie there. (*Strikes his bosom gently.*) I can do zoa a little better now. (*Throws down the knife.*) Dom thee, lie there, too. (*Strikes his bosom violently.*) My lord, I ha' decided : I can do zoa as well as ever.

Lord B. What means all this ?

Farmer. I'll tell'ee what it do mean : Thee beest a lord—but can thee do zoa ? (*Striking his bosom.*)

Lord B. I understand ; thou refuseth me ! Then await my vengeance.

Farmer. Vengeance ! I tell'ee what : saving your lordship's presence, thof I be poor the sun do shine over my head ; when I do sow the seed on my ground, the corn do grow ; and if the ears do be full, and the crop do be good, I do get as much an acre for my harvest as your lordship's honour do for yours.

Lord B. He plants a dagger in my heart. (*Groaning piteously.*) §

Farmer. (*Taking Lord Bluedevil kindly by the hand.*) And I tell'ee what : when I do lay down my head at night, I can do zoa ; (*striking his bosom ;*) and thof you be a lord, if you did but know the pleasure of doing zoa—but be a man, my lord—here be somebody coming—here, take a good book to comfort you. (*Gives him the Pilgrim's Progress.*)

* This speech is very strongly written, as I have heard it said of many other of the serious parts of the same author's comedies. Undoubtedly he often exhibits great power of (melodramatic) writing.

† Peculiarity of the MODERN THALIA.

‡ Similar scenes of confidence, between lords and clod-hoppers, are common in our author's plays.

§ More COMEDY !!

Enter DAME WHEATSHEAF, hastily.

Farmer. Dom thee, what dost thee want here?

Dame. Ifackins! what dost thee want here! why, here be my Lady Rosevalley, and my Lord Dashtown, and Squire Chevychace, and a mort o' fine folks, coming up to farm.

Farmer. Then let 'em come and welcome, deame; for thof we be poor, we be honest.

Lord B. (*Sinks into a chair, and rests his head on the table.*) Oh! for a cordial to cheer my sinking heart.

Dame. We ha' gotten no cordials; but ye be heartily welcome to a draught o' good home-brew'd yeale.

Farmer. Hold thy dom fool's tongue, wool'ee, missus?

Enter LADY ROSEVALLEY, LORD DASHTOWN, SQUIRE CHEVYCHACE, and several Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lady R. I declare I never was so fatigued in my life. One would imagine people never sat down in these wild regions; for there appears to be no preparation for such an event. (*Looking about the room, but not perceiving Lord Bluedevel.*)

*All.** (*Laugh.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Lord Dash. Damme, you are right, my lady; damn'd right. Give me Bond-street for a morning's airing, and leave country rambles to country clod-poles. Eh, farmer? (*Tapping farmer on the shoulder.*)

Lady R. Vastly well indeed. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! ha!

All. (*Laugh.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Farmer. I don't rightly understand what you may mean by clod-pole, my lord; but look'ee, my lord; (*striking his bosom;*) can you do zoa?

Lord Dash. Yes, farmer; and, damme, though I'm a man of fashion, damme, I'm not without a heart, damme.

Squire Chery. Yoicks, tally-ho! broke cover! turned up Old Bluedevel here.

Lady R. Merciful powers! he seems grief-worn and exhausted: give him air. (*They all crowd about him.*)

Farmer. (*Taking Lady Rosevalley aside.*) And well he may be. O miss, —my lady, I should say; if I thought you were as good as you're pratty —but stop—can you do zoa? (*Striking his bosom.*)

Lady R. O farmer, I can, indeed; indeed I can.

Dame. (*Aside.*) Mercy on me! I hope she's not going to fall in love with my Gaffer: 'twouldn't be the first time a fine young lady has fallen in love with a farmer at first sight.†

Farmer. Can you? then I'll tell'ee. (*Mysteriously.*) You must know, that my lord —

Lord B. (*Rushing wildly forward.*) Spare me, spare me the dreadful trial. Fiends—torments—furies—serpents hissing and whizzing in my ears—darkness—the shades of night—the gloom of despair.—Be silent as the grave, I charge thee!—no,—I charge thee, speak!—Blazon the horrible design—let it be shouted and gazetted to the execrating world.‡ I would have instigated him to——ha!——

Farmer. To murder!

* The audience is not necessarily included in this direction. It is with regret I allow, that in scenes of this kind, in which he endeavours to represent the *things* of fashion—where, in short, he attempts to imitate Reynolds, Mr. M—n totally fails. Mr. Reynolds, till he began to write *Exiles* and *Virgins of the Sun* (in imitation of *him*), displayed such a fund of whim, so extraordinary a facility at catching the passing follies of the day, such an inexhaustible vein of gaiety, easy and unforced gaiety, as atoned for many of the faults by which his pieces were disfigured. Mr. M—n's *serious comedy* (I repeat it) is very serious indeed: but justice forces me to acknowledge, that his attempts at pleasantry are, in general, laboured and heavy.

† As in *A Cure for the Heart Ache*.

‡ More strong writing.

All. Murder! whom?

Farmer. (*Dashing a tear from one eye, and looking compassionately with the other.*) A poor old cock, that has crowed afore his gate five years come Michaelmas. But I hadn't the heart to do it.

Lord B. Support me. Farmer, draw near: it shall not die. O, farmer, thou hast given peace to my heart, and quiet to my conscience. Thou hast taught me, that where vice exists, there virtue cannot be; and that a virtuous tenant is happier than a guilty landlord.

Farmer. But, my lord—(*pointing to his bosom,*) you understand me?

Lord B. Yes, farmer; and I may now proudly boast, that I also—(*striking his bosom,*) can do so.

Farmer. (*Coming forward.*) And yet, thof I zay it as shouldn't zay it, unless our koind friends shed the sun-shine of their smiles, to ripen our harvest, we cannot hope—to do zoa.

(*All the characters strike their bosoms, and the curtain falls.*)

OSMYN,

A PERSIAN TALE.*

PART II.

If you are one that loves to sit by fires
O' winter nights, listening to gossips' tales;
Or sights by mariners seen on midnight decks,
When seas are roaring; or old soldiers' songs;
Or pilgrim wonders brought from holy shores
Where the brown Arab rides, and Turkish spears
Undiadem the Greek; come, list to me!

THE sun was wheeling up his golden sphere,
Whelming the twilight stars—the scatter'd rear
Of night's blue legions. Earth was bath'd in rose.
The west was wall'd with hills, whose crowning snows
Hung high in morn, unmelted by its beams.
Solemn the echo of the thousand streams
That down their sable sides, like strings of pearl,
Glitter'd and shook in every passing whirl
Of the light dallying wind, then rush'd a river
Proud and deep channel'd: many an empty quiver,
And shield and helmet-crest in carnage dyed,
And broken spearshaft eddy'd down that tide.
Darkly the blood of battle stain'd the foam
As it danced onwards to the cavern'd dome,
Delved in the bosom of the precipice,
Where toss'd from bed to bed, with flash and hiss,
The cataract its freight of corpses bore.

Young Osmyn stood upon the sanguine shore
Rapt in the feverish, dim imaginings
That sorrow on the youthful spirit brings—
The midnight of the mind. So stood he mazed;
And as upon the crowded stream he gazed,
Sweeping the dead beneath the gloomy arch,
He thought he saw a living army's march;
And then he would have follow'd, and defied
The sadness of his spirit in the tide
Through sick world-weariness. A feeble gleam,
Catching his eye's droop'd beauty, broke the dream.
He saw a targe among the sedges thrown,
It bore a diamond cypher—'twas his own!
Then, like the sudden lifting of a shroud,
Or the night's awful countenance when the cloud

* For the First Part, see No. XII. for December, 1820, vol. ii. p. 613.

Melts in the wind—the fearful past was clear.
 Upon that champaign, morn had seen him rear
 His royal banner for the Persian throne,
 The banner that the evening saw undone.
 Press'd to that bank, and cumber'd with the dead,
 He made his final desperate stand, and shed,
 Till spear and shaft were gone, the Turkman's gore ;
 Then plunged within the stream, and felt no more.—
 But softer memories came : he ask'd the wave
 For what sweet vale beyond it left the cave.
 Along the mountain ridge he strain'd his eyes,
 And thought upon his Peri Paradise !

He stood alone ;—the satrap and the slave
 Lay round him : What was earth ? A mightier grave !
 He wander'd like the final wreck of man.
 The jackall, with his jaws gore-dripping, ran
 Sporting around the wanderer in wild rings :
 The vulture on the corpse upraised his wings,
 Then, cower'd again upon his ghastly food :
 The wolf glared on the man of solitude ;
 Then with strange fearlessness, that seem'd to feel
 A ruin'd presence, tore his way through steel,
 And gorged upon his check'd repast of blood.

The mists roll'd off ; the sudden sunbeams show'd
 The heron-plumage waving o'er his tent,
 That, with its tapestries gold and ruby blent,
 Look'd like the cloud-pavilions, when the sun,
 Grown old, reposes on his western throne.
 All now was desolate its halls around ;
 The ever-echoing trumpets, and the sound
 Of the imperial crowding chieftainry,
 Were gone : he saw upon the champaign lie
 Peasant and noble, mouldering bone by bone,
 And felt in soul that he was all undone.

But plunderers had been busy there : the floor
 Glitter'd with fragments that the victor tore
 From the gem-crusted throne, and starry roof ;
 And blood was smoking still ; the sullen proof
 Of the barbarian's quarrel for the spoil.

He heard a distant cry : the wild turmoil
 Came near, the clash of swords, and shout and ban.
 He grasp'd a spear, and rush'd amid the clan ;
 Their arrows shower'd upon him, and he fell,
 Calling for death in mercy. But their yell
 Told that they knew their captive. On the ground
 They chain'd him, dropping blood from many a wound ;
 Then sprang upon their rugged steeds, and bore
 The prince where camp'd their Turkman emperor.

Their march stray'd on through ways of dreariness,
 Deserts of yellow quagmire, where the press
 Of the fleet hoof broke up the quivering soil,
 Plunging them bridle-deep. With desperate toil
 They reach'd the GHAUT, and upwards urged their steeds ;
 Rousing the panther from his bed of reeds,
 And sending, like an arrow from the string,
 The rushing eagle, that with turning wing
 Hover'd above them, screaming for his prey :
 They climb'd (the thunders pioneer'd their way)
 Up precipices, plunged in cataract-streams,—
 Were lost in valleys where the noon-day's beams

Twinkled and vanish'd, like the sickly lamp
Hung in a watch-tower, when the autumnal damp
Saddens the night ; at length their weary track
Wound upwards, till the thin and floating rack,
Surging in silver at their feet, was rent ;
And downwards, seen through the pure element,
As in the bottom of a crystal sea,
Tissued the earth imperial pageantry.
There lay the Turkman camp : with chargers spurr'd,
And barbarous shouts, down rush'd they, like the bird
Of Himmaleh, the thunder-bearing king,
That tempests the still'd ocean with his wing,
And clouds the day-light as he stoops from heaven.

'Twas morning on the brow ; but yellow even
Was shining on them as they reached the plain.
The panting steed was breathed ; and fix'd the vane ;
For now had come the hour of Moslem prayer ;
And, flushing in the western purple glare,
Myriads of proud dark faces were upraised
With silent lips, and solemn eyes, that gazed
As if they saw a parting God. The Sun
Died in the west ; the evening rite was done.
Then torch and cresset sent their colour'd rays
Through the tent-curtains ; and the wood-fire's blaze
Show'd the rude warriors in their loosen'd mail,
Listening with eager ears to jest and tale
Of Indian mimes, that in their circle bow'd,
Subtle as tigers crouch'd ; then clanging loud,
With lifted arms, the cymbals' quivering rims,
Writhed, serpent-like, their lithe and glossy limbs.

Thus pass'd they many a furlong, and the tents
Still cluster'd round them. The chained elephants
Lifted their trunks, and roar'd, as they pass'd by :
The muzzled bloodhounds set up ban and cry :
The dromedaries, flung their loads beside
Like stranded barks, heaved up : with eye of pride
And red, small nostril snuffing the cool air,
The Arab charger bounded from the lair,
His rider's weedy bed. Anon a lamp
Rose on their eyes, as when the vapoury swamp
Sends up its meteor, rivaling the moon.
Above the Sultan's tent that glory shone.

They reach'd the central camp : the centinel
Gave the more piercing challenge ; and the swell
Of the chill breezes labour'd heavily
Through the thick crowding standards, that on high
Lifted their folds, then sank them, like the wings
Of mighty night-birds. There in lingering rings,
Sitting upon their chargers, with their swords
Dropping from sleepy fingers, watch'd pale hordes,
Longing to see the waning of that lamp ;
For there the chieftains of the imperial camp
Were gather'd to the feast of victory.

The captive's name was told : a sudden cry
Burst through the proud pavilion ; and its porch
Thicken'd with wonderers ; and the wind-toss'd torch
Glanced on a waving sheet of fiery eyes
And swarthy brows, turban'd with scarlet dyes,
And turquoise helm'd. 'Twas tenfold victory
To see that captive in their bondage lie.
Yet murmurs rose, and pityings, through the crowd.

As they beheld him dragg'd along, earth-bow'd
 By chains that scarce his sinking limbs could trail.
 The robbers' hand had stript his golden mail;
 And in his naked side an arrow's barb
 At every step dropp'd blood upon his garb.
 He spake not; but his heavy eye complain'd,
 With pain and travel drowzed: his arms were chain'd;
 And idled by his side the scymetar
 That once had smote them like an evil star.

That night the festival had lasted long,
 Joyous with Tartar games: the wrestler strong
 Had show'd his naked majesty of limb;
 The juggler play'd his wonders; and the mime
 Stoop'd to reluctant mirth the features grim
 Of the throned lords of war; and, last of all,
 The Almai's jewel'd dance had witch'd the hall.

The dance was ended, and the banquet done.
 Deep rang the trumpet from the Sultan's throne—
 The captive's death-sign; and a giant slave
 Flourish'd the falchion o'er him. Osmyn gave
 One look to Heaven, and then his weary eye
 Sank from man's face for ever. One last sigh
 Was for his love. He kiss'd his bugle's rim,
 Rapt in the fantasies, delicious, dim,
 That hopeless passion leaves to kill the mind;
 And pray'd for life a moment, but to wind
 That horn in memory of the Peri grove.
 The echo whisper'd, sweet as tales of love
 Shed in a maiden's ear. The crowd were spell'd!
 The sound arose, around the hall it swell'd,
 Grew fierce and fiercer, grew a whirlwind's roar!
 With a strange sudden shattering on the floor
 His chains fell off: thick lightnings fill'd the dome,
 A mass of solid splendour, gem and plume
 Glaring in wild white flame on every brow,
 All terrible distinctness: still the blow
 Hung o'er him; but the headsman look'd a stone:
 Each chief seem'd spell'd, a statue on his throne.
 The captive sprang within the canopy,
 And dragg'd the struggling Sultan out to die.
 Down cleft the scymetar his turban star.
 The conqueror gazed upon his dying glare;
 Then flung the head along the cloth of gold.
 A dying thunder-peal through midnight roll'd.
 And the rich curtain rose to sounds of wings,
 And fragrance cool, as when the twilight flings
 Its pinions o'er the earth, dew-bath'd: the throne
 Bore a veil'd Vision! mantled with a zone
 Silvery and slight as moonbeams. Osmyn felt
 The madness of the moment; and he knelt,
 And pour'd his burning soul in passion's sighs.
 Slow rose the veil, and show'd the starry eyes
 And lips like opening roses,—'twas his love!
 Then with sweet smile the Peri soar'd above,
 Kindling the air with radiance, and was gone.
 Silence and darkness sate upon the throne:
 And Osmyn, with a wild and desperate tread,
 Rush'd through the camp; the mighty spell had spread;
 And all its myriads look'd a host of stone.
 He pass'd away—unheard, unseen, alone!

The Early French Poets.

ANTOINE HEROET, AND MELLIN DE SAINT GELAIS.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca.

ANTOINE HEROET, how strange soever his name may now appear, in his own day was thought worthy of being put in competition with Clement Marot, who has had the better fortune of being still at least talked of. Joachim du Bellay, in his *Defence and Illustration of the French Language*, in which he has spoken of both more than once, informs us of the qualities by which each of them had attracted his own particular set of admirers. One man, says he, will tell you that he likes Marot, because he is easy, and not far removed from the matter of common discourse; another, that Heroet pleases him, because his verses are learned, grave, and elaborate. It has happened as might be expected—the natural vein of the one has outlasted the erudition of the other.

Heroet may properly be called a metaphysical poet. Johnson, with some latitude of expression, has given that name to Cowley, and some of the other wits in Charles the Second's time; and, with still less propriety,

has considered those writers to be followers of Marino, who is very lavish in his descriptions, and much disposed, in Ovid's manner, to play upon his words, but not at all metaphysical: for it is possible that a writer may be highly metaphysical, and yet free from conceits; as he may be full of conceits, and yet not in the least open to the charge of being metaphysical.

La Parfaite Amie, The Perfect Mistress, the first poem in Heroet's collection, is in a strain of excessive Platonic refinement throughout. But he has clothed his abstruse conceptions in language that is utterly devoid of affectation, and besides nearer to that of the present day than Marot's. I have selected an allegorical story out of the second book, which, however mysterious the allusion in it may be, is yet, for the cleanness of the expression, (if I may be allowed such a phrase), comparable to some of the choice passages in our dramatic writers of Elizabeth's age.

On dit que pleine est une isle de biens,
D'arbres, de fruits, de plaisante verdure,
Qu'en elle ha fait son chef-d'œuvre Nature.
Et qu'immortelz les hommes y vivans
Sont, tous plaisirs, et delices suyvens.
Là ne se rend, ny jamais n'ha esté
Froideur d'yver, ny la chaleur d'esté.
La saison est un gracieux printemps,
Ou tous les plus malheureux sont contens.
De son bon gré terre produit le bien,
On ne dit point entre eux ny tien, ny mien.
Tout est commun, sans peine, et jalousie,
Raison domine, et non pas fantaisie.
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'il veult demander,
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'il fault commander;
Ainsi chascun ha tout ce, qu'il demande,
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'ha faire commande.
Cette ysle là se nomme fortunee,
Et comme on dit, par Royne est gouvernee,
Si bien parlant, si sçavante et si belle,
Que d'un rayon de la grand' beauté d'elle
Tous les païs voisins sont reluisans.
Quand elle voit arriver courtisans,
(Comme y en ha de si tres curieux,

Qu'ilz n'ont aucun danger, devant les yeux)
 Et aspirer à la felicité,
 Qu'elle promest à ceux de sa cité,
 Les estrangers faict ensemble venir,
 Lesquelz devant que vouloir retenir,
 Envoye tous dormir quelque saison.

Quand assez ont dormy selon raison,
 On les resveille, et viennent devant elle :
 Bien ne leur sert excuse ne cautelle ;
 Ny beau parler, ny les importuns cris :
 Dessus leurs frons sont leurs songes escrits.
 Qui ha les chiens, et les oyseaux songé,
 Ha promptement de la Royne congé :
 On les renvoye avecques telles bestes.
 Qui ha resvé d'estre rompeur de testes,
 D'entretenir guerre, et sedition,
 Honneurs mondains, extreme ambition,
 Semblablement est de la court banny.
 Qui ha le front pasle, mort, et ternity,
 Monstrant desir de biens, et de richesse,
 De luy ne veult la Royne estre maistresse.

Bref, des dormeurs nul en l'isle retient,
 Sinon celuy, quand esveillé revient,
 Qui ha songé de la grand' beauté d'elle :
 Tant de plaisir ha d'estre et sembler belle,
 Que tel songeur en l'isle est bien venu.

Tout ce discours est pour fable tenu :
 Mais qui premier l'ha faict, et recité,
 Nous ha voulu dire une verité.

Opuscles d'Amour, par Heroet, La Borderie, et autres Divins Poetes. A Lyon, par Jean de Tournes, 1547, p. 46.

There is an isle
 Full, as they say, of good things ; fruits and trees
 And pleasant verdure : a very master-piece
 Of Nature's ; where the men immortally
 Live, following all delights and pleasures. There
 Is not, nor ever hath been, winter's cold
 Or summer's heat : the season still the same,
 One gracious spring, where all, e'en those worst used
 By Fortune, are content. Earth willingly
 Pours out her blessing : the words " thine " and " mine "
 Are not known 'mongst them : all is common, free
 From pain and jealous grudging. Reason rules,
 Not Fantasy : that every one knows well
 What he would ask of other ; every one,
 What to command : thus every one hath that
 Which he doth ask ; what is commanded, does.

This island hath the name of Fortunate ;
 And, as they tell, is govern'd by a Queen
 Well spoken, and discreet, and therewithal
 So beautiful, that, with one single beam
 Of her great beauty, all the country round
 Is render'd shining. When she sees arrive
 (As there are many so exceeding curious
 They have no fear of danger 'fore their eyes)
 Those who come suing to her, and aspire
 After the happiness which she to each
 Doth promise in her city, she doth make
 The strangers come together ; and forthwith,
 Ere she consenteth to retain them there,
 Sends for a certain season all to sleep.

When they have slept so much as there is need,
 Then wake they them again ; and summon them
 Into her presence. There avails them not
 Excuse or caution ; speech, however bland,
 Or importunity of cries. Each bears
 That on his forehead written visibly
 Whereof he hath been dreaming. They, whose dreams
 Have been of birds and hounds, are straight dismiss'd ;
 And, at her royal mandate, led away,
 To dwell thenceforward with such beasts as these.
 He, who hath dream'd of sconces broken, war,
 And turmoils, and seditions, glory won,
 And highest feats achieved, is, in like guise,
 An exile from her court ; whilst one, whose brow
 Is pale, and dead, and wither'd, showing care
 Of pelf and riches, she no less denies
 To be his queen and mistress. None, in brief,
 Reserves she of the dreamers in her isle,
 Save him, that, when awaken'd he returns,
 Betrayeth tokens that, of her rare beauty,
 His dreams have been. So great delight has she,
 In being and in seeming beautiful,
 Such dreamer is right welcome to her isle.

All this is held a fable ; but who first
 Made and recited it, hath in this fable
 Shadowed a truth.

Another passage, in the third book of this poem, is curious, as it shows what the prevalent taste in female beauty was at that time.

Amour n'est pas enchanteur si divers,
 Que les yeux noirs face devenir verds,
 Qu'un brun obscur en blancheur clere tourne,
 Ou qu'un traict gros du visage destourne :
 Mais s'il se trouve assis en cœur gentil,
 Si penetrant est son feu, et subtil,
 Qu'il rend le corps de femme transparent,
 Et se presente au visage apparent
 Je ne sçay quoy, qu'on ne peut exprimer,
 Qui se faict plus que les beautés aimer. (P. 58.)

Love is not such a strange enchanter
 That he can change a black eye to a hazel,
 Or turn dark brown into a pearly white,
 Or shape a grosser feature into fineness.
 And yet, when seated in a gentle heart,
 So subtle and so piercing is his fire,
 He makes a woman's body all transparent ;
 And, in her visage, doth present to view
 I know not what, that words cannot express,
 Which makes itself be more, than beauty, loved.

This is one of the many instances, in which the early French poets have spoken of the "yeux verds," "green eyes," (which I have taken the liberty of translating into hazel,) as being admired above all others. So we find in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

An eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.

The next poem, by Heroet, is formed on the fiction, in Plato's *Ban-*

quet, of the Androgynon: a poetical epistle to Francis I. is prefixed to it.

His other pieces are much in the same style.

I have learnt nothing more concerning this writer than that he was made Bishop of Digne by Francis I. that he was, nevertheless, like Marot, suspected of Calvinism, and that he died in the year 1568.

In this same volume (which, by the way, is printed in a running type of

uncommon neatness, and is in De Bure's *Bibliographie*,) at p. 237, is a poem entitled, *Nouvel Amour*, which I find, by a manuscript note, to be by the *Sieur Papillon*, though the writer of the note must be mistaken in saying (as he does), that it is extracted from a similar book,

printed at Paris, 1551, in 16mo. as that date is posterior to the date of the present volume.

There is a fine description in it of the trouble throughout all nature, at a quarrel between *Venus* and her son. It ends thus:—

En lamentant, puis la terre s'ouvrit,
Et de noirceur sa face elle couvrit.
Dessus les tours apparurent les fees,
En robes d'or, et d'argent estoffees :
Et murmuroient entre elles rudement,
Craignant de veoir perir le firmament.
Et fut ouy en ce temps miserable,
Trois fois un son, horrible, espouvantable,
De gros marteaux, de chesnes, et de fers,
Du plus profond abisme des enfers. (P. 263.)

Earth with a dismal scream was severed ;
And gathering darkness o'er her visage spread.
Upon the tops of towers the fays were seen
To trail long robes of gold and silver sheen ;
And mutter'd, as they pass'd, their uncouth wonder,
Fearing the firmament should fall asunder.
And thrice was heard, in that ill-omen'd day,
A sound, that might the stoutest heart affray,
Of heavy hammers, clanking chains, and bars,
That mix'd in deepest hell their horrid jars.

The dispute is settled by the intervention of *Jupiter*.

At p. 269, there follows a letter in rhyme, called *Le Discours de Voyage de Constantinople, envoyé dudit lieu à une Damoiselle de France, par le Seigneur de Borderie*.

"An account of a Voyage to Constantinople, sent from the said place to a young French Lady, by the *Seigneur de Borderie*." On their way, among other places, they touch at *Athens*.

Nous n'eusmes pas un demy jour loysir,
De voir ce lieu, ou prenons grand plaisir,
Voyant encor de la cité superbe
Les fondemens tous entiers, couvres d'herbe.
Leur grand dessaing assez donnoit entendre,
Qu'elle pouvoit grand espace comprendre.
Ayant aussi un theatre apperceu,
Que le long temps desmolir n'avoit sceu ;
Sur grands piliers de marbre bien assis,
Seize de long, et de fronc six à six,
Duquel les Grece avoient faict à leur guise,
De Saint André une nouvelle Eglise ;
Ayant un mur au dedens faict en cerne,
Que l'oeil jugeoit assez estre moderne. (P. 318.)

"We had not half a day's leisure allowed us to see this place, where we were much delighted, beholding the foundations of the noble city entire, and covered with grass. Their extensive traces sufficiently marked the great space which it has comprized. We perceived also a theatre, which length of time had not been able to demolish, upon great pillars

of marble, handsomely placed, sixteen lengthwise, and, in front, six by six. The Greeks, after their fashion, had made of it a church, dedicated to Saint Andrew ; having a round wall within, manifestly of modern construction."

The remainder is, for the most part, equally humble with this extract.

MELLIN DE SAINT GELAIS.

MELLIN de Saint Gelais is commended by Joachim du Bellay, in that poet's address to the reader prefixed to his own works, for having been the first who distinguished himself as a writer of sonnets in the French language. He left only seventeen of them. At least, I find no more in the collection of his poems,

published soon after his decease. But it was a prolific race, and in a short time multiplied exceedingly.

Two out of these seventeen will, I dare say, satisfy the reader as to quantity. And for the quality, I can assure him they are not the worst of the batch.

Il n'est point tant de barques à Venise,
D'huistres à Bourg, de lievres en Champaigne,
D'ours en Savoye, et de veaux en Bretagne,
De Cygnes blancs le long de la Tamise,
Ne tant d'Amours si traitent en l'Eglise,
De differents aux peuples d'Alemaigne,
Ne tant de gloire à un Seigneur d'Espaigne,
Ne tant si trouve à la Cour de faintise,
Ne tant y a de monstres en Afrique,
D'opinions en une Republique,
Ne de pardons à Romme aux jours de feste,
Ne d'avarice aux hommes de pratique,
Ne d'argumens en une Sorbonique,
Que m' amie a de lunes en la teste.

Oeuvres Poétiques de Mellin de S. Gelais. Lyon. Par Antoine de Harsy, 1574, p. 84.

So many barks are not for Venice bound ;
Nor oysters, Bourg can show ; or calves, Bretagne ;
Or Savoy, bears ; or leverets, Champagne ;
Or Thamis, silver swans, his shores around :
Not amorous treaties so at church abound,
Or quarrels in the Diet of Almaine,
Not so much boasting in a Don of Spain,
Not so much feigning at the Court is found :
Monsters so numerous hath not Africa,
Nor minds so various a republic bred,
Nor pardons are at Rome on holyday,
Or cravings underneath a lawyer's gown,
Or reas'nings with the doctors of Sorbome ;
As there are lunes in my sweet lady's head.

De Monsieur le Dauphin.

Vous que second la noble France honore,
Pouvez cueillir par ces prés florissans,
Oeillets pour vous seul s'espanouissans,
Esclos ensemble avec la belle Aurore,
Pour vostre front le rosier se collore,
Dont les chapeaux si haut lieu congnoissans,
Forment boutons de honte rougissans,
Sachant que mieux vous appartient encore.
Ceinte de liz la blanche Galathee
Ses fruits vous garde en deux paniers couverts,
L'un d'olivier, l'autre de laurier verds.
Ainsi chantoit des Nymphes-escoutee
La belle Eglé dont Pan oyant le son,
Du grand Henry l'appella la chanson. (P. 87.)

On the Dauphin.

Thou, who art second in our noble France,
Mayst cull at will, along each blooming mead,
These pinks, whose hues for thee alone are spread,
First opening with the morning's early glance,

For thee the rose-bush doth his top advance,
 Whose coronals, with buttons vermeil-red,
 Blush all for shame to hold so high their head,
 Trusting yet more thy pleasure to enhance.
 The milk-white Galathea, lily-crown'd,
 For thee in panniers twain her fruits doth screen,
 One veil'd with olive, one with myrtle green.
 Thus sang fair *Ægle*, while the nymphs around
 Smiled as they listen'd ; and Pan heard the song,
 And to great Harry bade the notes belong.

The Sonnet was not the only form of composition adopted by Saint Gelais from the Italian tongue. He borrowed from it the Ottava Rima also.

In the Chant Villanesque (p. 235) he has counterfeited the charm of a rustic simplicity with much skill.

Mellin was supposed to be the natural son of Octavien de Saint Gelais, Sieur de Lunsac, and Bishop of Angoulême, and was born in 1491. The father, besides his own original works, among which the *Vergier d'Honneur* was one, was the Author of Translations into French verse of the *Æneid*, several books of the *Odyssey*, and the *Epistles* and *Ars*

Amandi of Ovid. His profession did not restrain him from much freedom both in his life and writings. He is said to have bestowed great pains on his son's education, who profited as well as could be hoped under such a guide and tutor ; for he learnt to write verses better than his father, but with a sufficient portion of *ribaldry* in them. Mellin had a high reputation in the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. He was abbot of *Recluz*, and royal almoner and librarian.

A copy of verses directed to *Clement Marot* (p. 176) when they were both in ill health, shows his regard for that poet. It begins,

Gloire et regret des Poetes de France,
 Clement Marot, ton ami Saint Gelais,
 Autant marri de ta longue souffrance,
 Comme ravi de tes doux chants et lais, &c.

Glory and regret of the poets of France, Clement Marot ; thy friend Saint Gelais, who is as much grieved by thy long suffering, as he is charmed by thy songs, and lays, &c.

Both he and Clement celebrated the restoration of Laura's tomb, at Avignon, by Francis I.

He addresses also *Hugues Salel*, of whom we shall soon hear more ; though they had not yet made an acquaintance with each other.

His conduct towards Ronsard was somewhat ungenerous ; but that poet, with his characteristic generosity, forgave more than once the ill offices

which Saint Gelais was supposed to have done him at court.

His talent for epigrammatic satire was so much dreaded, that "*Gare à la tenaille de Saint Gelais ;*" "*'Ware of Saint Gelais pincers,*" became a proverbial saying.

He was celebrated for his skill in Latin poetry, and composed the following verses, when near his end.

Barbite, qui varios lenisti pectoris æstus,
 Dum juvenem nunc sors, nunc agitabat amor ;
 Perfice ad extremum, rapidæque incendia febris
 Qua potes infirmo fac leviora seni.
 Certe ego te faciam, superas evectus ad auras,
 Insignem ad *Cytharæ* sidus habere locum.
 Harp, that didst soothe my cares, when opening life
 With love and fortune waged alternate strife,
 Fulfil thy task : allay the fervid rage
 Of fever preying on my feeble age ;
 So, when I reach the skies, a place shall be,
 Near the celestial lyre, allotted thee.

He died at Paris, in 1559. His works were re-edited, with additions, in that city, in 1719 ; as I find in *De Bure's Bibliographie*.

HYMN TO SPRING.

THOU virgin bliss the seasons bring,
Thou yet beloved in vain ;
I long to hail thee, gentle Spring,
And meet thy face again.
That rose-bud cheek, that sunlit eye,
Those locks of fairest hue,
Which zephyrs wave each minute by
And show thy smiles anew.

Oh ! how I wait thy reign begun,
To gladden earth and skies ;
When, threaten'd with a warmer sun,
The sullen Winter flies ;
When songs are sung from every tree,
When bushes bud to bowers,
When plains a carpet spread for thee,
And strew thy way with flowers.

Ah ! I do long that day to see
When, near a fountain side,
I loiter hours away by thee,
With beauty gratified ;
To look upon those eyes of blue
Whose light is of the sky,
And that unearthly face to view
Which love might deify.

I long to press that glowing breast,
Whose softness might suffice
As pillow for an angel's rest,
And still be paradise.
And, oh ! I wait those smiles to see,
To me, to nature, given ;
Smiles stol'n from joy's eternity,
Whence mortals taste of heaven.

Oh ! urge the surly Winter by,
Nor let him longer live ;
Whose suns creep shyly down the sky
And grudge the light they give.
Oh ! bring thy suns, and brighter days,
Which, lover-like, delight
To hasten on their morning ways,
And loth retire at night.

Oh ! hasten on, thou lovely Spring ;
Bid Winter frown in vain :
Thy mantle o'er thy shoulders bring,
And choose an early reign.
Thy herald flower, in many a place,
The daisy, joins with me ;
While chill winds nip his crimped face,
He smiles in hopes of thee.

Then come ; and while my heart is warm,
To sing thy pleasures new,
Led onward by thy lovely arm
I'll hie me through the dew ;
Or meet thy noon-day's sober wind
Thy rearing flowers to see,
And weave a wreath, of those I find,
To Nature and to Thee.

JOHN CLARE.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. V.

Introductory to a Translation from the Homeric Hymns.

ON THE ENGLISH STANDARD HEROIC:

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE FRENCH DRAMA.

I REMEMBER a little book, aiming at a great deal of precision and attaining to a good deal of dryness, (*brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*) entitled "*Les beaux arts réduits à un même principe*." It was written by Batteux, a member of the French Academy, who, they say, died of a broken heart, because his "*Cours Elementaire*" for the military school (in *forty-five* volumes; mercy on us!) did not succeed. In this treatise on the fine arts, (which, I recollect, includes "*La danse*,"—a truly national classification) he endeavours to show that the Greeks and Latins possessed no real advantage over the moderns in the admeasurement of their verse by regulated quantities: and he adduces the instance—

*Semotique prius tarda necessitas,
Lethi corripuit gradum.*

contending that if the dactylic harmony of *corripuit gradum* be expressive, the harmony of *tarda necessitas* must be misplaced, and by consequence faulty. It is not easy to answer this: and it appears certain that the Greeks and Latins by leaving four feet out of the six optional, felt the difficulty, and were more attentive to the time than the foot; to the rhythm than the metre. The object of the writer is to prove that the mere sound of the words, syllables, or even letters, and the greater or less distinctness of the cadences,* produce equivalent results in modern versification, (as for instance, in the concert between the sound and the object of thought) to those effected by the quantities of the ancient metres. It is well observed by Batteux that, "languages are not made by system, and since they have their source in human nature itself, they must in a variety of points resemble each other." It follows that there will seldom be found a deficiency in

any language without a compensation: that if a language has not the same laws of harmony as another, the laws peculiar to itself will supply the same resources and operate the same effects, in relation to the ear native to that language, as are arbitrarily and unphilosophically thought to depend on the adaptation of particular and exclusive means. The musical expression of modern verse is not less genuine and founded in nature, than that of ancient verse, although in the latter, the means, by which the harmonical effect is attained, are more instantly obvious, and harmony appears more reduced into a system. The verse in *Athalie*,

Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence
has a perceptibly graver march than this in *Esther*:

Jeunes et tendres fleurs, par le sort agitées.

When Milton speaks of the river of life, which—

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers its amber stream,
the English ear is soothed with a sensible smoothness of melody, quite as satisfying and real as was perceived by the ear of a Roman in the line of Virgil,

Floreat, irriguumque bibant violaria fontem.

It follows that were it practicable to amalgamate the laws of one language with those of another, or to ingraft the Latin harmony of quantities, by a sort of factitious assimilation and associative effort of the memory, upon the harmony which results from emphatic accentuation merely, (in addition, be it understood, to the rhythmical proportion of syllabical arrangement) the work would be one of supererogation. The attempt is, in my judgment, hopeless, as to any purpose of real melody at least, even if we allow

* Notwithstanding the unemphatic character of the French language, and the apparent equable stress on the syllables which make up their complement of twelve times, to a French ear some cadences are more sensible than others.

that the general effect of harmony can be made perceptible to the ear. We have indeed syllables naturally long and others naturally short; and some will slide easily enough into a dactylic combination; as in the verse of the "Vision of Judgment,"

Grēen ās ā strēam īn thē glēn whōse pūre
ānd chrȳsōlīte wātērs :

but if a few of our weak syllables are thus complying, others are no less intractable: and the dactyls, in numerous lines of the poem, can only be analysed by dint of somewhat desperate scanning and proving. It is not always easy to detect which are the dactyls and which are the spondees; and the same syllables, the weak vowels for instance, are forced to do double duty: they are both long and short, alternately, according to the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the poet. It is plain, that to the popular eye and ear, such measures can contain no more distinguishable properties of symmetrical sound than Lowth's version of Isaiah; which is only not prose because it is distributed into verse-like lines: while to the learned, accustomed to the copiously diversified metre of Virgil (who, by the bye did not begin *every* line with a jumping dactyl) the impression conveyed must be that of a systematic violation of every principle of true harmony. The attempt is like the "yoking of foxes." If "the Vision of Judgment" had not offered as striking a contrast as is well conceivable, in all other respects besides rhythm, to the "Joan of Arc," the weight of its lame feet were fully sufficient to prevent it from soaring: *corpus onustum Hexametris vitiis animam quoque pręgravat unā.*

Batteux was clearly right in insisting that the modern language possessed *equivalents* to the advantages of the ancient, and in avoiding to recommend a direct and mechanical imitation of their measures; which is substituting the mimicry of the mocking bird for musical passion. We may demonstrate the same truth by examples drawn from our own poets, as he has done by instances from his:

our heroic alexandrine (of which more by and bye) may compete with the Homeric hexameter in copiousness of harmony; the metre of Collins in the "the Ode to Evening" supplies us with an adequate English alcaic; and the adonic of Sappho is equalled in its effect by repeated parallels in the lyrical poetry of Burns.

What Mr. Southey perhaps felt was a dissatisfaction at the confined compass and homotonous character of the English standard heroic. It has little of extent in scale, or body in sound; and is too slender to represent adequately the epic verse of the ancients. It seems to rank in dignity little above the Phœdrian iambics. The old writers of rhymed couplets, and the best writers of blank verse in succeeding eras, (by which I mean the versifiers on the model of Milton and Akenside) imitate with success the ancient involution of period by prolonging the pause in the sense and shifting it through alternate lines; but the single verses are deficient in *grandiloquence* of harmony: and the advantage of a more continuous and comprehensive line is possessed by our neighbours, though we persist in voting it anapæstic, in the teeth of the prolonged and measured recitation of the French actors.

It must be admitted that our brevity of measure is in some degree compensated by our affluence, if such it may be called, in monosyllabic words. We are thus enabled to condense more matter; but something at the expense of rhythmical richness and sonorous harmony. Sweetness and force,* indeed, are often attained by verses wholly consisting in monosyllables. I shall offer some examples of this from a writer, who, from his having employed a similar structure of versification to that of Pope, is often inconsiderately ranked with him as an unfaithful and inefficient translator; but who, on the contrary, even when most paraphrastic, has seized with singular happiness and power the sort of pathos and declamatory energy which characterize his original.

The following verses, collected

* Pope stigmatizes them as necessarily nerveless and mean: yet one of the best couplets he ever wrote is made up of little else:

*Yet tyrant as he is, to see these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies.—Iliad.*

from Rowe's Lucan, may, I think, be classed among the most favourable instances, which occur in our poetry, of the use of monosyllables.

But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the
more. (b. 3.)

The storm, that sought their ruin, proved
them strong,
Nor could they fall who stood that shock
so long. (b. 5.)

Do I not read thy purpose in thine eye?
Dost thou not hope and wish c'en now to
die?

And can I then be safe? yet death is free.
(ibid.)

Give then your long-pursuing vengeance
o'er,
And spare the world since I can lose no
more. (b. 7.)

Where are those fires that warm'd thee to
be great? (ibid.)

She dares not, while her parting lord they
bear,
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them
there. (b. 8.)

Canst thou thus yield to the first shock of
fate? (ibid.)

There may they still ingloriously be good,
None can be safe in courts who blush at
blood. (B. 8.)

And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er
be poor.

He drew the sword, but knew its rage to
charm,
And loved peace best when he was forced
to arm.

Unmoved with all the glittering pomp of
power,
He took with joy, but laid it down with
more.

That the effect of compression, and consequently of nerve, is produced by these spontaneous lines, will not, I think, be disputed: yet it must be felt that the following verses would be less stately, if wholly monosyllabic:

The base, the slavish world will not be
taught

With how much care their freedom may be
bought:

Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
Still liberty is galled by Tyrants' bands;
And swords in vain are trusted to our
hands.

Oh Death! thou pleasing end of human
woe!

Thou cure for life! thou greatest good be-
low!

Still mayst thou fly the coward and the
slave,

And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.
(B. 4.)

The French poetry is by no means sparing in monosyllables; but its standard line, commensurate with the verse of Drayton's Polyolbion, facilitates the employment of polysyllabic words. In translating their tragic poets into English, we are enabled to cope with their versification by the aid of the dissyllabic close of our dramatic blank-verse: but their lines allow of a wider comprehension of sense than our rhymed couplet, and their measure altogether is more solemn and sonorous.

Ce Dieu, maitre absolu de la terre et des
cieux,

N'est point tel que l'erreur la figure à vos
yeux,

L'Eternel est son nom; le monde est son
ouvrage:

Il entend les soupirs de l'humble qu'on out-
rage:

Juge tous les mortels avec d'égaux lois;
Et du haut de son trône interroge les rois.*

Racine, Esther.

One word of French tragedies. I should regret if my attempt to do justice to their versification were to involve me in an implied admiration of the French poets, by whom I, of course, mean their dramatists. It is their drama that the French intend, when they stand up in praise of their poetry. We never hear a Frenchman speak of the *Henriade*, unless pushed hard on the score of national epic poems. He then produces this flat copy of the *Æneid* and the *Pharsalia*, with St. Louis and Cupid, and

* The great defect of French versification seems to me the lax admission of identical rhymes: which occur in their best authors.

Les coupables mortels

Se baignent dans le sang et tremblent aux autels.—Voltaire, *Oreste*.

Toi qui fis en naissant honneur à la nature,

Sans avoir des vertus que l'heureuse imposture.—Crevillon, *Triumvirat*.

Il conduit les mortels; il dirige leurs pas

Par des chemins secrets qu'ils ne connoissent pas.—*Ibid.*

Where the difference of meaning in the two words seems to be thought sufficient.
"That's villainous."

the novel personified abstractions of Discord and Policy to make up a machinery, *selon les règles*. We have at least a dozen better epics: and if we had only Glover's Leonidas, we might smile at the epic pretensions of France. It is his *theatre* that a Frenchman has to set against the Epic Helicon of England. He has nothing else to produce against the works of Milton and Shakspeare united: a fearful odds!—The *plays* of the French, in fact, are *their* epic poems. They are not properly plays: they are oratorical and narrative pieces; or, in a word, what is understood by dramatic poems: he who does not understand the difference between a dramatic poem and an absolute drama, may be assured he has no sensibility to dramatic imitation. The French dramatists do not imitate; they describe. They seem to consider that the “dignity of illustrious names and the greatness of their interests,” which Corneille supposes to account for the success of his tragedy of *Sertorius*, is the all in all of tragedy: and that if Mithridates, King of Pontus, walk in upon the stage with a forest of feathers, half the business is done. The object is to represent an action; to relate a story; and to say fine things in fine verses. They think only of putting Livy or Justin into scenes: their characters figure as characters only, that is, as historic personages: we know no more of them than we did before: their medals would give us quite as minute an insight into the real persons, as their speeches. We hear them announce political maxims, and we see into their state intrigues: above all, we see them make love in a very courtly and ingenious manner; but they all reason, and declaim, and make love alike: certain common-place axioms and generalities are all that we can get from them. In Shakspeare, the persons of the drama are distinguishable one from another, in nothing more than in the difference of their diction. Not merely the *sentiments* of Richard III. and of Macbeth differ, but their *diction* is different. When Henry VI. soliloquizes in Shakspeare, we know something more of him than as Henry VI.: but in the French historic heroes we have no general reflections, no incidental thoughts, nothing that does not bear

at once upon the main business and help to carry the story forward: all is therefore out of nature; for even in a great design the mind flies to common objects and indifferent topics, and relaxes the fatiguing bent of intense purpose. This Shakspeare well understood and exemplified; and this the French dramatists never understood at all, and could not exemplify. When Hotspur describes the foppish lord who demanded his prisoners, we have more than the *fact*: we see into the manners and temper of the speaker; the splenetic mind and sarcastic spirit of an individual man; not a mere public character in history. So when he impatiently asks if his horse is brought to the door, and if it is “a crouped roan?” this is like the circumstantial traits we meet with in books of memoirs; and the trifling of Lady Percy helps on the same illusion of real life; while the contrast between the female softness and prettiness, and the spleenful abstraction of the really perhaps affectionate, but outwardly rough, soldier, is in itself picturesque and essentially poetical. How much better is this than a pompous description of a war-horse, which would equally suit every hero that ever backed a charger, and a page and a half of prosing sentimental common-place! The condemnation of the French stage, (not as a mirror of human passions, for to that it has no pretensions) but as a picture of history, is at once pronounced in the fact, that Crébillon found it necessary to make *Catiline* in love, and oblige him to stab himself at his mistress's feet.

They who have hastily given credit to the statements of French critics, will be struck with some surprise at the total dearth of invention which pervades their best productions. Their want of originality seems in a ratio to the overweening conceit of their own importance. “Il ne s'agit que de rendre Electre tout à fait à plaindre: et je crois y avoir mieux réussi que Sophocle, Euripide, Eschyle, et tous ceux qui ont traité le même sujet.” So says Crébillon: and this is the way with them all. He has managed this business of making Electra an object of pity (as if Euripides had not done so) by making her in love. Thus we have

the ruling interest of the play, and the unity of character (yet the French talk of unities!) broken and confounded. Racine has played exactly the same trick with the chaste and austere Hippolitus; and *Nahum Tate*, stimulated by this example, laid violent hold on *Edgar* and *Cordelia*, and insisted that, if he condescended to restore that obsolete old poet to the stage, they must both absolutely forget their respective fathers and fall in love. Voltaire admits, that the Greeks knew their business better in this instance; but he pretends, that the French have other beauties. He does not tell us, that some of their chief beauties have been pilfered from the Greeks. As for instance, the exclamation of Phædra, on which every Frenchman is so eloquent; "c'est toi qui l'as nommé."

Ἰππόλυτον ἀνδρᾶς; σοῦ τὰδ' οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλέμεις.

Say'st thou Hippolitus?—

Thou speak'st, not I.

Racine would have borrowed, if he dared, the love-sick delirium of Phædra:

ἔ, ἔ,

Πῶς ἄν δροσιπᾶς, &c.

Ah me!

How can I slake my thirst from limpid waters

Of spray-fresh fount, and lay me down to rest
In the green meadow, under alder-trees!

This is diluted into

Dieu! que ne suis-je assise à l'ombre des forêts!

It is wonderful how coy their poets are of any painting from nature. *Claude*, and *Poussin*, and *Salvator Rosa* might have studied from Shakspeare; yet he never lost himself in the merely descriptive poet. Where is there anything in the whole French drama like the care of *Philoctetes*? Where is there anything in passion and in imagery like his sublime farewell to the waves of the ocean, that burst in upon his solitude and sprinkle his forehead with their spray? They have absolutely nothing: they could have nothing like it: we have the *Tempest* and *Cymbeline*. We might search through their plays in vain for any passage fresh with rural imagery. Equally hopeless would be the scrutiny after passages of meditative wisdom; reveries and self-

questionings, that turn the heart back upon itself, and enlarge the boundaries of the science of mental philosophy. We meet with none of those profound sentiments which are laid up in the memory, and which pass into moral apothegms, and are stored up with the aphoristical wisdom of a nation. Yet how common are these in the Greek tragedies! How common in the dramatic histories of Shakspeare!—What, and where then, are the beauties which the French dramatists possess independent of the Grecian? They have contrived, forsooth, to surpass the Greeks in the unity of time! At Athens, be it acknowledged, the spectators were required to believe, that while the chorus sang an ode, *Theseus* had marched on an expedition, fought a battle, sacked a town, and was now come back at the head of his victorious army. Have they no other beauties? Oh yes, hear *Voltaire*. They consist in "a *clashing* of passions, a *conflict* of opposite sentiments, *spirited speeches* of enemies and rivals, quarrels, threats, mutual complaints, interesting disputes, where everything is said that *should* be said, *situations* well managed and brought about:" all this, he tells us, "would have amazed the Greeks." I have no doubt of it: it amazes us at least.

Voltaire, in his wish to vilify Shakspeare, by whom he was puzzled and enraged, belies him by asserting that Hamlet is made to sing drinking-songs with his uncle at table: but under Shakspeare, whom he both blasphemes and admires, "his genius is rebuked:" and his taste, in which he excelled both Racine and Crebillon, compelled him, in spite of his prejudices and his envy, to do homage to the sublimity of Hamlet's ghost. He might have recognized here, and in the witches of Macbeth, a genius resembling that which produced the chorus of Furies and the ghost of Clytemnestra: and it might have occurred to him, that among his own countrymen he might find translations from the Greek dramatists, but no parallels; not a single tragic production, at once independent of the Greeks, and congenial in power of conception. Shakspeare did not steal their cloaths; but he combined in his single person many

traits of mind and fancy common to the *three* great masters. If the Greeks have *Orestes*, we have HAMLET: if they have *Hecuba*, we have CONSTANCE: if they have *Clytemnestra*, we have LADY MACBETH: if they have *Iphigenia*, we have CORDELIA; if they have *Alcestis*, we have IMOGEN: if they have *Ædipus*, we have OTHELLO.

To return from this digression: the experiments made with the standard rhymed couplet, by breaking it into continuously intermingled periods, like blank verse, or simply by distending it into recurrent triplets and alexandrines, (the starch and fastidious proscription of which, by some of our critics, has crippled the decasyllabic couplet, even in the little liberty which it had), these several revolutions and restorations in its structure seem to argue a consciousness of its inadequacy to subjects requiring compass and variety of measure. It appears, therefore, to be matter of reasonable regret, that the long metre, which had been dignified by the example of some of our most celebrated old poets, should have fallen into disuse. Many reasons offer themselves why they should be revived

for occasional purposes, in preference to neglecting the resources of our native language and poetry, and attempting to ingraft upon it an uncongenial and anomalous system of harmony. These measures are venerable from illustrious precedent and from antiquity: they are in themselves magnificent and comprehensive: they are indigenous in the language: they have been recently, on some occasions, applied, with complete success, to the naturalization of the ancient warlike and romantic ballads of Spain. In fact, in their revived use, they possess an advantage which did not belong to their original structure. Their resolution into alternate lyric numbers attaches to them, by association, a certain lyrical quality, when re-cast in their primitive form: at the same time that the plenitude of the rhythm, resulting from the extended line, invests them with an heroic character. This combination seems to point them out as a well adapted medium for those mythical subjects which are treated of in the hymns of classical antiquity: how far the principle may be well grounded, I hope to enable your readers to judge in my next paper.

AN IDLER.

NEAPOLITAN PRIESTS.

THE Abate Minichino, who played so considerable a part in the late Revolution of Naples, is a native of Nola, a large town about fourteen miles from Naples. He was deeply engaged with the patriots in 1799, in consequence of which he was banished. During his exile, he resided chiefly in France; he, however, visited England, and remained some time in London; and, as his family was very poor, he suffered all the miseries attendant upon extreme poverty, but at length, he contrived to obtain a decent subsistence by giving lessons in the Italian language. When the French government was firmly established in the kingdom of Naples, Minichino was no longer compelled to remain in exile, and he returned to his country in 1807. In the autumn of 1819, we were at Nola, on a visit at the house of a Neapolitan gentleman, and during our stay, we went one day to dine with a com-

pany, of which Minichino was one: of course, we had not the smallest idea of the important rôle he was about to play, but we were much struck by the strangeness of his appearance, and the striking peculiarity of his manner. He was worse dressed than the generality of Neapolitan priests; his figure was tall and gaunt; and his meagre and yellow face, drawn into innumerable wrinkles, declared him about sixty years of age. He wore a pair of brass spectacles, through which glimmered his dark grey eyes, and his wide mouth was continually puckering up, or quivering. After dinner, he entered into conversation with us; his voice was harsh, and his way of speaking hurried and ungraceful: he said nothing that could attract particular observation; we remember he talked about Pope's Essay on Man, (*Il saggio del Pope*), expressed a great admiration of England,

and its political institutions, and said the English women were very pretty.

It is something curious in Neapolitan history, that priests have been engaged, either as projectors, or active promoters, in almost all the revolutions which have taken place in that country: in the dark ages, the clergy as a body possessed a decisive influence, not only in Naples, but in all the states of Europe, and held a casting voice in the politics of earth; and indeed, according to their own account, and if the expression be not irreverent, in the politics of heaven also: we shall not go back to so distant a period, but will mention a few instances of individuals, and of attempts, not, we hope, so remote as to be uninteresting.

In 1600, during the government of the Spanish Viceroy, the Count of Lemas,—a Dominican friar, the celebrated Tommaso Campanella, was known as one of the earliest and most redoubtable enemies to the Peripatetics, against whose doctrines he wrote many volumes, as being the friend of the reformer Giordano Bruno, (a native of Nola, who, less fortunate than Campanella, paid the forfeit of his opinions in the flames, at Rome.) Campanella was a man of great knowledge, and great fervour: he projected a plan for a revolution in Calabria, the object of which was to overthrow the government existing at that time, and to establish a republic of his own invention. He had been liberated from the inquisition at Rome, in 1597, and had been ever afterwards confined in a little monastery at Stilo, in Calabria, his native place: there he began his machinations, by giving out that from the aspect of the planets, which he perfectly understood, he had discovered that great events were about to be ushered into the world, and that a very important crisis was at hand. His first proselytes or adherents were the monks of his own society; they were soon joined by *Religieux* of other societies, and of other orders, who spreading themselves about, affirmed, both in the pulpit and in private, that Campanella possessed powers superior to ordinary mortals; in fact, that he was a sort of Messiah, come to deliver them from the usurpation of the Spaniards, and to give

them liberty and happiness. An immense number of partisans was soon gained, and not a few barons and prelates favoured the enterprize in secret. Campanella's most valuable coadjutor was Dionisio Ponzio, also a Dominican friar, a man of great eloquence and courage. Their operations were carried on for some time with prudence and profound secrecy: their plan was to arm a certain force, to obtain possession of the fortresses, and to invite the Turks, (who were continual visitors on the coasts of southern Italy,) to assist them in driving out the Spaniards. Every thing was settled: the Turks agreed to land an armament in the month of September, when the revolution was to be declared, and its partisans to proceed to action. A secret, pregnant with danger and confided to many, must, in the common course of human affairs, be confided to some whom no oaths, nor prospect of contingent advantage can bind; in effect, two of the conspirators revealed every thing to the government, which instantly dispatched a general with authority and ample means to crush the plot and destroy its conductors. The general began by imprisoning some of the conspirators, and putting others to the torture, in order to obtain a full confession, and to ascertain the extent of the conspiracy and the persons concerned in it. This was done in great secrecy, and one after another silently disappeared; but the conspirators soon unraveled the mystery, and consequently, Campanella Ponzio, and others who were most deeply implicated, took to flight; they were, however, nearly all taken. Campanella was arrested on the coast, disguised as a sailor, and Ponzio was seized at Monopoli, a maritime town in Apulia, just as he was upon the point of embarking.

Eight or ten of the conspirators were put to death, to serve as examples, and many of the monks were horribly tortured: Ponzio, in the midst of the most dreadful torments which ingenuity sharpened by malice could invent, remained undaunted, and resolutely refused to utter a word. Campanella, less firm, but more ingenious, made such a strange and puzzling deposition, and behaved in such a distracted manner, as to convince every one that he was insane,

and it
he shou
ment;
ingenui
to Fran
If the
timely
probab
Spania
from th
Septem
sures t
into eff
accord
Campan
but not
was ex
at leng
sailed

In 1
the V
ther c
head
monk,
vanti
put to
he ha
with
forme
ed to
kingd
entran
His

TH
once
were
and w
his h
his ov
much
with
tators
tered
amon
mong

Bu
his L
a wel
terior
migh
desce
Esau
potta

If
rathe
homo
ther
self-

and it was ordered, therefore, that he should be kept in solitary confinement; from this, by another effort of ingenuity, he got liberated, repaired to France, and died in Paris, in 1639. If the conspiracy had not been so timely discovered, it would, most probably, have succeeded, and the Spaniards would have been driven from the kingdom; for on the 14th of September, but a few days after measures to defeat them had been carried into effect, a powerful Turkish fleet, according to the agreement made with Campanella, appeared off the coast; but not finding the co-operation which was expected, and, indeed, learning at length the failure of the plan, it sailed away.

In 1636, during the government of the Viceroy, Count Monterey, another conspiracy was detected, at the head of which was an Augustine monk, called Frate Epifanio Fioravanti of Cesena. When arrested, and put to the torture, he confessed that he had been long in correspondence with the French, and that he had formed a large party who had intended to seize the strong posts of the kingdom, and open the way for the entrance of the troops of France. His principal coadjutor was one

Pietro Mancino, (Peter the left-handed,) a notorious captain of banditti. The Frate Campanella, before-mentioned, was then residing at Paris, and took an active part in the same affair.

In the revolution of Mas' Aniello, the person of most importance, after the surprising leader, was a priest: this was Don Giulio Genoino, who at the time the disturbance broke out was in prison, in consequence of having been engaged in a prior conspiracy: he was old and infirm, but his faculties were by no means impaired, and he still retained all the energy of his character. Almost the first person to whom Mas' Aniello disclosed his designs, was a Carmelite monk, Frate Savino, who furnished money to arm the Lazzaroni, and children with sticks, &c.

During the ill-fated republic of 1799, many of the patriotic clubs were headed by priests: the person who produced the counter-revolution was Cardinal Ruffo, who put himself at the head of the Calabrese, and fought battles, and laid sieges; so that Europe, (as Count Orloff observes,) heard, with surprise, of an army led by a priest at the close of the 18th century.

ON IMITATION.

THE eccentric Lord Monboddó once endeavoured to prove that men were a species of untailed monkeys; and would, perhaps, have established his hypothesis, if he had not been his own contradiction. He was too much of an original to be classed with natural mimics—instinctive imitators—as those animals are characterized. He would have been a man amongst monkeys, or a monkey amongst men.

But there is much plausibility in his Lordship's whimsical theory, for a well dressed monkey, with his posterior appendage in his pocket, might almost be taken for a man—a descendant perhaps of the pilose Esau—and as readily preferring his pottage to his primogeniture.

If I were not to be a man I would rather become one of these—the most homogeneous of animals, than any other: for I could almost persuade myself—as they seem to do—that I was

only a second-hand Adamite. The change would not be the most abrupt of transitions. There is M——, who, if it could take place in the dark, would scarcely be conscious of his transmigration.

M. is one who passes amongst his friends and acquaintance for the greatest original; but, in verity, he is only the best of mimics. He will quote the trick of an eye—the habit of a lip—and the posturing of an eyebrow; he will dash you off a flesh-and-blood likeness of a man, till it be absolutely “more like than the original.” But here his talent ends: out of himself he is every thing, and any thing, but of his own he hath no character. He cannot take himself off. It must be flattering to the monkeys, as it is mortifying to men, that we partake so much of their spirit—but they must laugh still more in their sleeves (when they have them) at our unintentional and un-

conscious habits of imitation. Originality only takes a tithe of mankind—the rest are mere homographs—men that only multiply each other. Their manners, sentiments, and opinions, or rather themselves, are but casts of some original: there go nine of them to a character.

Next to a man with a soul, I like a man with a self: not always the same, but changing colours, like aameleon, in different lights;—a man that is shot,—like my aunt Tabitha's two-coloured gown; not dyed, but tinted in the warp and woof of his original fabric.

As for L——, he is but a semi-original; for he is always making fac-similes of himself. If you see him once you never see him again, or you seem never to have lost sight of him. He is like a man upon canvas: his very action is like a painted motion—a bird flying—or a gun going off—which are the same whenever and all the while you look at them—as if time were at a stand. They who frequent the public meetings in the metropolis will easily recognise L. by his habitual exordium: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." I remember once losing a day and a dinner through him—and it would have been the only time that I dipped my hand in the dish with a nobleman. I had engaged myself to his lordship's viands on Friday, (a red-letter day in my card-rack calendar) and his hospitality was to be on table at seven for eight, and at eight, as I understood, for ten of us.

On Thursday afternoon I had seen L. at his own office, at which time he was performing a kind of regular drill exercise, which always preceded his departure for his country seat at Hampstead.

On Friday at the same hour I was at the same spot, and the scene had not varied by so much as the twist of a finger. Time ebbed back with me to Thursday. I went to the tavern—thence to the theatre—to bed at twelve, and rose the next morning at nine o'clock on Saturday.

I believe I as seldom repeat myself as most persons, but I may not be assailed from the charge of a worse and wilful kind of imitation of others, if not in matter, at least in manner. There was one especial oc-

casion (would that I could forget it) when I endeavoured to *supply* my ingenious and respected friend R.—Vain thought! as if by becoming, as it were, his material ghost, I could be his joyous, witty, and excellent spirit! When I dined with him, I believe for the first time, at a friend's table, I was delighted with his right merrie conceits, and the happy tone of his conversation; and I wished, which has since been realized, that the born friendship of that night might be of age in somewhat less than twenty-one years. After the cloth was removed, he read to us a copy of verses so lively and humorous, that the very table vibrated to our mirth, and the purple-faced wine, as if in sympathy with our merry cheeks that wrinkled over it, kept

Verging in successive rings.

I think—I am sure I did not envy him these tokens of applause, for there is no genius of the present day whom I more sincerely admire—but I believe I longed for his manner of making so many persons happy.

That very night I invoked the muses in my night cap, and at two o'clock in the morning I found myself at the fag-end of five stanzas, each of which was wound up by some inversion of meaning approaching to a pun. I had nothing left, therefore, but to wish for the day—not the dawn—but the day which was to bring me an occasion of repeating *my* verses; and it came, I remember, in less than a fortnight, as if on purpose. It brought me to the same table, and the same party—with the exception of R. or rather of myself; for, on this occasion, I intended to *supply* him. At the same time, that is to say, just after the second circumambulation of the decanters, I pulled forth my paper, and began to read; but, alas! the points were only greeted with meek and melancholy smiles, and if I was indeed like R. I read to other guess sort of people. Perhaps *they* were too original to laugh twice at the same kind of thing; but they certainly did not at all repeat themselves; and I learned, what I should have known before—that we have more chance of our own than of any other man's originality.

COGIN.

AU

TH
born i
was th
confir
ceiving
classi
lege a
decre
throug
Vor

DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Fie upon 't.

*All men are false, I think. The date of love
Is out, expired, its storics all grown stale,
O'er-past, forgotten, like an antique tale
Of Hero and Leander.* JOHN WOODVIL.

ALL are not false. I knew a youth who died
For grief, because his Love proved so,
And married with another.
I saw him on the wedding day,
For he was present in the church that day,
In festive bravery deck'd,
As one that came to grace the ceremony.
I mark'd him when the ring was given,
His countenance never changed ;
And when the priest pronounced the marriage blessing,
He put a silent prayer up for the bride,
For so his moving lip interpreted.
He came invited to the marriage feast
With the bride's friends,
And was the merriest of them all that day :
But they, who knew him best, call'd it feign'd mirth ;
And others said,
He wore a smile like death upon his face.
His presence dash'd all the beholders' mirth,
And he went away in tears.

What followed then ?

Oh ! then
He did not, as neglected suitors use,
Affect a life of solitude in shades,
But lived,
In free discourse and sweet society,
Among his friends who knew his gentle nature best.
Yet ever when he smiled,
There was a mystery legible in his face,
That whoso saw him said he was a man
Not long for this world.—
And true it was, for even then
The silent love was feeding at his heart
Of which he died :
Nor ever spake word of reproach,
Only he wish'd in death that his remains
Might find a poor grave in some spot, not far
From his mistress' family vault, " being the place
Where one day Anna should herself be laid."

* * *

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LATE REV. DR. BARRETT,
VICE-PROVOST OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE object of this memoir was born in Dublin, in the year 1753, and was the son of a clergyman in rather confined circumstances. After receiving the usual rudiments of a classical education, he entered college about the year 1773, as a non-decremented pensioner ; and passing through the usual routine of preliminary instruction, he obtained a fellowship in 1778. In 1791, he became a member of the senior board, and in 1792, librarian, having enjoyed the office of assistant during the preceding eight years. His habits, at all times retired, became decidedly cenobitical before he had passed his prime. Until the last twenty years,

however, he occasionally ventured beyond the walls of the college, to dine with a gentleman of the Irish bar to whom he was much attached, but always on the express condition *that there should be no ladies present*. The following was a favourite question of his, and was proposed by him to myself at one Hebrew examination:—
 “What other *mainin*,” (meaning) “has *rosh* besides *caput*? —
 “Why it means *pison* (poison); and there’s a passage in Scripture which is translated what *head’s* above the *head* of a woman—but it ought to be —what *pison’s* above the *pison* of a woman.”

After he relinquished this anti-ascetic indulgence, he became a voluntary prisoner, never passing the college gate, except when he happened to be appointed one of the Lent preachers, and when he went to the Bank to receive the interest on his myriad of debentures. These were, indeed, so numerous, that the clerks, relying on his integrity, and shrinking from the Herculean task themselves, gladly allowed him to mark them himself. One of the junior fellows (at present in the enjoyment of a college living) has been known to borrow a debenture, in order to have an excuse for accompanying the Doctor to the Bank, and witnessing the operation. Once, and once only, was he known to undertake a long journey; and that was on the occasion of a law-suit relative to college property, which obliged him to transplant himself to the county of Kerry, one of the most remote parts of Ireland, and to him an *ultima Thule*. Many stories are in circulation relative to his progress, such as his mistaking geese for swans, and not knowing what pigs were. But these, or the most of them, I regard as mythical. Whatever may be said of the goose and swan story, the other is evidently overstrained, for he had a most retentive memory, and had seen pigs in his boyhood.

He usually walked in the Fellows’ garden, the park, or the courts of the college, encumbered with the weight of his entire wardrobe, consisting of a coat, vest, and breeches (brown in reality, but by courtesy black), a shirt (black in reality, but by courtesy white), hose, and no cravat. At home he sat constantly without the

coat, the waistcoat being furnished with sleeves. On the occasion of a fellowship examination, his appearance was very remarkable, and it was no easy matter to become convinced of his identity; for he never failed to wash his hands and face on such occasions, and vacancies occur in Dublin College almost every year, or at least every two years. This phenomenon, added to the assumption of a clean gown (which, however, he always exchanged for the old and unctuous one on removing from the theatre or examination-hall to the Commons’ hall), improved his exterior so much, that he might actually have passed for a handsome old man. But the disposition of his locks was not unlike the radiation of a bunch of radishes, and such curls as fell off (for his hair had in latter years but a precarious tenure,) he always attached with hair-pins to the back of his head.

It was once well-said and feelingly deplored in one of our most celebrated journals, that we cannot “quote a nose, hitch a note of admiration upon a lady’s cheek, or put the turn of a countenance between inverted commas.” This inconvenience bears hard upon one who attempts to record the jests of the late Vice-Provost of Trinity College. The necessity of expressing (if it were practicable) the *vultum habitumque hominis* comes with full force upon his mind, when he essays to commit to paper a biography which should be *declaimed*, not *written*. For, besides the impossibility of delineating in cold black and white the dwarfish figure of the doctor, and the beaked nose of his face, (not very unlike the print of Gray, and therefore bordering somewhat on the parrot cast,)—by what witchery of the goose-quill could that voice be heard by the eye through the medium of a piece of paper,—that dry, gritty, *angular* voice, which was so essentially and intimately grotesque, that the utmost rigidity of muscle was hardly proof against the effect it produced in uttering the most indifferent sentences? And how shall I succeed in conveying even the most remote idea of that peculiar articulation, interrupted, yet continuous, often hurried, but always emphatic, with which the sentences which I shall have occa-

sion to cite impinged upon the tympanum of the auditors? I must at least avail myself of whatever compromise the compositor will be kind enough to afford in the way of dashes and dots (as substitutes for crotchets and semibreves,) and also beg that he will scrupulously adhere to the orthography (if it be not a misnomer), by which I shall endeavour to picture forth the doctor's malpractices in pronunciation.

From a host of anecdotes, many true and many false, it shall be my care to cull a few of those (*quorum pars magna fui*) which best tend to exhibit the peculiar features of his mind, and the leading characteristics of his disposition; and I shall conscientiously separate truth from fiction, and, as it were, filter away every thing equivocal or overcharged. And I must in the outset protest against the immoderate and unjustifiable use of the expression "do you see me now?" with which most retailers of those anecdotes, tinctured as it would seem with too much of an *improvisatore* style, interlard the phrases attributed to him. I was, during one period of my college life, obliged to confer much with the Vice-Provost as librarian, and I have never heard him utter the phrase in question. Nor have I ever heard him swear, although I have no doubt of the veracity of those who have at times assured me that they had heard him. That which was truly unique in his diction, (which was by no means felicitous), was a habit he had acquired of assigning a reason for every thing. "Put" (the *u* being pronounced as in *but*), "Put," said he one day to one of the porters who were attending at table, "the-cover-upon-the-cowled-mutton . . . not-to-keep-it-from-gettin-cowled . . . because-its-cowled-already . . . but-to-keep-the-flies-from-it." "You're Sir K . . .," said he, addressing a bachelor of arts, "because-you've-taken your degree."

His ruling passion is alleged to have been the love of money, with what truth I shall not here enquire; for this is no time to scrutinize his foibles, when his bones are scarcely yet settled within the grave. It is certain that he was no stranger to those kindlier feelings of which the mere miser is incapable. I have seen

his cats, and cocks, and hens, passing out of the hall-door before him in the morning, and himself patting them, and giving directions to his college-woman about them. When his former and favourite old woman, Catty, was on her death-bed, nothing could exceed the humanity with which he provided for her necessities. It is even said, that he complied with her request of having masses said for her soul, and that he paid for them out of his own pocket.

That the erudition of Dr. Barrett should be almost without a parallel might be expected from his habits of complete seclusion, added to a memory of a power little short of miraculous, even in matters the most trivial. The following anecdote I had from the mouth of Sir Charles Ormsby, a barrister, some years deceased. This gentleman, having occasion to call upon him after a lapse of twenty years, during which the doctor had never seen him, was not only addressed by name, but by his college designation: "Ormsby—*primus* . . . how-do-ye-do?" Another gentleman, who had entered college on the same day, nearly forty years ago, took occasion, although unacquainted, to visit him during his last illness, and was immediately accosted with—"Aye, you're H***** . . . you entered college—the same day with me . . . I-got-first-place, and-you-got-eleventh." The following instance exhibiting quickness of perception, in addition to memory, was communicated to me by a friend eminently skilful in numismatic affairs, and one of those least likely to be obliged to have recourse to extraneous aid in decyphering coins. The piece of money and the interpretation, with the remark annexed in the doctor's handwriting, are now lying before me. "The affair of the coin was this," writes my friend, "I could not decypher it, nor could any of the friends who understood the Greek character in which the 'epigraph' was given, and whom I consulted. W*****, however, offered to consult Barrett, and went down at the moment to College: he met Jack in the square, who, on the instant that he glanced his eye on the piece, which is by no means in good conservation, strung off the inscription:—"Inscription, ΑΥΤΟΚΡ·Μ·ΙΟΥΛΙ·ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ·ΣΕΒ·

That is, Αυτοκρατωρ Μαρκος Ιουλιος Φιλίππος σεβαστος, or, the Emperor Marcus Julius Philippus Augustus. He killed Gordian in Syria, where he was made Emperor, in 244." This comment he added in the same breath with the explanation of the legend, and wrote both down at the request of the enquirer.

Of the limited range of enjoyments to which the Vice-Provost was necessarily restricted from his habits of monachism those of the table were not the least prominent. In drinking he was remarkably abstemious, but his manducating propensities developed themselves in no equivocal manner. Faithful to the Commons' bell, he opened his hall-door at three o'clock every day, and the ceremony of closing it was so attractive in the eyes of those disposed to gratify their risible inclinations, that groups might frequently be observed assembled in the court for the purpose of witnessing the complicated process. After pulling the door to, he used to swing from the handle for the space of some seconds, and then run a tilt against the pannels, almost in the manner of a battering-ram, until he became satisfied by the result of repeated ordeals that no straggler about college could gain admission without co-operation from within. He then tucked up the skirts of his gown, and, in a pace rapid for a man of his years, proceeded across the court towards the dining-hall. On one occasion, many years since, some mushrooms were served up in a very scanty quantity, as they were only just coming into season. The Vice-Provost devoured them all; and some of the fellow-commoners, indignant at the appropriation, were determined to punish him. A whisper accordingly began to circulate that the mushrooms had been of a rather suspicious appearance, and most probably of a deleterious nature. When the buzz, thickening as it approached the head of the table, reached the ears of the Vice-Provost, his agony was extreme, and his cries for assistance not to be withstood. A draught of oil was accordingly procured, which he was obliged to swallow as an emetic, and the triumph of the avengers was complete.

In wit and repartee he was by no means deficient. One day, at Com-

mons, Mr. *****, one of the junior fellows, distinguished for his classical attainments, took occasion to ask the Doctor in a bantering tone how he would translate the opening of Cæsar's Commentaries — *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*, and instantly received the following retort: — "Why . . . I-suppose-I'd-say—All Gaul is *quarthered* into three halves, *Misther* *****." A jib (or newcomer in college), unacquainted with the person of the Vice-Provost, dazzled his eyes one day with a looking-glass, upon which the Doctor having detected the delinquent, fined him and his brother ten shillings each *for casting reflections on the heads of the College*.

His regularity in attending to college business was extreme. It is on record, that a poor soldier was once near undergoing a flogging, in consequence of the neglect of some duty while absorbed in the perusal of Baron Munchausen. Tom Jones was more fatal to Jacky Barrett, (the Doctor's familiar designation throughout college). Some years since I was acquainted with the son of a clerical gentleman, who still enjoys a living in the county of Galway, and had been a student of Trinity college while Barrett was a junior fellow. At that time the Doctor was much addicted to the perusal of novels, of which Mr. ***** possessed an ample store, the use of which was proffered to Dr. Barrett, and eagerly accepted. One baleful day, his attention was so engrossed by the adventures of the hero above-mentioned, that he actually forgot, until too late, to repair to the College Chapel (where he was reader for the week), and thereby incurred the penalty of seven shillings. When I heard of this circumstance, it instantly struck me, that an affair which had borne so hard upon both his character and purse could not readily have been effaced from a memory of almost superhuman tenacity; and the buoyancy of youth will, perhaps, plead my excuse, when I avow, that I was malicious enough to form a plan for probing his feelings on the subject. About this period I held a situation in the library, vested in the scholars of the college, which furnished me with a pretext for interrogating the librarian relative to cer-

tain unclassed novels which lay upon one of the shelves. I approached to consult him, and, feigning to be recollecting some of the names, stated, in a tone of hesitation, that I believed Tom Jones was of the number. Electric was the impression which the bare mention of Fielding's hero made upon the Vice-Provost. He was instantly in a passion. "No... there's not Tom Jones....there's *Pether-Wilkins-and-such* novels...but-there's-not-Tom-Jones....Tom-Jones is in Fielding's-works-in-the-library...but-not-there."

To the usages of polished society he was of course a stranger. One day a contemporary of his came into the library, and grasped his hand in a manner rather too cordial for his capacity of physical endurance. "Why-do-you-squeeze-*wan's*-hand-so?" he ejaculated—"you-put-me-to-pain." On another occasion he called "*Ben.....sin*," (Benson, the library porter,) at the instant in which a venerable Roman Catholic clergyman was entering the library. From the distance, and the circumstance that this gentleman was uncovered, he was mistaken by Dr. Barrett for the porter; and as, being an infirm man, he walked slowly up the library, the Doctor turned to me and said—"See-how-slow-the-rascal-comes." By this time the priest, still unrecognised, was within a few paces of us, when Dr. Barrett, looking full in his face, pronounced, in accents of cast iron, or rather, bell-metal:—"Can't-you-*conthrive*to-walk a little-slower?" When convinced of his mistake, he made no sort of apology to the clergyman, although he passed close to the spot where we were standing, but poked his head as before into the catalogue, which he had been consulting as it lay upon the table.

Although naturally shrewd, his simplicity was at times remarkable. Benson (himself a character), and the doctor were standing one day at the same side of the oblong library table, when the former was desired by the latter to *put* (*u* as in *but*) a book into one of the shelves in a stall at the other side of the table, and exactly opposite to the place where they were standing. The porter, being obliged to walk round, took the book with him, a heavy tome, from the

Vice-Provost's hand, laid it upon the table, and slowly commenced his circuit. The doctor, not perceiving the drift of his movements, vociferated after him:—"How-can-you-*put-up-the-book*...without the book?" "I'm *goin*, Sir," answered the porter, without turning his head. "But-how-can-you-*put-up-the-book*.....without-the-book?" bellowed the dignitary, with continually increasing choler. "I'm *goin*, Sir," growled the immitigable Benson, without mending his pace. The outcries of the Vice-Provost, who was now almost foaming with rage, were in vain. Benson, with imperturbable gravity moved on, until, having completed his orbit, he coolly lifted the volume from the table, and deposited it in its place, leaving the astonished Vice-Provost convinced of the practicability of *putting up a book without a book*.

While he was once examining a class of graduates, in the Hebrew Psalter, one of them, being insufficiently prepared, was prompted by his neighbour. It was the 114th psalm that he was endeavouring to translate, and he had got as far as "the mountains skipped like rams," when the professor perceived what was going forward, and interrupted the proceeding with the following most extraordinary adversative proposition:—"Why-the-mountains-skipped-to-be-sure...but, Sir ***** you're *promptin*."

Not long before his death he put the question to Mr. ***** who was sitting with him, which of the fellows would be *sorryest* for him, in the event of his dying? Mr. ***** replied, that he, for one, would be sorry, and that he was confident the feeling would be general. "Aye,...but-who'll-be-*sorryest*?.....I'll-tell-you-who'll-be-*sorryest*...It'll be Tom ***** ,...for-he'll-lose-nine-hundhert-guineas." To explain this, it may be necessary to mention, that the situation of senior lecturer for the ensuing year (the emoluments of which are estimated at about 1000*l*.) would have reverted to Dr. ***** had the Vice-Provost survived a few days longer. In consequence of his demise it devolves upon Dr. ****, the new senior fellow.

A cause of considerable importance to the University of Dublin was decided against the Lord Primate, on

the evening of last Thursday, a few hours after the death of Dr. Barrett. He was sitting in his arm chair, attended by his nurse and college-woman, and conversing with them on the subject of the law-suit, when the hand of death seized him. He hung down his head, and departed as composedly as Hervey. So little aware was he of the proximity of his decease, that he had a short time before ordered a beef-steak pye for dinner. His disease was a dropsy, and he died in the 69th year of his age.

Reports are, of course, various, as to the particulars of the Doctor's will. It is certain that his own family inherit the smallest part of the spoil. To his brother he has bequeathed 50*l.* a year: to one of his nieces, a widow, 100*l.* a year, with a reversion to her children: to each of two others, 30*l.* a year. To each of his executors, he has left a legacy of 500*l.* to indemnify them for their trouble: to his college-woman, it is believed, 100*l.* a year. The head porter of the University has succeeded to a handsome bequest, which some exaggerate to 1000*l.* a year; but which is more probably two or three hundred. This was a debt of gratitude. About ten or twelve years since, some workmen conspired to murder and rob the Vice-Provost, and had actually removed some slates from the roof of his building, in order to gain admission by night. The plot was detected and prevented by the activity of the head porter, who ever after watched over him with unremitted vigilance, and was, in fact, notwithstanding the difference of rank, his most confidential friend up to his last moments. The bulk of his property, amounting to something between eighty and a hundred thousand pounds, he has left, as he expresses it in his will, "to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked."

But it is time to turn from these perishable memorials, which, however vividly imprinted upon the minds and memories of those who had intercourse with the subject of this memoir during his life-time, must with them decay, to those more durable records which attest the extent of his research, and the depth of his erudition. The published works of Dr. Barrett are three in number:

1. An Enquiry into the Origin of the Constellations that compose the Zodiac, and the Uses they were intended to promote.

2. An Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift.

3. *Evangelium secundum Matthæum ex Codice Rescripto in Bibliothecâ Collegii SS^æ Trinitatis juxta Dublin.*

A brief notice of these works may not be unacceptable.

The object of the Enquiry into the Origin of the Constellations that compose the Zodiac may best be stated in the words of the Author:

When the champion of modern infidelity speaks of the volume of Creation, and pretends to set it up in opposition to those Holy Scriptures which the divine goodness has caused to be written for our learning, he uses a language to whose real meaning he is an utter stranger; and which manifests only the abhorrence he very naturally feels to a religion which promises no impunity to crimes, and holds forth no indulgence to the vicious. Conscious that he can pretend no title to its glorious rewards, his wishes are all limited to the single object of escaping, if possible, from that wrath to come which it reveals against all ungodliness of men. Hence we find him eager to degrade himself to the level of the brutes that perish, and willing to acknowledge no other instructor in religion, except that which speaks to them equally as to him, or rather, which in his opinion speaks to none.

As nothing can bestow comfort and consolation to such a mind, but that which banishes the fears of death and judgment to come, it is his interest to appeal to a volume, which to his apprehension is silent on these momentous concerns; and to argue himself into the belief, that the will of God revealed in the Scripture, is rendered unnecessary by such a communication; and, consequently, that no such Revelation has been vouchsafed. Let us, on the contrary, mindful of the injunctions of our Lord to search the Scriptures, and convinced that they alone are able to make us wise unto salvation, make this sacred volume our sole director in all our researches, and with undeviating steps trace out, in all their fruitful train of consequences, the truths which it teaches. Such enquiries will, I am convinced, terminate in proving that the most perfect conformity subsists between the truths which the Christian religion teaches, and the volume of nature, when interpreted and illustrated by this unerring guide, without whose aid we could discover no religious truth whatever; and, in particular, will prove that it also displays those great incentives to obedience,—death, and a future judgment. And hence, instead of that

conclusion which a writer of the same stamp would impose on mankind, that the truths of Christianity are to be derived from certain figures on the sphere, we shall be enabled to invert it, and to draw the conclusion directly opposite, which is, that the latter are to be derived from the former, and that it is only by considering what religion teaches, we can ever hope to arrive at any rational explication of these figures.

To the discussion of this subject, as curious as it is important, Dr. Barrett devoted a volume of considerable length; and the host of authorities, quoted or adverted to in every page, evince the labour which he expended in the pursuit of truth, of which he was always the staunch and uncompromising advocate.

In undertaking to furnish out an Essay on the Early Life of Swift, the doctor ventured out of his depth, and the work he produced remains a standing evidence of his utter want of tact, and of the extreme simplicity of his mind. Deeply conversant with books, and acquainted with the writings of both ancients and moderns, to a degree seldom equalled, there were two volumes of which he was wholly and necessarily ignorant—that of nature, and that of man. Hence, in the treatise under consideration, technical expressions, such as "*buttery books*," "*chapel-hall-surplice*," &c. appear—the meanings of which are unknown beyond the walls of college. Throughout this work also, that peculiarity of his character, an inaptitude for discrimination necessarily induced by his habits which caused him to estimate all the incidents of life as of equal importance, is plainly discernible. In short, it may not be too bold to assert—that the Essay on the Early Life of Swift bears, in one sense, a strong similitude to two works, to which it would appear at the first blush the acmé of absurdity to compare it,—the Arabian Tale of Antar, and the Story of "Deirdre," one of the early Fenian legends which exist in the Irish language. From sources so *Antipodean* the same conclusion may be obtained—that man, untutored by that intercourse with polished and refined society, where alone the knowledge of mankind can be obtained, is, in all ages, and in all countries—whether erudite or illiterate—the same simple

and unsophisticated being. And Dr. Barrett, living in the 19th century, and the resident of a metropolis, was, in many respects, as much in a state of nature as the ancient Arabian of the desert, or the early savage that had his abode amid the forests of Ireland, at a period when—to use the words of old Geoffrey Keating—the whole isle was "covered with wood, except the plains of *Moynealta*."

But the work upon which rests the fame of the late learned Vice Provost, as a scholar, antiquary, and biblical critic, is the "*Evangelium secundum Matthæum ex Codice Rescripto in Bibliotheca Collegii SSæ Trinitatis juxta Dublin*." This curious fragment, written in what is called the Uncial character, was, by dint of extreme perseverance and extreme skill, decyphered by Dr. Barrett.

The value which the University of Dublin set upon this discovery is attested by their having caused the fragment of St. Matthew to be engraved upon tablets of brass; and the combined testimony of those best qualified to give an opinion on the subject, demonstrates that the discovery was eminently serviceable to the cause of biblical literature.

The mortal remains of this most erudite and most eccentric character have been this day deposited in the church yard of Glasnevin, a sequestered and interesting village to the NW. of Dublin, where his mother is interred. It is classic ground. He reposes in the same cemetery with Dr. Delany, the celebrated contemporary of Dean Swift. A venerable mansion within the precincts of the Dublin society's botanic garden, which adjoins the village, was once the residence of Tickell, the poet. It is, at present, inhabited by Professor Wade, and is a favourite resort, during the mornings of summer, of those who love to pursue the study of botany in the most delightful of all situations for the purpose. Until a comparatively late period, a terrace branched off through the garden, from the rear of this house, which was the favourite promenade of Addison, who resided in this neighbourhood during his abode in Ireland. It was from him called "*Addison's Walk*." At the upper end of

the village are ten elm-trees, which were planted under the direction of one of those worthies who adorned the metropolis of Ireland, and, in particular, the vicinity of Glasnevin,

while the facetious Dean of St. Patrick's was in the height of his career. They are called "Apollo and the Nine Muses."

X. x.

Dublin, Nov. 18, 1821.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

No. VI.

THE country between Leghorn and the ancient city of Pisa is flat and fertile; and here, for the first time, we observed buffaloes employed in agricultural labours. We could find no wine-house on the road, although it is a distance, we believe, of something more than fourteen miles,—a striking indication of the slackness and inactivity of communication. Before entering the town, we passed a navigable canal, on which were many of the boats employed in carrying goods and passengers to Florence, and other parts of Tuscany: this canal here joins the Arno. Pisa is not now crowded with vessels, as it was in the days of its glory, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; indeed, none but small vessels can enter the Arno from the sea, for its mouth is now choaked up. We at length reached the bridge by which we enter the city: we paused a moment, and looking along the famous Arno, saw it lined with fine quays, and bestrode by several bridges; the bed of the river seems to have sunk, and its waters are muddy and turbulent. The palaces which run along the quays are large, and—empty; one sees every where those sad inscriptions: "Si loca," and "Appartamenti ad affittare."

Long before reaching Pisa, we saw its famous tower, leaning frightfully to one side, and somewhat resembling the truncated shaft of a doric column in the act of falling. On reaching it, we found it to be a tube open to the sky, and not crossed by floor or rafter, or any architectural support, in its whole depth. On the outside, a spiral colonnade goes round and round in ascending rings to the top, where some eight bells are mounted in breaches or forks, constructed for the purpose, and are rung by means of ropes which pass from the fly-wheels, in

the usual manner, and descend through the shell to the bottom. As this tower is well known, we need say no more of it than that it is constructed in most vile taste, and that a thing so ugly and unmeaning would certainly never have attracted much observation but for its singular distortion from the perpendicular. The effect of this distortion is very perceptible in ascending; on one side, the visitor is thrown against the shell, and on the other against the columns; where, as the body of the tower recedes under the platform, nothing can be seen between the spectator and the ground; it seems as though one were lifted up in the air, and the physical effect is curious and unpleasant. One can of course have no doubt of the solidity of a fabric which has withstood a double cause of decay, time and deformity; but the common principles by which we estimate our security are so much at variance with the inconvenient sensations produced by the awkward and strained position which the body assumes, in consequence of the sloping of the platform, and by the eyes descending precipitately to the ground, without any thing to break the fall, that, though the mind may be satisfied, it is still difficult to divest ourselves of a corporeal sense of unsafety.

There are two opinions respecting the fantastic deformity of this tower; the first is, that the artist who built it determined, in order to obtain fame, to erect an edifice which should be stable and lasting, though built in violation of the fundamental rules of his art. It would have been a pity if such an original genius had been suffered to do any thing of inferior merit, and thus lessen his extraordinary reputation; and probably it was for that reason that the Pisans determined that this should be his last

work, and confined him in a prison for the remainder of his life; the story, indeed, assigns a baser motive for his supposed detention, saying it was "because he might not build such a curiosity in any other city." The second opinion is, that the obliquity of the tower has been produced by a lapse in the soil; and, indeed, Forsyth says, that the observatory, and a belfry in the neighbourhood, have declined in the same manner. We did not ascertain the fact. It must be granted, this opinion seems the more probable; it is fair to suppose that even though the architect might think proper to make an experiment upon the ugly and irregular, he would still have preferred comfort to uneasiness, and would surely have made his platforms parallel to the horizon, so that the visitor would not need to wish his legs would shift alternately from short to long, as he wound up the ascent. It may deserve to be remarked, with reference to the obliquity of other buildings, that the baptistry, and the cathedral, the first probably thrice, the second ten times the weight of the leaning tower, and both situated within a few paces of it, do not appear to have swerved the breadth of a line from the perpendicular. Of these two buildings we shall say nothing, since we can say nothing new; they both, however, merit the traveller's attention.

The Campo Santo is a large cloistered rectangle, faced with Gothic arcades, and inclosing a cemetery. The cloisters nearly all round are painted in fresco, and these paintings, though they have been ex-

posed to the open air for four centuries, are but little injured. Their subjects are sometimes taken from Scripture, sometimes from the legendary lives of saints, but occasionally they embody the wildest phantoms of Catholic theology, and demonology. Painters of old had a pretty wide range of subjects; earth, heaven, and hell; men, angels, and devils.*

In these frescoes, all these subjects frequently enter into one picture; we remember one particularly, where there was on earth a gaping multitude marveling at a saint; men, women, and children, religious and secular, exulting in heaven among bands of angels, and ditto ditto groveling in hell, tormented by hundreds of devils, tailed and horned in the regular manner. There was a monk, in the same picture, in a very ticklish situation, being at the same time pulled different ways by an angel and a devil; the former trying to carry him up to Heaven, the latter tugging him down to hell. The devil seemed to have the best of it. The old Italian painters and writers were accustomed to treat the clergy with very little ceremony; indeed the Italians, with all their reverence for religion, neither have, nor have ever had much reverence for its professors: in this they are very different from the Spaniards and Portuguese, who at any period would have been ready to burn any man who dared to say such shocking things of the religieux as Boccaccio and others have said, or to place them in such disgraceful or ludicrous situations as those so often chosen for them by Italian painters. The chief treasures

* The frescoes of the Campo Santo from their immense size will easily admit a large number of figures, and a variety of subjects, but we once had the pleasure of seeing all the subjects we have enumerated wedged, as it were, into a picture which did not measure more than twenty-two inches by sixteen. We met with this little jewel in an Auberge in Haute Bourgogne, where we stopped one morning to breakfast. This picture was divided into three compartments,—earth, heaven, and hell: on the earth, there was a battle between the French and English; or rather there had been a battle, for the English were seen in the distance scampering away as fast as their legs would carry them, and the French were masters of the field. On the left hand side, the French soldiers, all young and gay and without a scratch, their swords drawn, their guns shouldered, and their flags, inscribed with *mille Victoires*, flying in the air, were seen marching up a staircase to heaven; where the Almighty, dressed in a flame-coloured robe de chambre turned up with blue, was waiting to receive them; on the opposite side, the English soldiers, without flag or gun or sword, old, ragged, and maimed, and half of them on crutches, were hobbling down a ladder to the devil. We observed a few anachronisms, and other blemishes, in this excellent picture; but, as we would not be invidious, we shall not mention any more than that some of our generals, known by their names being written under them, were put in hell by anticipation; and that the English soldiers spoke French.

of the Campo Santo are contained in a chapel at one end: there are several pieces of the earliest painters, the very first essays of the arts after their introduction; it is the infancy of painting, and it is an infancy of no promise. The figures are tame, stiff, ungraceful, ill-coloured things; without motion, without passion, without meaning, looking as though they were asleep with their eyes open; the faces are generally round and pretty, but they are never shaded or lighted up by thought. Gold is lavished over them with a prodigal hand; sometimes on grounds, sometimes in ornaments on robes and girdles, and always with a bad effect. These pictures are all done on boards, as indeed all the early pictures are, whence probably is derived the Italian denomination for a picture, *tavola*. The painters of these pictures were the legitimate successors of the Greek daubers who came into Italy about the beginning of the 13th century. In Italy painting was afterwards carried to the highest pitch of excellence: in Greece it seems to have remained almost stationary. We saw not long ago, several pieces by a living Greek artist, a man of some reputation in his own country, and really they were counterparts to those in the Campo Santo; the same hard lines, the same want of design, the legs tied together, the arms fastened to the sides, the same gold grounds, the same tone and colour. We must not forget to observe that there are, in the little chapel of which we have been speaking, several pieces of considerable merit, and belonging to the best age of painting. In the cloisters there are several old sarcophagi and some modern monuments; in a corner is one of plain white marble, erected to the memory of Pignatti, a native of Pisa, the author of "*Favole*," and of many elegant didactic miscellaneous poems, all of which are written in a very amiable spirit. After walking several times round the cloisters, we at length left the sacred ground, regretting that we could not devote more time to the examination of this extraordinary place. On returning towards our lodging, we passed a shop, where a great quantity of ornamental figures, worked in alabaster, attracted our attention: we entered the shop, and

had some conversation with the master, whose name is Ranieri; he is a clever fellow, and an excellent workman; nay more, he is an artist, for some of his pieces would really do honour to a sculptor; but, though very ingenious and industrious he is poor, and we suppose will always remain so, unless he can find his way to a richer city than Pisa. The poverty of the place compelled him to employ himself generally upon trifling things of little price, and, as he could not avoid feeling they were unworthy of his talents, he had sunk into the true artist's melancholy; he told us the best alabaster is dug at Castellini Maritimi, but that he often used that found at Valterra, though rather yellow, because it was cheaper. There are few things which an artist feels more bitterly than being obliged to use inferior materials.

Pisa is one of the cheapest cities in Italy, and it is said to be very healthy, but it is sad and silent: there is no bustle, no throng of men, no thunder of trade, and almost every face wears a grave and melancholy air: it would be a very agreeable residence for students, and would be particularly advantageous for those who purposed to travel into Greece, as there is a college of Greeks here, a great many students, and every facility for acquiring a knowledge of modern Greek. The amiable old Bishop of Pisa is an admirable Greek scholar, and is easy of access; he expressed the rather singular opinion that modern Greek would by cultivation become superior to the ancient. We talked with one of the Greek students, of whom there are a great number in Pisa, a young man full of animation and intelligence; he was born on the promontory of Leucadia. There are a great many Greeks studying in different parts of Europe; it is said 100,000; one meets them every where: this system has probably produced the revolution, and if it be persevered in, the Turks, we apprehend, must finally succumb. We slept at Pisa at an excellent inn, and the next morning, when we rose, we found the day fine, but the wind still contrary; after a little debate, we determined that the vessel would not sail that day, and that therefore we might as well go and see Lucca. The re-

gular coach road to Lucca is about fourteen miles, but as we travelled by the *Cavalli di San Francisco*, we went by a short cut, not exceeding eight miles, across the mountain of San Giuliano, which, by the bye, is the one to which Dante refers in the following passage of his *Conte Ugolino*:

Questi pareva a me maestro e donno,
Cacciando 'l lupo e i lupicini al monte,
Perchè i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.*

Inferno, Canto xxxiii.

We found the ascent steep and breathing, and the side of the mountain stony and naked. From the summit the view is extensive, and rather fine; a wide plain, cut here and there by narrow canals, or by the Arno, stretches backward to the sea, the City of Leghorn standing on its extremest edge; before and beneath us lay Lucca, walled and ramparted, and the Lucchese territory all fertile, and all well cultivated. We descended by a path as rough as that by which we had got up, and soon reached the gates of Lucca; on entering, two half-soldier and half-citizen looking fellows, with rusty guns on their shoulders, stopped us, and asked for our passports. We were rather disconcerted by this question, but, after a moment's consideration, we answered we were Englishmen; that our passports were in the police at Leghorn; that we had been to see Pisa, and had come on to have a peep at *his* city, without supposing that a passport was at all necessary. "How," said the fellow, "don't you know that this is a different state? a different government?" We told him we had not once thought of that circumstance, but that if we had, we still should not have thought a passport necessary. The clown thought this was a slight on his government, or else a disrespect of the laws of states; he knitted his brows, pronounced an emphatic word of two syllables, which often salutes the ear of the traveller in Italy, and even talked about our being sent back to

Leghorn with an escort; here, however, his brother in arms, who was either of a gentler or of a more covetous disposition, *prit le mot*, observed we were *Viaggiatori Inglesi*, *galanteuomini*, &c. &c. and that, perhaps, permission might be obtained for our entrance. We slipped a few paoli into his hands, and begged him to see what could be done: he retired within the gate, and in a short time returned, accompanied by a tall meagre personage, who after some tedious questions settled the following preliminaries: 1st, That we should leave our names, qualities, whence we came, whither we were going, &c. &c. in writing, with him: 2d, That we should take an officer with us to the inn at which we put up. All this was agreed to; and we entered, with a corrected sense of its importance, into the serene city of Lucca. Our first care was to satisfy our hunger; our walk over the mountain had given us, as they say, a charming appetite, indeed too charming, for it kept us at table a couple of hours; and here, once for all, we may observe what a pity it is that travellers are not exempted from the common imperfections of humanity, such as hunger, thirst, drowsiness, and fatigue. How provoking and how humiliating it is to detect ourselves thinking about roast fowl, or fish, or mutton cutlets, while in the very act of entering an old and magnificent city; but so it is, with shame and sorrow we confess it, we feel all those vulgar wants just like any common person; we have no particular dispensation, not we. It was so late before we could spare time to stalk up and down, and stare about us, that we can say but little of Lucca: it is more populated than Pisa, and its palaces and buildings are still grander, still more *signorili*. The walls, for which it is famous all over Italy, run round the city, and being level and extremely broad, form a fine run for carriages, and an excellent promenade, and command

* This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan.

Cary's Translation.

On this passage a solemn commentator on Dante observes, that such is really the fact that if Mon S. Giuliano were removed the inhabitants of either city might see the towers of the other. Such silly observations are not uncommon among commentators.

very pleasant views of the neighbourhood, the whole of which is most admirably cultivated. The women are pretty, and there is an air of *douceur* and politeness in every body one meets. While we were walking about, the beat of two or three crazy drums announced the *Uscita* of the reigning Princess from her palace: she passed us in a shabby old carriage, the blinds of which were drawn, so that we had not the pleasure of seeing her. She was going to visit some favourite church. Every person to whom we spoke about her complained that she was for ever in church, or else closeted up with a parcel of priests; that she was a devotee, and a devotee of a gloomy creed; but this is the family complaint.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we set off for Pisa, returning the same way by which we came; and as we met with no adventure worth relating on our return, you may as well imagine us at once in the very point whence we set out, to wit, strolling up and down in the square before the Governor's house, at Leghorn.

We soon became very anxious for the sailing of the vessel, but we found the captain was just as unwilling, as we were willing, to go: in fact, he was loitering about here in order to pick up some freight. As this fellow's character opened upon us, we found it composed of very pretty elements; cowardice, falsehood, and dishonesty; avarice, meanness, and insolence; nature had made him obstinate in his designs, and habit had made him patient of reproach, indifferent to the scorn and ill-will with which he was looked upon by all who knew him; he "kept the even tenour of his way," praying, lying, swearing, and cheating, in infinite good humour with himself, and armed in apathy that the sting of ridicule could but rarely pierce. He told us one day, when we were quarrelling with him, that if he chose he could set up his rest at the Torre del Greco, his native place, and *walk about with a gold-headed cane in his hand* for the remainder of his life; and, said he, "though you think nothing of me, in my own town I am looked upon as a *little king*." We have no doubt that this was true,

for he had five vessels of his own on the sea; three were employed in fishing at the mouth of the Tiber, and two were employed in commerce; the cargo of his vessel, consisting of rice and cheese, belonged to himself, and he had several bags of dollars on board, which he had not had occasion to employ; but notwithstanding his hoard of dirty gain, he was haunted by a strong and fixed unwillingness to take up the smallest part of it for his pleasures: he would never buy a cigar, though he was fond of smoking; to be sure, he never scrupled to beg or to steal one, and while we were with him he was never absolutely driven to extremity: his business often took him to the Café, where he sometimes had occasion to remain two or three hours, but he never had the spirit to order a whole glass of punch at once, though, perhaps, in that time he drank eight or ten half glasses. We were, of course, very impatient to be gone, and our impatience increased every hour, for we had no amusement to divert our thoughts from the consideration that we were most miserably wasting our time. Leghorn seems the very home of vulgarity and dulness; it contains nothing fine in art or nature, no antiquity, no curiosity; the only thing which deserves any attention is the English burial ground, where marble tombs, in the green shade of solemn cypresses, serve as memorials of the pride which clings to man's heart in his darkest hour, which follows him to the "narrow house," and makes him seek distinction even in the dust. There is a plain and modest monument here to which every Englishman repairs: a thousand names are scratched upon it, sure, though unsightly testimonials, that no common dust lies there. Poor Smollett! the ocean rolls between his country and his grave; but, perhaps, he is fortunate, for here he will be remembered, and there he will not be forgotten. On the opposite side lies his wife; we would rather have seen them together, but it matters not much. We never remember Smollett without calling to mind the fine verse in which he personifies Independence, and which seems to us to be worth pages of most modern poetry:

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share :
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye ;
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the
 sky.

Few persons could say this with more truth than Smollett ; but we forget ourselves ; we have no time to talk about poetry. There is an epitaph here, which is, perhaps, the most ridiculous one that was ever inscribed on marble ; it is one written by a lady for herself, and placed there in compliance with her express and positive directions : we shall not copy it, for we have no wish to scandalize or give pain to any lady ; but we must say, we should be glad if some "Old Mortality" would kindly go and erase this record of folly, so that if people more thoughtless, or more merry than we, should ramble thither, they may not be tempted to affront the jealous ghost by involuntary *éclats de rire*. The burial-ground is really very touching, and very pretty ; and one would be quite contented with it if one had not seen the *Perc de la Chaise*, which, in its own kind, we must fairly confess we do not hope to see equalled. It is the most remarkable object in all France, and it is the most singular outbreak from national character that we ever witnessed.

It would, perhaps, be impossible to spend time in a more unprofitable manner than that in which we spent ours at Leghorn : the place was so stupid, the weather so dreadfully bad, and our companion so unintellectual ; he had gone to Pisa and Lucca to oblige us, and he thought, after such an effort as that, it was our duty in turn to oblige him, which we did, by ——— what ? by doing nothing. We could not walk about, we could not write, we could not read ; we blush to remember how our time was wasted. In the morning we rose at nine, and went to the Café Minerva, an excellent café it is, by the bye, there we sipped our chocolate, read the papers, or listened to the Babylonish conversation, now Turkish, now Greekish, Italian, English, or French : anon, our eyes rest upon a whiskered infidel, who, in the pride of his heart, takes cigar after cigar, smoking each out in four and a half, or five whiffs, and while clouds roll from his mouth, like the thick and smoky breath of a volcano,

he looks round in solemn scorn upon the effeminate people of these parts, who cough, and spit, and pant, during the prodigious performance. In making our escape from this, we overhear at the door a whispering bargain about some *contrabbando*, or, perhaps, a modest difference of opinion, touching the value of a commodity, agitated between the buyer and seller, the offer and the demand bearing the proportion of 10 to 20, or 5 to 15. On coming out, we probably met with our captain, and amused ourselves in quarreling with him for an hour, and soon after noon, by some chance or other, we constantly found ourselves seated in a snug box in the Trattoria del l' Orso : our cares vanished amid the odours of flesh, and fish, and fowl, or were lost among the rush-bound flasks of Tuscan wine.

But let us make an end of this history of unwilling jollity and sloth : our captain at length informed us he was ready to go, and that the vessel was clearing out of the harbour. We went on board, and in the evening the captain came, bringing with him two passengers, one a native of the Torre del Greco, captain of a vessel employed in the coral fishery off the coast of Barbary ; the other an Englishman, perhaps the strangest that ever wandered so far from the white cliffs of his native shore. This odd creature did not understand a word of any language but his own, and of that little more than the jargon of his own county ; he thought Italy far below Yorkshire in natural beauty, and Florence inferior to Scarborough. What had possessed him with the itch of travel we know not, but the man had travelled, and not a little ; he had been in France, Germany, and Denmark, and he was going to Russia, but being advised by the mate of a vessel trading in the Baltic to go to Constantinople, he had turned his face southward, and had arrived hither on his way. Of all that he had seen he remembered nothing but the petty and the useless : he had no memory for mountains or seas, for characters or manners, but he could recollect in a moment how much he lost on a given evening at put, or loo, or *twenty-one*, at Scarborough, or Elsinore, or Florence. The perversity of this man's understanding was so extraordinary, that while all that

was grand or beautiful glanced away from his memory without making any impression, the absurd and the monstrous ate into it like aquafortis, and remained fixed for ever. Almost every tale which he told us was evidently the extravagance of some grave jester, but our honest friend treasured it up as the most precious gem of history or science, and we apprehend before he returns to Scarborough he will have stock enough to set up for a western Sindbad. The silliness of this man was at first diverting enough, but mere fatuity soon grows tiresome;—the German, however, never ceased to be amused with a credulity which revolted from no absurdity, which could believe that the reason why

the fires of Vesuvius could not be seen in the day was that they were lighted up in the evening and put out in the morning, &c. &c. Their conversations were sometimes amusing enough, but most commonly consisted merely of outrageous lies on the one side, and thick-headed simplicity on the other. The drollest as well as the silliest things that took place were the conversations which — the Englishman, would resolutely hold with the captain, while after supper we sat smoking round the cabin fire; the apropos and malapropos remarks and replies which passed between them, neither understanding a word the other said, often afforded us a hearty laugh.

SARDANAPALUS, THE TWO FOSCARI, AND CAIN,
BY LORD BYRON.*

"Once a jacobin, always a jacobin," was formerly a paradox; "but now the time gives it proof." "Once an aristocrat, always an aristocrat" might pass, with as little question, into a proverb. Lord Byron, who has sometimes sought to wrap himself in impenetrable mystery, who has worn the fantastic disguises of corsairs, gíacours, and motley jesters, now comes out in all the dignity of his birth, arrayed in a court suit of the old French fashion, with the star glittering on his breast, and the coronet overtopping his laurels. The costume only has been changed, the man has been the same from the first. He has played off his most romantic vagaries from mere recklessness of will, in legitimate defiance of the world. When he sneered at human glory, at patriotism and virtue, put religion aside as an empty name, and scoffed at immortality as a "tale that is told," his rank gave him confidence and success. If he ranged over the mournful scenes of classic desolation, and called up the spirit of their old magnificence, he appealed almost exclusively to aristocratic sympathies. If he sought to represent the violence of passion as justifying its own excesses—to command admiration for the darkest spirits—or to bid a proud defiance to all

established opinions and prejudices, he dared scarcely less as a lord than as a poet. In his very scorn of kings and rulers, there has been little regard for the common sorrows of the people; but a high feeling of injured dignity, a sort of careless ferocity, like that of Cataline amidst his hated foes and his despised supporters. On a lonely rock amidst the storm, in the moonlight shadows of the Colosseum, or pensively musing on the sad and silent shores of Greece, his nobility is ever with him. And now this Alcibiades of our literature, who has set all rules at defiance, who thought it sport to drag the critics "panting after him in vain," whose whole course has been one marvelous deviation from the beaten track of laureled bards, comes forth with his eulogies on Pope, and is pleased to patronize the unities! He who breathed about "Manfred" its mighty mysticism, and there mingled in splendid confusion the spirits of various superstitions, now appears as the champion of dramatic coherence after the straitest sect in criticism. The "chartered libertine," who has made humanity a jest—who has scoffed not only at the forms and creeds of the pious, but at all which raises man above the dust on which he tramples—to whom the spirit of

* *Sardanapalus*, a Tragedy; *the Two Foscari*, a Tragedy; *Cain*, a Mystery. By Lord Byron. London. Murray, 1821.

poetry even in himself has been a thing to mock at—now plays the rhetorician's part; discovers ethical poetry to be the finest thing in the world; and the author of that piece of shallowest philosophy, the *Essay on Man*, to be the first of ethic poets! This is the natural course of a man who has great powers, and great pride, with rank to sustain his excesses, and without that presiding and majestic faculty which would enable him to be master in his own heart, and to dispose into harmonious creations the vast elements within him. His present change, from the wild to the austere, is not the result of any principle harmonizing his faculties; but only a rash excursion into another style. Like a military adventurer drunk with glory, he rushes with half his forces into a strange country, trusting to his fortune and his name to defend him.

There are two of Lord Byron's characteristic excellencies which he never leaves behind in his most fantastic expeditions, and which he has accordingly brought into his new domain of classic tragedy. One of these is his intense feeling of the loveliness of woman—his power, not only of picturing individual forms, but of infusing into the very atmosphere which surrounds them the spirit of beauty and of love. A soft roseate light is spread over them, which seems to sink into the soul. The other faculty to which we allude is his comprehensive sympathy with the vastest objects in the material universe. There is scarcely any pure description of individual scenes in all his works; but the noblest allusions to the grandeurs of earth and heaven. He pays "no allegiance but to the elements." The moon, the stars, the ocean, the mountain desert, are endowed by him with new "speech and language," and send to the heart their mighty voices. He can interpret between us and the firmament, or give us all the sentiment of an everlasting solitude. His power in this respect differs essentially from that of Wordsworth, who does not require an over-powering greatness in his theme, whom the "meanest flower" can move to sweetest thoughts, to whom all earth is redolent with divinest associations, and in whose lowliest path beauty is

ever present, "a simple product of the common day."

We believe that we may safely refer to one or other of these classes of beauty and grandeur almost every passage in the tragedies before us which deserves a place in the memory. Excepting where these occur, the plays appear to us "coldly correct, and critically dull." They abound in elaborate antitheses, frigid disputations, stately common places, and all the lofty trifling of those English tragedies which are badly modeled on the bad imitations of the Greeks by the French. There is little strongly marked character, little picturesque grouping, and scarcely any action. For pages together of laboured dialogue, the fable makes no progress—but the persons develop their own characters with the most edifying minuteness. We almost wish the rule of our law, that no man shall be a witness for or against himself, were rigidly applied to the drama. In the French courts of justice, and on the French stage, the rule is otherwise; but we need not desire to imitate the taste of our neighbours in criminal jurisprudence or in tragedy.

The poverty of the piece, on the striking history of *Sardanapalus*, has really surprised us. It afforded such room for towering luxury, such hints for the embodying in the person of the hero a mighty hunger and thirst after enjoyment, such fitting space for a great picture of Assyrian pomp, ennobled by the striking spectacle of the brave sensualist leaping from the dreamy deliciousness of his regal couch into a fiery grave, that we anticipated from the title a splendid wonder. How would some of our old poets have rioted in such a theme! How would their verses have breathed of the spicy east—how would they, with liberal hand, have showered on us "barbaric pearl and gold"! But Lord Byron has been a very niggard of his Asiatic stores. His hero is a gentle epicurean philosopher, who is slothful on system, buries himself in his palace in mercy to his subjects, and is actually distinguished only from the class of sovereigns by his love for a lady to whom he is not married, and his neglect of his Queen. His tremulous abhorrence of even necessary bloodshed is utterly out of

character in an oriental sensualist who can have no sense of the value of human existence, and is belied by the very carelessness with which he resigns his own. There is no feeling of luxury communicated to the mind of the reader; for the whole pomp hinted at in the course of the play, if faithfully copied, would hardly furnish one scene for a Covent Garden show. Even its catastrophe does not astonish or appal us; but happens almost as a thing of course. How little action it comprises, may be shortly known by a mere recapitulation of its scenes. The first act is occupied by the attempt of Salemenes, the brother of the Queen, to rouse Sardanapalus to a sense of his danger, and to prevent him from supping in a pavilion on the Euphrates; and, by some fond discourses between the King and his favorite Myrrha, an Ionian slave. In the second, a priest and a nobleman hold long and leisurely conversations about a scheme of dethroning the King—are detected by Salemenes, and rescued by the King from his sword, forgiven, and ordered to their satrapies: they renew their plots—and the King and Myrrha return to their philosophy and their love. The third act shows us the breaking out of this conspiracy. Sardanapalus is alarmed in the midst of a banquet, and, throwing off his weakness, arms himself for the combat, which rages with various success, till the rebels are driven from the city. In the fourth act, Myrrha is discovered watching the troubled slumbers of the king, who, on waking, relates to her a frightful dream, which is the most ambitious piece of writing in the play; but it seems to us quite artificial and frigid.

Salemenes then begs his brother-in-law to grant his sister an interview, in which her patience and enduring love revive his old affection within him. This is the most beautiful and affecting scene in the play; but too long to be extracted. After another scene with Myrrha, beginning in coldness and ending in love, and a consultation with Salemenes on the posture of affairs, the monarch hastens again to battle. The fifth act opens with the following speech of Myrrha, who is gazing on the sun as it rises:—

Myrrha. (At a window.) The day at last has broken. What a night Hath usher'd it! How beautiful in heaven! Though varied with a transitory storm, More beautiful in that variety! How hideous upon earth! where peace and hope, And love and revel, in an hour were trampled By human passions to a human chaos, Not yet resolved to separate elements.— 'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise, So bright, so rolling back the clouds into Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains, And billows purpler than the ocean's, making In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth, So like we almost deem it permanent; So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently Scatter'd along the eternal vault: and yet It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul, And blends itself into the soul, until Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark not, Know not the realms where those twin genii (Who chasten and who purify our hearts, So that we would not change their sweet rebukes For all the boisterous joys that ever shook The air with clamour), build the palaces Where their fond votaries repose and breathe Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm inhale Enough of heaven to enable them to bear The rest of common, heavy, human hours, And dream them through in placid suffering; Though seemingly employed like all the rest Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling, Which our internal, restless agony Would vary in the sound, although the sense Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.

The greater part of this speech is very beautiful, though the description of the sun rolling back the vapours is apparently imitated from a magnificent scene in the second book of Wordsworth's *Excursion* which far surpasses it; and the closing lines are obscure. Salemenes is brought in to die; Sardanapalus enters defeated; news arrives that the Euphrates has swept down the bulwark; and the king, after providing for the safety of his friends, and ordering a funeral pyre to be heaped round the throne, dismisses all but Myrrha, who resolves to die with him. Nothing is then left them but to perish: Sar-

danap
Myrrh
rush
tain f
this s
cide o
spect

Sar
We b
My
In sou
Sar

My

Sar

My

Purge

Mix

Sar
My

The c
Sar
Rath
The v
Than
Of sl

And
We l
Hath

Or k

Be fo
So m
Thei
M
And
Be t
Aloc
Was

Sa
M
C
Sa
M
Sa
I lov
And

I sa

Is r

Not

M
S

V

danapalus ascends the throne, and Myrrha fires the pile and prepares to rush into the flames, when the curtain falls. We will give the close of this scene, that the reader may decide on the justice of our opinion respecting its singular feebleness.

Sardanapalus. Then
We but await the signal.
Myrrha. It is long
In sounding.

Sardanapalus. Now, farewell; one last embrace.

Myrrha. Embrace, but not the last; there is one more.

Sardanapalus. True, the commingling fire will mix our ashes.

Myrrha. And pure as is my love to thee, shall they,
Purged from the dross of earth, and earthly passion,
Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet irks me.

Sardanapalus. Say it.

Myrrha. It is that no kind hand will gather
The dust of both into one urn.

Sardanapalus. The better:
Rather let them be borne abroad upon
The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,
Than be polluted more by human hands
Of slaves and traitors; in this blazing palace,

And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,
We leave a nobler monument than Egypt
Hath piled in her brick mountains, o'er dead kings,

Or *kine*, for none know whether those proud piles

Be for their monarch, or their ox-god Apis:
So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record!

Myrrha. Then farewell, thou earth!
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell Ionia!
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer
Was for thee, my last thoughts, save one,
were of thee!

Sardanapalus. And that?

Myrrha. Is yours.

(*The trumpet of Pania sounds without*)

Sardanapalus. Hark!

Myrrha. Now!

Sardanapalus. Adieu, Assyria!
I loved thee well, my own, my fathers' land,
And better as my country than my kingdom.

I satiated thee with peace and joys; and this

Is my reward! and now I owe thee nothing,

Not even a grave. (*He mounts the pile.*)

Now, Myrrha!

Myrrha. Art thou ready?

Sardanapalus. As the torch in thy grasp.
(*Myrrha fires the pile.*)

VOL. V.

Myrrha.

'Tis fired! I come
(*As Myrrha springs forward to throw herself into the flames, the Curtain falls.*)

Can any thing be more ill-timed than the moralizing of the dying king about the Egyptian pyramids? The last thought in the speech, too, is taken from Fuller, the Church Historian, who quaintly observes, "the pyramids, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders." When we consider, that this play is nearly twice the length of any acted tragedy, we shall scarcely wonder that these incidents, expanded into such a length, are weakened by the plenitude of words. The following little dialogue, respecting the irruption of the river, may serve as a specimen of the expansive art of writing:—

Pania. With your sanction
I will proceed to the spot, and take such measures

For the assurance of the vacant space
As time and means permit.

Sardanapalus. About it straight,
And bring me back as speedily as full
And fair investigation may permit
Report of the true state of this irruption
Of waters.

The "Two Foscari" is founded on the interesting story of the Son of a Venetian Doge, who was suspected of murder, and sentenced to exile; and who returned to his beloved home, only to be tortured and sent back into banishment, where he died broken hearted. Lord Byron has only taken the latter part of the tale: his piece opens with the sufferings of the young Foscari, after his return, and contains no incidents, except the repetition of his tortures, his second sentence of banishment, his death, and the deposition and death of his father. There is no character in it, except that of the old Doge, who is admirably depicted;—the quiet dignity, the deep, silent agony, scarcely perceived amidst the careful discharge of his great office, the noiseless attention to all forms and observances, while his aged heart is breaking; and the withering of the last support at the toll of the bell for the installation of his successor, form a fine Titian-like picture. But young Foscari, and his wife Marina, are merely the creatures of circumstance, excepting that he is a gentle, and she a vociferous sufferer. There

G

are a few splendid speeches, and many choice felicities of expression in this piece ; but, like *Sardanapalus*, it is far too much diluted. The reflections of poor *Jacopo Foscari*, on looking on the sea, while enjoying a short respite from torture, are very picturesque and intense. The guard opens a window in the prison, and addresses him :—

Guard. There, sir, 'tis
Open—How feel you ?

Jacopo Foscari. Like a boy—Oh Venice !

Guard. And your limbs ?

Jacopo Foscari. Limbs ! how often have they borne me

Bounding o'er yon blue tide, as I have skimm'd

The gondola along in childish race,
And, masqued as a young gondolier, amidst
My gay competitors, noble as I,
Raced for our pleasure in the pride of strength,
While the fair populace of crowding beauties,

Plebeian as patrician, cheer'd us on
With dazzling smiles, and wishes audible,
And waving kerchiefs, and applauding hands,

Even to the goal !—How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,

The wave all roughen'd ; with a swimmer's stroke

Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,

And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,

Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me ; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they wax'd fearful ;
then

Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As show'd that I had search'd the deep :
exulting,

With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep

The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd
The foam which broke around me, and pursued

My track like a sea-bird. I was a boy then.

Guard. Be a man now : there never was more need

Of manhood's strength.

Jacopo Foscari (looking from the lattice.)

My beautiful, my own,

My only Venice—this is breath ! Thy breeze,

Thine Adrian sea-breeze, how it fans my face !

Thy very winds feel native to my veins,
And cool them into calmness !

"*Cain, a Mystery*," is altogether of a higher order than these classical tragedies. Lord Byron has not, indeed, fulfilled our expectations of a gigantic picture of the first murderer ; for there is scarcely any passion, except the immediate agony of rage, which brings on the catastrophe ; and Cain himself is little more than the subject of supernatural agency. This piece is essentially nothing but a vehicle for striking allusions to the mighty abstractions of Death and Life, Eternity and Time, for vast but dim descriptions of the regions of space, and for daring disputations on that great problem, the origin of evil. Lucifer meets Cain, doubting and troubled, and "breathes his spirit in his ear," till he consents to accompany him through the abyss of space to Hades. There he sees the phantasms of an earlier and mightier world, destroyed by the crushing of the elements. He returns to earth, but his soul is unfitted for devotion ; his prayers are impious, and his sacrifice is scattered to the winds ; he rushes with wild rage to pull down the altar of his accepted brother, and kills him, because he resists his purpose. The ground-work of the arguments, on the awful subjects handled, is very common place ; but they are arrayed in great majesty of language, and conducted with a frightful audacity. The direct attacks on the goodness of God are such as we dare not utter or transcribe. They are not, perhaps, taken apart, bolder than some passages of Milton ; but they inspire quite a different sensation, because, in thinking of *Paradise Lost*, we never regard the Deity, or Satan, as other than great adverse powers, created by the imagination of the poet. God is only the name for the King of Heaven, not for the Father of all. The personal identity which Milton has given to his spiritual intelligences,—the local habitations which he has assigned them,—the material beauty with which he has invested their forms,—all these remove the idea of impiety from their discourses. But we know nothing of Lord Byron's Lucifer, except his speeches ; he is invented only that he may utter them ; and the whole appears an abstract discussion, held for its own sake, not maintained in order to pre-

serve the dramatic consistency of the persons. He has made no attempt to imitate Milton's plastic power;—that power by which our great poet has made his Heaven and Hell, and the very regions of space, sublime realities, palpable to the imagination, and has traced the lineaments of his angelic messengers with the precision of a sculptor. The Lucifer of "Cain," is a mere bodyless abstraction,—the shadow of a dogma; and all the scenery over which he presides is dim, vague, and seen only in faint outline. There is, no doubt, a very uncommon power displayed, even in this shadowing out of the ethereal journey of the spirit and his victim, and in the vast sketch of the world of phantasms at which they arrive; but they are utterly unlike the massive grandeurs of Milton's creation. This is one of the eloquent exclamations of Cain as he proceeds:

Cain. Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye?
what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along; as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of
Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity?
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ye are!
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die,
(If that they die) or know ye in your might
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in
this hour

Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

The region of the phantoms thus
appears to Cain:—

Cain. What are these mighty phan-
toms which I see
Floating around me?—they wear not the
form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,
Nor wear the form of man as I have
view'd it
In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mine,
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my chil-
dren's:
And yet they have an aspect, which, though
not
Of men nor angels, looks like something,
which,
If not the last, rose higher than the first,
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear
not
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is
Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful
As the most beautiful and mighty which
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce
Can call them living.

We are far from imputing inten-
tional impiety to Lord Byron for this
"mystery;" nor, though its language
sometimes shocks us, do we appre-
hend any danger will arise from its
perusal. The difficulty on which it
founds its "obstinate questionings"
has often recurred to every mind ca-
pable of meditating; it is equally felt
in every system, except absolute
Atheism; and, if it is reverently
pursued, serves, while it baffles our
scrutiny, to make us feel all the high
capabilities, and intense yearnings,
of our own immortal nature.

ODE OF CASIMIR

TO HIS LYRE.

THOU child of the boxtree, that flexile combined
Thy string'd frame sonorous, my lute! hang thou high
On the poplar that lofty upturns to the wind
Its lightly twitch'd leaves, while all blue laughs the sky.

The shrill east's hissing gale shall but dally with thee,
O'er thy quivering chords as it murm'ringly skims;
Let me lean back my neck at the root of the tree,
And stretch on this bank's mossy verdure my limbs.

Ha! clouds—sudden clouds! how the heaven is o'ercast!
How dreary the echo! the crashing of rains!
Up and hence!—human joys, thus ye come, thus are past,
And only the print of your footstep remains!

OLEN.

LETTERS FROM LONDON TO A FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

THE LEITH SMACK.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I recollect reading, about four years ago, a little book written by J. Jamieson, called, I think, "A Voyage to London, in a Berwick Smack," and a very amusing little book it was: whether the author actually encountered the adventures of which he gives so interesting a narrative, or coined them in a journey round his study table, I cannot pretend to decide; the effect of them is equally good on his readers either way. My adventures, however, in a voyage to London in a Berwick Smack, will not be liable to any doubts on the score of authenticity; and when you see Jamieson, you may give him my compliments, and say, that if I possessed his powers of description, I would publish a second voyage, which, I have little doubt, would drive its elder brother *clean* out of the field; and, what is more, I would head my work with a "challenge to the whole world" to question the truth of my narrative.

To make sure of being perfectly safe in the latter particular, I shall avoid all mention of dates and numbers, and confine myself to facts, persons, and circumstances; a precaution of which I am sure my readers will perceive the prudence, and appreciate the motive. You cannot, I suppose, controvert the *fact* of my embarkation in the — Smack, Capt. S—, with some twenty or thirty people; and still less, if possible, can you controvert my having sailed with her *for* London. Of the *persons*, I believe, you had a rough glance at the pier head; but they will be sketched more amply to you, along with the *circumstances* with which they were all more or less connected.

We had got fairly into the German ocean before our acquaintance was of that social description which allows of unreserved communication of sentiments on any subject; and had reached Holy Island before any of us ventured more than a thought at the character of his fellow. The third morning, however, discovered us to ourselves, and one of us found that his fellow passengers consisted, *inter alios*, of two French officers

(unknown to each other), a player, and his wife and four children, the renowned P—, and his wife and family, a Cockney traveller,—a leather merchant, and a boot-maker, who, for their own good reasons, paired in the voyage,—a writer's clerk, from Forfarshire, and a being of whom to this hour none of us could learn either name, character, or business, but who of common consent was called, nobody knew why, *the Doctor*.—We only wanted an Irishman and a parson to make a party for a novel; and mentioning the word brings to my recollection a little prim sentimentalist of a female, who, from the same *faculty* that conferred the diploma on the Doctor, received exclusively the honorary appellation of "Miss."

We made a most agreeable company after dinner; L. (the player) and his wife, are as well-bred people as I ever met; Mr. and Mrs. P. are equally so: one of the Frenchmen, M. Rotte, played the violin and sang; the other abounded in juggling, legerdemain, and diablerie: Holmes, the Cockney, was a would-be wit; the leather-merchant was a fool; the writer, a man of humour; the boot-maker, a simpleton; and the Doctor, a compound of them all. These qualities, or qualifications, of my companions, were, as you may suppose, elicited generally from their behaviour during the whole voyage; but the commencement of my observation of them was on an occasion of which you will readily admit the fitness, namely, during the conversation, or rather the debate, for such it often became, after dinner. Our topics were, at first, of that ordinary common-place class that naturally arise out of the indefinite sort of talk which the appearance of the decanters, and the disappearance of the ladies and children, always produce—politics, wines, ladies, battles, books, &c. till the boot-maker, tanner, French conjuror, and others, dropped off, and left Mr. Coram the writer, and the Frenchman, in a keen dispute about the Scottish church worship; P. and I being at that time listeners.—Now, what were the sides

that these doughty polemics adopted upon the question, "Whether the public worship of the kirk of Scotland is consonant with its belief in the Divinity and Omnipotence of the object of its adoration?" The quill-driver, you suppose, maintained lustily the affirmative, and the Frenchman *bah'd* and *mondieu'd* the idea of the term *worship* being at all applied to our service. Quite the reverse! The quill-driver had been reading Gay's "good Lord of Bolingbroke," and consequently had imbibed the principles, without fully comprehending the arguments, of that learned nobleman: the Frenchman had fallen in love with the daughter of a clergyman, and had regularly squired her to the parish church on Sundays; and thus the scribbler's reason, as he thought it, had overcome his prejudice,—and the Frenchman's prejudice had overcome his reason; for at bottom he was clearly a free-thinker. The kirk was most uncereemoniously handled by Coram. Your stickler to one fixed form of worship, in preference to another, can be argued with; but a denouncer of all public worship is like a declaimer against all sorts of medicine—you leave him to die without pity; and though I believe M. Rotte's sincerity in his praise of our establishment was to the full as questionable as his adversary's irreverence was unbecoming, yet the latter had almost my abhorrence, while the former had barely my contempt. The debate was about closing with a "weel a weel, Mr. Rotte, ye'll gang your way to heaven, and I'll gang mine; and gin we meet o' the road, I se warrant we'll no cast out about the means we took to come till't;" when the theme was taken up by that strange creature the Doctor. He had sat silent and unobserved, and really by me unseen, since the removal of the cloth; and the effect of his now poking in his lank sallow face among us was like that of a knuckle of veal after a sirloin of beef; one is surprised at its appearance, vexed at not being able to partake of it, yet unwilling to let it go away without being tasted. M. Rotte had just assented to Coram's summing up, when—"So the end is gained *n'important* the means, Monsieur," issued from a voice of an in-

describable structure; a cracked clarionet, a half-penny whistle, and a trombone, present themselves as possibly able to give you an idea of the sound; but to complete it, I think, you must add the rattling of a bullet in a copper-kettle, for the Doctor was a Northumbrian. As not one of his hearers was prepared for this salute, and not one could tell whether it was meant assentingly, ironically, or disputaciously, the consequence was, that after an awkward pause of staring hesitation we burst unanimously into a loud laugh! The Doctor, however, was not to be driven from his point by such a rebuff; for after we had confirmed him in the belief that the laugh was at him by our eagerness to lay it upon other matters, he took up the cudgels on the side of the Frenchman, with such an apparent zeal, that I began to think, either that he was one of that respectable body at whom Coram had levelled his jeers, or, at least, that he was earnest and conscientious in the side which he adopted. "The question seems," said he, after some previous debate, "to be, whether a church that has made herself what she is by the determined spirit of her founders, and maintained her principles by the zeal and piety of her clergy, in defiance of the persecutions of all her enemies; whether, ye see, this church has framed a mode of public worship worthy of its Almighty object. A poet of your country, Sir, (to Coram) has called religious pride, "in all the pomp of method and of art," poor in comparison with the simple devotions of a cotter and his family by their own fireside; what shall we call it in comparison with an assemblage of Christians who have no fire to warm them but the flame of their own bosoms?—hem!—the inference is irrefragable."—Now, what did he mean, Frank?—whatever he meant, the effect of what he said was again a loud laugh from his auditors; the face, the voice, above all the concatenation of *rs* in his sentence, fairly upset our gravity, and drove the Frenchman bursting out of the cabin. Coram was on his way after him, and a general move was taking place at table, when a smart black-whiskered fellow of a footman entered, and, in broken English, pre-

sented Colonel St. Etienne's compliments, and requested the favour of our company to a ball upon deck.—An interruption of a much less agreeable kind would have been most welcome; you may guess whether that of Colonel St. Etienne's valet was so or not.—It was received by the Doctor, however, with a most ungracious *pish*, and, instead of accepting the invitation, he skulked away to his birth, with a Tacitus and a raw turnip, on both of which he seemed to feed with some avidity.

A very elegant little *parterre* appeared upon deck, where we found the rest of the company assembled.—The master of the ceremonies, Colonel St. Etienne, welcomed us *like* a Frenchman; (you recollect Handel's "like a prince,") that is, he bowed us along with assurances of his thanks for the honour, &c. while he laughed in his sleeve at our *bêtise* in believing him. He then requested Mr. L.'s permission to ask Mrs. L. to commence the ball, by walking a waltz with him, which being granted much more readily than I had imagined, the Colonel proceeded to avail himself of it, and in an instant appeared upon the floor with Mrs. L. who, however, had demurred to a waltz, but consented, as we were informed, to a minuet. They walked it beautifully; and *en passant*, I beg to ask, whether there is any comparison between the very best dance of the very best *modern* school, and the elegance of the old court minuet. A country dance of seven couples followed.—Where the women came from, or who they were, I know not; but they appeared quite genteel, and precedence was strictly attended to. Mr. P. and Mrs. L. led off; the other couples seemed well enough matched, the fourth being, by the master's express arrangement, your humble servant and *Miss*. We had kept it up till near nine o'clock, when an occurrence of a very painful nature, while it lasted, spoiled our enjoyment for the rest of the evening. The musicians (by-the-bye I have not told you that we mustered two violins and a harp)—the musicians had just given that nondescript kind of twirl which announces the dance at an end, when, before the consequent buz of conversation could commence, we distinctly heard a heavy

plunge into the water, at the stern of the vessel, and simultaneously a scream of horror. There is always a second or two of dead silence, a momentary stupor of a terrible nature, before people fly to discover the cause of an alarm; in that moment all possible circumstances, and chiefly those of an aggravated nature, suggest themselves to the mind; but rarely does the true cause of dread occur to any one. The sailors were the first to shout, "a man overboard," while the Captain and Mate ordered and assisted in the lowering of the boat.—She was afloat in an instant, manned by the Captain, three sailors, M. Rotte, and Mr. P.—The scene I witnessed upon deck was really pathetic: it is wonderful how strongly one is affected by a plain, simple, unbrought-about incident, a genuine burst of nature, unaided by situation, surprise, or previous excitement.—Mrs. L. had been sitting nearest the part of the vessel whence the sound proceeded, and having lost sight of her youngest girl for some little time, the thought of her child being the sufferer had struck her, as she afterwards expressed it, like a flash of lightning, and elicited from her the scream, which, more than any thing else, had horrified us. During the interval of lowering the boat, all hands appeared above, Doctor included, yet little Susan L. was not among them; her father could hardly support himself, and her mother was just sinking, as I thought, into a swoon, when the little cherub appeared from the boat which stands upon deck, and, unconscious of the uneasiness she had caused, cried, "Mamma!"—I will not attempt to describe what followed, Frank, because I am sure I should bombast it; the circumstance of parents finding a child, which both had given up for lost, makes a very pretty tale in many a pretty book; but I question if any of them ever had more effect on their hearers than this simple incident had upon our company. The child was a most fascinating creature, and indeed the whole family were remarked for their peculiarly engaging manners.

We were again in the dark then as to the person who had gone overboard, for no one doubted that some one had so gone; and we now recol-

lected
or ten
peated
the ca
the ca
ard se
his pr
she it
the w
was th
second
whom
"he
the st
extrem
made
giving
when
witted
confir
knew
if he
had
durin
his c
every
in th
and v
turn
unfor
conc
But
laug
capt
foun
to b
sired
was
ciety
a dr
mut
wha
livin
mak
som
been
hou
mer
wh
part
upo
they
boa
upo
assi
wh
dro
ster
ter
and
Ho
wa

lected a stupid pert little girl of nine or ten years old, who had been repeatedly checked in climbing about the cables, seats, &c. She was in the care of no one, though the steward seemed to have adopted her as his protégée during the voyage; and she it was who was now doomed to the waves. Holmes (the cockney) was the first to name her, and he was seconded by all the sailors, one of whom did not scruple to say that "he seed the bit lassie hinging at the starn-post." Our anxiety was extreme about her—the boat had made no discovery, and we were giving up the poor little girl for lost, when a remark of Holmes's (a dry-witted odd sort of fellow, by the way) confirmed me in a suspicion, that he knew the whole cause of the alarm, if he was not the framer of it; he had been more than usually silent during the stir, and the coldness of his observations must have struck every body. The boat was still seen in the gloom, about 100 yards off; and was, as we thought, on her return to the vessel; the girl was still *unfound*, as Holmes said, and we all concluded that she was lost for ever. But at that instant we heard a loud laugh from those in the boat, and the captain calling out that they had found the body, begged a warm bed to be prepared for it. Holmes desired him not to be uneasy, for he was a member of the Humane Society, and would undertake to revive a drowned body, though as dead as mutton. Before we could discern what they had found, we saw the living body which we had lost making her way out from among some cables, sails, &c. where she had been lying fast asleep for the last hour. The poor girl was most unmercifully rated, and very unjustly, when one thinks of it; Holmes, in particular, was ludicrously severe upon her for being *only* asleep when they all thought her dead. As the boat neared, he congratulated them upon having found the *lost sheep*, and assisted the sailors in handing up—what?—a side of mutton which had dropped, or been cut from the stern, where, with many other matters, it had been hung for air!! Mr. and Mrs. L. grew very grave, and Holmes grew very facetious; but there was a coldness between the whole

company and him for a long time after, in spite of his droll sayings: we forgave the fellow, however, for his impudence; and when we had told the boat-party of our alarm, we found them rather of his way of thinking, that we had made fools of ourselves. "Come, cook," said the captain, "hang up the haunch," "Ay," said Holmes, "hang him up—he must have some more *capers* before he goes to pot;" and many such *saucy* remarks. The event served us for supper talk; but we parted for the night rather displeased with each other.

The next morning, however, seemed to dawn favourably for a renewal of our sociality; and the day passed without a gloom. My time was principally taken up by P. and L. whose conversation was really most attractive. The former is a thorough man of the world, in as far as being above the liability of being imposed upon by its arts can give right to that title. The latter is a gentleman, complete in all but purse. You have seen his works, and you have seen the powers of his mind in those masterly personifications of dramatic character which were the admiration of our city for two winters. P. is not at all of a literary turn, but good society has given him knowledge enough never to appear ignorant to the degree which puts one in pain; and his superior acquaintance with real life renders him not only a fit but a desirable companion for most ranks of respectable people. I have received general invitations to visit both of these gentlemen in London, of which I shall most certainly avail myself. We had a little joviality at night (being Saturday), and more than one of us fell sacrifices to the rosy God. I wonder if the proverb "drunkenness reveals what soberness conceals," be as correct as proverbs generally are; if it be, we are a sad set of dissemblers, because almost every man's nature undergoes a thorough change under the influence of drink; the taciturn become talkative, the peaceable uproarious, the dull lively. I vow I suspect the proverb a little in particulars; but in the main it is right, else proverb it had never been.

If I recollect Jamieson's book aright, he had a parson on board with him, by whose and Jamieson's

influence, as he sets forth, the Sunday at sea was passed in public worship by crew and passengers, to the great edification of both, and to the admiration of their accompanying vessels. Sorry am I to say, that on Sunday the very reverse was the case, in the party of which I am the historian—consider, two Frenchmen, a deist, a polemic, and some half dozen free-thinkers! The Frenchmen seemed to be more than usually gay, and St. Etienne actually proposed a little dramatic scene for the evening, but was over-ruled by the captain. We walked, talked, sang, played, and romped about, however, rather more than previously.

After the ladies had retired for the night, the Doctor and M. Rotte were about renewing their controversy; and a third person, of some note as it afterwards appeared, took occasion to pass a very well worded reprobation of our mode of spending the Lord's day. How irresistible are the admonitions of sincerity! there was not one among us who *entirely* subscribed to this man's opinions, but not one of us who did not receive his statement of them with real respect for him and them: I would give you a specimen of his oratory, for such his hints became; but I am afraid I could not separate the extremes from the reasonable, and so might injure the whole.

Traveling by sea loses sadly in comparison with land, in point of adventures; in the latter, you have a continual change of objects, you sleep every night in a different bed, you wake to new scenes and faces, and your time is an agreeable variety of place, circumstances, and subjects. In a voyage you never move out of the circumscribed limits of a plank; you behold the same objects from your outset to your arrival; *de facto*, your travels are no further than from your abode to the ship's side; and accordingly you are debarred from all opportunity of observation, from variety of incidents (the very essence of amusement), except in so far as the company you meet creates it. Only think what glorious scenes one must encounter in a journey to London, like Roderick Random, and Strap; but yet I am not certain, that if Smollett had lived in the 19th, instead of the 18th century, he would not have sent his hero to London in a

smack, in place of a waggon: and I think I may safely assure the first novelist who means to transplant a northern hero to the capital, that a smack is by far the most likely conveyance of the two, for incidents of all sorts; and when it is considered how well *the road* is now known, and how little variety can be expected from what every body is acquainted with, there can be little doubt that Messrs. the Novelists will thank me for the hint.

I wonder how Dr. Johnson would have behaved in a company like ours, when they reminded him of the place he preferred to "a ship:" the idea occurred to me almost every time we were among our elegancies, for let me tell you, these are neither trifling nor scarce in any passage vessel now-a-days; and in the present instance, they were peculiarly plentiful and choice. Of *room*, we have abundance; of food, we have an incredible variety, and all kinds of amusements; we can be retired, or we can join the company as we incline, each person having a little chamber to himself, clean to a degree, and fitted up with the utmost neatness, and with every comfort that any house on shore can bestow. In short, hating sea sickness, and occasional foul weather, neither of which was among us to any extent, a Leith smack is a moving hotel, where the guests live together as at a watering place.

But a voyage would not be complete without a storm, or an alarm of some serious kind; and thankful am I, a true historian, that there is no temptation to me to invent one, there having happened to us, on Tuesday evening, just as decent a touch of the terrible as any prose writer need wish. The day had been unsettled and squally, and to use the sailor's phrase, "the grey meere's tail was in the clouds." As it was not boisterous, however, it did not impede our usual gambols, except by occasional squeamishness among the females. We were approaching Yarmouth Roads; I forget, or rather I never knew how the wind stood; but we were moving very rapidly through the water, the breeze evidently increasing, and the air darkening to an alarming degree. Whether to keep the passengers quite at ease by affecting carelessness, or to drive away

uneasiness from his own breast, I know not, but about five o'clock the captain sat down to the backgammon board, on deck, with Mr. L.; the mate was at the helm; the passengers one or other were walking about, sitting, reading, and so forth; while I was playing with the children, and trying to make them keep their feet: the breeze had lasted long enough to accustom us to it, and to abate, if not dispel, that secret involuntary terror which a heavy sea, and the lean of the vessel leeward always excite in fresh-water folks, so that at the moment I am describing, I do not think that danger was dreamt of by any individual on board. At that awful moment, however, we struck on a bank, with a shock that drove every moveable article, alive and dead, several feet from its position; while a wave, dashing against the weather bow, whelmed the cabin skylight overboard, loosened the door way, and swept a heap of stools, tables, and boxes into the deep. "*Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum*," cries, screams, crashes, and every sort of confusion ensued; we were inundated to the very stern-post; several of those on the weather side were absolutely floated to leeward, while the water rushed in rivers down the cabin window, bearing all before it. The vessel eased so much to that side, that every soul on board was in momentary expectation of being swallowed up in the yawning gulf below. It was horrible, horrible; I cannot tell you my feelings—death was in every face: some were lying apparently dead in the pool upon deck; some were scrambling to gain the weather side; here was a father, there a child, here a wife, there a husband; the two families were strewed about in all directions; the looks, the shrieks, the despair in every countenance, were far, very far beyond the powers of description: I look upon it, Frank, that every individual of us felt, as far as mental sensation goes, the pangs of death in their direst degree. It is in vain for me to write more about this dreadful shock; I cannot make it equal to the truth, and any attempt at effect would be as abortive as unworthy. When the senses of the captain and sailors returned, which, to do them justice, was in not much above half a minute

of time, they proceeded to right the vessel, and make signals to the shore. We were about two miles distant from the town of Yarmouth, whence accordingly boats were sent out to our assistance, but before their arrival, the danger had gone by; the first distinguishable voice was that of the captain calling "all hands on the lee-bow," possibly less intelligible to most of those to whom it was directed, than if it had been Greek; and consequently attended to by none correctly. The wind had abated a little, and the rain now came down; the surf about us was very strong, and upon the bow of the vessel we could see the sand quite uncovered, the tide being at ebb. The captain assured us in the most solemn manner that there was not a spark of danger, but that if we had any fears, boats were at hand to convey every passenger on board to Yarmouth, at the ship's expense. We had either that confidence in the skill of S. or that terror of a pinnace in a high sea, that not a person thought of moving, to the great discontent of the Yarmouth boatmen, who were now getting the vessel over the bank, and who did what they could to terrify us out of a couple of guineas a piece, for boat hire: from all that I could observe of these people, they were quite distressed at our want of distress, and seemed actually to abuse us for not having been half sunk before they arrived. Though the danger was over, the confusion and terror were not, and the latter were heightened by the flapping of the main sail in the wind, the surf, the boats, and the cries of the sailors; and, spite of all assurances of safety, none of the passengers felt safe.

It was at this period of the drama that a scene took place which at once divested it of all pretensions to the character of tragedy, and by its broad extravagance made us as rich a melodrama, as the utmost efforts of Messrs. Hook, Dimond, and Co. could have manufactured. A voice was heard from the fore cabin uttering in the deepest notes of dolour, "Whare is he? Whare is he? bring me till him, my ain bairn, my laddie, my darling laddie; he wad na mix wi' the scorners, but the Lord's will be done: but dinna part us, dinna part us." The figure which now

was seen issuing from the hatchway, was that of an old woman in a large bodied gown flung behind, check apron, coloured neckkerchief, all of the ancient cast, with a cap which must have been out of date in 1785; grey hair rolled in thick folds on a shrivel'd forehead; small blue eyes, and a peculiarly animated countenance for her age—an old woman, Frank, whom you have seen, and who, perhaps, was the first being in the world whom I saw; Nelly Handyside, my Nurse. How she came where she was, and why, you must ask her: so it was and is, that for my sins she is doomed to torment my life out with her attachment, and I am doomed not to have courage to throw her into the sea, though God knows, I am guilty of more heinous crimes than *saying* that I wished her at the bottom of it. Judge if I had reason;—she rushed like a sybil under the influence of an incantation, right across the deck, and singling me from the company, who were just beginning to calm a little, flung her withered old arms about my neck, sobbing and blubbering out, “Na, na, my bairn, my ain bairn, it winna be; twa and twenty year the gither mauna be parted now, we’ll gang down thegither as we cam up—my lamb. Neither wonder than we gang to the bottom; it couldna be ither wi’sic graceless reprobates:” and so forth. It was in vain that I tried to quiet, threaten, or command her; she seemed resolved that the ship should sink, and no power on earth could persuade her to the contrary: I was hugged, tugged, and slobbered about, till my temper was almost gone; and her eternal ejaculations for mercy on our souls, and her downright abuse of every body within her sight, were to the last degree provoking. Take a sample, “Aye, ye sit fu crouse now wi your sangs on the Lord’s day, ye wicked heathen, but ye’ll may’be sing another sang or mornin; Lord deal mercifully wi’thy ain folk! Ye wad daur the Lord on his ain day wi your profane courses, an ye maun drag the innocent amang ye to perdition,—but the Lord’s no unmindful of his ain in tribulation. Na, na, my bairn, we’ll no be set amang the goats; but Lot couldna save Sodom, and we maun gang down like the lave: but woe to the scoffer—in the

evil day, for great shall be the wrath to come.” I think it was Lord Shaftsbury who first calls ridicule the test of truth; he would have been much more correct had he said of temper: what have my forebears, or what have I done, that I should be pre-ordained to submit to the laugh of a crowd of people through the mental exuberations of a disordered fanatic? and why am I held, by a stupid affection for a person who is my torment, from ridding myself of her for ever? but there it lies; she will not leave me, and I cannot set her off! S’death, Frank, were you ever laughed at? Were you ever gibed, jeered, and joked by a parcel of witlings? Were you ever beset with an old woman as I was? And what do you think, they have the face to say that I returned the old woman’s endearments; that I was melted by her attachment; and the more staid and sensible of them commend my nature, forsooth! But you have not heard the whole; while Nelly was pulling me about, we were every instant in danger of being upset together by the motion of the ship, so that, sometimes we were close together, and sometimes wide apart; her arms, however, still keeping their *purchase*, as the captain called it, and her tongue its creaking, when I was set upon by another family appendage, who, though not quite so obstreperous or unruly as Nelly, vies with her, I believe, in affection for her master (for which by the bye she hates him cordially), Hector, the old house dog! Was this to be borne, Frank? Nelly’s arms on one side, and Hector’s paws on the other. We looked, as Holmes afterwards told me, exactly like the King’s arms over Mr. Hunter’s shop door on the south bridge; our voices made such a trio as, I believe, never was heard by mortal ear: “for God sake let me go, Nelly; down Hector; Nelly be quiet; kennel up, you rascal; we are quite safe Nelly,—let me go—take off the dog, will you,”—answered by barks on both sides, “Hout na! I’se no let ye go, ye cam into the world whare ye’re now, and ye maun e’en gang out o’t sae; down, ye great tyke. Let ye go indeed; I wonder wha wad get ye, gin I let ye go, trow! Ay, ye may look (to the people) an ye may laugh; as the fool thinks the bell chinks—down Hec!”—Bark

went Hector; groan went Nelly; laugh go the auditors; down go we in a heap! There were now no bounds to the laughter. It is incredible how soon the sorrow of the last moment was changed into mirth. I may say, that but for this broad scene of the ludicrous, we should have been buried in the vapours for the rest of the voyage; but, however much one likes to see mirth and hilarity restored, the most facetious of us demur to the restoration at our expence. After our tumble, Nelly was lifted almost by force and put into bed. The cause of her furor, for I can call it nothing else, was the ungodly conduct of the men in the fore-cabin, where she had occasion to be a good deal with the other servants on board, taken along with that of the passengers on Sunday, and partly our having sung and played music. I had sent her a glass of Younger's ale after dinner, and I was told she was fast asleep when the vessel struck; most probably she had waked from some hideous dream, and acted upon it as a reality. Hector seemed to think the whole was a mighty good frolic, and I had just sense enough left to appear to think so too;—yet I was deucedly roasted; and how I am to come on with Nelly as a housekeeper, in London, I tremble to think!

We got towed over the bank about midnight, and the pumps were at work night and day till our arrival in the Thames. Our terrors were now converted into subjects for jokes; and, bating the long accounts of sea dangers, which all present, more or less, had come through, we talked of nothing else than the oddness of each other's behaviour in the time of the alarm. It had happened to me to light upon the Doctor almost immediately after the danger was over: he also had apparently been asleep; he lay on the ground bed in the passage between the two cabins, and when I came upon him, he was poking his bald long head out of the aperture, which he had drawn so sparingly, that his head only could get out: in his left hand he kept the place of the book he was reading, and in his right he held an enormous raw turnip which he had just begun to munch. He asked me what was the matter, and on my expressing surprise at his being ignorant of it, he replied

by sending his tusks into the turnip, with a cranch that set mine on edge; he kept mumbling and muttering over his food, and seemed as voracious as if he had not tasted meat for twelve hours: his strangely shaped head, the white lank bony fingers in which he held the immense lump of vegetable,—and, above all, the merciless gnash of his teeth into it, brought to my mind all the horrors of Ugolino, and really there was no small resemblance.

Every body had, of course, something more dreadful and more marvelous to tell than his neighbour; and thus the time passed till Wednesday at noon, when we cast anchor, for the tide, at a place called Purfleet, on the Thames; they told us some indistinct story of the name having been given by Queen Elizabeth ("my poor fleet,") in the time of the Armada: it was the first bit of English ground on which I ever set foot, and that may *damn* it to everlasting fame, if nothing else will. Holmes, P., and some two or three more of us hired a wherry for an hour or so, and landed there. It is an old kind of place; you see a church in the middle of an apparently good glebe, and cottages around it; the steeple does not rise above the real surface of the ground, being built in a chalk pit: it has a very picturesque effect upon a stranger; and the structure of the cottages, the neat little plots of garden, the river, and all that, set those sensations afloat in my breast upon which you and I had so much sage disquisition before my departure:—of these in due time.—We returned to the ship, after having got imposed upon in a purchase of a pound of eels from some boatmen.

The river, from a little way below Woolwich, presents a perfect forest of masts; its windings, warehouses, works, seats, hospitals, storehouses, depth, breadth, length, and strength are—all to be found in the picture of London, where you may have a full, true, and particular account of the whole of them, for the small charge of ——— shillings. Thank God, I am restricted by our agreement to an account of the *personel* and *morale* of London, not of the *materiel*. So pray purchase a plan of it, and the picture aforesaid, if you mean to follow my narrative, for I really will not set

forth more than I am under compact to do.

We landed last night; I slept in this house, which is a comfortable hole enough, and where I find the charges are much below my calculation,—an agreeable disappointment. If you are not tired now, my dear

Frank, I am, and in all conscience I may be; I have devoted the best part of the morning to this epistle. Tell Sandy not to forget my Erskine and Stair; give my respects to your mother and sisters, and believe me, &c.

Cock and Lion, Wapping.

THE PIRATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, &c.*

THIS is not the best, nor is it the worst (the worst is good enough for us) of the Scotch Novels. There is a story in it, an interest excited almost from the first, a clue which you get hold of and wish to follow out; a mystery to be developed, and which does not disappoint you at last. After you once get into the stream, you read on with eagerness, and have only to complain of the number of impediments and diversions thrown in your way. The author is evidently writing to gain time, to make up his complement of volumes, his six thousand guineas worth of matter; and to get to the end of your journey, and satisfy the curiosity he has raised, you must be content to travel with him, stop when he stops, and turn out of the road as often as he pleases. He dallies with your impatience, and smiles in your face, but you cannot, and dare not be angry with him, while with his giant-hand he plays at push-pin with the reader, and sweeps the rich stakes from the table. He has, they say, got a *plum* by his writings. What have not the public got by reading them? The course of exchange is, and will be, in our favour, as long as he gives us one volume for ourselves, and two for himself. Who is there that has not been the better, the wiser, and happier man for these fine and inexhaustible productions of genius? The more striking characters and situations are not quite so highly wrought up in the present, as in some former instances, nor are they so crowded together, so thickly sown. But the genius of the author is not exhausted, nor can it be so till not a Scotch superstition, or po-

pular tradition is left, or till the pen drops lifeless and regretted from its master's hand. Ah! who will then call the mist from its hill? Who will make the circling eddies roar? Who, with his "so potent art," will dim the sun, or stop the winds, that wave the forest-heads, in their course? Who will summon the spirits of the northern air from their chill abodes, or make gleaming lake or hidden cavern teem with wizard, or with elfin forms? There is no one but the Scottish Prospero, but old Sir Walter, can do the trick aright. He is the very genius of the clime—mounts in her cold grey clouds, dips in her *usquebaugh* and whiskey!—startles you with her antique Druid spells in the person of Elshie, or stirs up the fierce heat of her theological fires with Machriar and Kettle-drumle: sweeps the country with a far war-cry to Lochiel, or sighs out the soul of love in the perfumed breath of the Lily of St. Leonard's. Stand thou, then, Meg Merrilies, on the point of thy fated rock, with wild locks and words streaming to the wind; and sit thou there in thy narrow recess, Balfour of Burley, betwixt thy Bible and thy sword, thy arm of flesh and arm of the Spirit:—when the last words have passed the lips of the author of Waverley, there will be none to re-kindle your fires, or recall your spirit! Let him write on then to the last drop of ink in his ink-stand, even though it should not be made according to the model of that described by Mr. Coleridge, and we will not be afraid to read whatever he is not ashamed to publish. We are the true and liege subjects of his pen, and profess our ultra-fealty

* The Pirate, by the author of "Waverley, Kenilworth," &c. Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

in this respect, like the old French leaguers, with a *Quand même*.

The Pirate is not what we expected, nor is it new. We had looked for a prodigious *row*—landing and boarding, cut and thrust, blowing up of ships, and sacking of sea-ports, with the very devil to pay, and a noise to deafen clamour,

Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder.

We supposed that for the time "Hell itself would be empty, and all the devils be here." *There be land pirates and water pirates*; and we thought Sir Walter would be for kicking up just such a dust by sea, in the Buccaneers, (as it was to be called) as he has done by land in Old Mortality. *Multum abludit imago*. There is nothing or little of the sort. There is here (bating a sprinkling of twenty pages of roaring lads, who come on shore for no use but to get themselves hanged in the Orkneys,) only a single Pirate, a peaking sort of gentleman, spiteful, but not enterprizing; in love, and inclined to take up and reform, but very equivocal in the sentiments he professes, and in those he inspires in others. Cleveland is the Pirate, who is wrecked on the coast of Zetland, is saved from destruction by young Mordaunt Mertoun, who had been so far the hero of the piece, and jilts him with his mistress, Minna, a grave sentimentalist, and the elder of two sisters, to whom Mertoun had felt a secret and undeclared passion. The interest of the novel hinges on this *bizarre* situation of the different parties. Sir Walter (for he has in the present work leisure on his hands to philosophize) here introduces a dissertation of some length, but not much depth, to show that the jilting of favoured, or half-favoured lovers, comes by the dispensation of Providence, and that the breed of honest men and bonny lasses would be spoiled if the fairest of the fair, the sentimental Miss, and the prude (contrary to all previous and common-place calculation), did not prefer the blackguard and the bravo, to the tender, meek, puny, unpretending, heart-broken lover. We do not think our novelist manages his argument well, or shines in his new Professor's chair of morality. Miss Polly Peachum, we do

indeed remember, the artless, soft, innocent Polly, fell in love with the bold Captain Macheath; but so did Miss Lucy Lockitt too, who was no chicken, and who, according to this new balance of power in the empire of love, ought to have tempered her fires with the phlegm of some young chaplain to the prison, or the soft insinuations of some dreaming poet. But as our author himself is not in a hurry to get on with his story, we will imitate him, and let him speak here in his superfluous character of a casuist, or commentator on his own narrative.

Captain Cleveland sate betwixt the sisters, was sedulous in his attentions to both, and Mordaunt was so placed, that he could observe all, and hear a great deal, of what passed between them. But Cleveland's peculiar regard seemed devoted to the elder sister. Of this the younger was perhaps conscious, for more than once her eye glanced towards Mordaunt, and, as he thought, with something in it which resembled regret for the interruption of their intercourse, and a sad remembrance of former and more friendly times; while Minna was exclusively engrossed by the attentions of her neighbour; and that it should be so, filled Mordaunt with surprise and resentment.

Minna, the serious, the prudent, the reserved, whose countenance and manners indicated so much elevation of character—Minna, the lover of solitude, and of those paths of knowledge in which men walk best without company—the enemy of light mirth, the friend of musing melancholy, and the frequenter of fountain-heads and pathless glens—she whose character seemed, in short, the very reverse of that which might be captivated by the bold, coarse, and daring gallantry of such a man as this Captain Cleveland, gave, nevertheless, her eye and ear to him, as he sate beside her at table, with an interest and a graciousness of attention, which to Mordaunt, who well knew how to judge of her feelings by her manner, intimated a degree of the highest favour. He observed this, and his heart rose against the favourite by whom he had been thus superseded, as well as against Minna's indiscreet departure from her own character.

"What is there about the man," he said within himself, "more than the bold and daring assumption of importance which is derived from success in petty enterprises, and the exercise of petty despotism over a ship's crew?—his very language is more professional than is used by the superior officers of the British navy; and the wit which has excited so many smiles,

seems to me such as Minna would not formerly have endured for an instant. Even Brenda seems less taken with his gallantry than Minna, whom it should have suited so little."

Mordaunt was doubly mistaken in these his angry speculations. In the first place, with an eye which was, in some respects, that of a rival, he criticised far too severely the manners and behaviour of Captain Cleveland. They were unpolished, certainly; which was the less consequence in a country inhabited by so plain and simple a race as the ancient Zetlanders. On the other hand, there was an open, naval frankness in Cleveland's manners—much natural shrewdness—some appropriate humour—an undoubting confidence in himself—and that enterprising hardihood of disposition, which, without any other commendable quality, very often leads to success with the fair sex. But Mordaunt was farther mistaken, in supposing that Cleveland was likely to be disagreeable to Minna Troil, on account of the opposition of their characters in so many material particulars. Had his knowledge of the world been a little more extensive, he might have observed, that as unions are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, in taste, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much, to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons, who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other.

A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned for these anomalies, in the wise dispensations of Providence, that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds, should be kept up through society at large. For, what a world were it, if the wise were to intermarry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable, nay, even the handsome with the handsome? and, is it not evident, that the degraded castes of the foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, and the deformed, (comprehending, by the way, far the greater portion of mankind,) must, when condemned to exclusive intercourse with each other, become gradually as much brutalized in person and disposition as so many ouranoutangs? When, therefore, we see the "gentle joined to the rude," we may lament the fate of the suffering individual, but we must not the less admire the mysterious disposition of that wise Providence which thus balances the moral good and evil of life;—which secures for a family, unhappy in the dispositions of one parent, a share of better and sweeter blood, transmitted from the other, and preserves to the offspring the affectionate care and pro-

tection of at least one of those from whom it is naturally due. Without the frequent occurrence of such alliances and unions—missorted as they seem at first sight—the world could not be that for which Eternal Wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once, and of suffering, where even the worst ills are chequered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them a necessary alloy of embittering depreciation.

When, indeed, we look a little closer on the causes of those unexpected and ill-suited attachments, we have occasion to acknowledge, that the means by which they are produced do not infer that complete departure from, or inconsistency with, the character of the parties, which we might expect when the result alone is contemplated. The wise purposes which Providence appears to have had in view, in permitting such intermixture of dispositions, tempers, and understandings, in the married state, are not accomplished by any mysterious impulse by which, in contradiction to the ordinary laws of nature, men or women are urged to an union with those whom the world see to be unsuitable to them. The freedom of will is permitted to us in the occurrences of ordinary life, as in our moral conduct; and in the former, as well as the latter case, is often the means of misguiding those who possess it. Thus it usually happens, more especially to the enthusiastic and imaginative, that, having formed a picture of admiration in their own mind, they too often deceive themselves by some faint resemblance in some existing being, whom their fancy as speedily as gratuitously invests with all the attributes necessary to complete the *beau idéal* of mental perfection. No one, perhaps, even in the happiest marriage, with an object really beloved, ever found all the qualities he expected to possess; but in far too many cases, he finds he has practised a much higher degree of mental deception, and has erected his airy castle of felicity upon some rainbow, which owed its very existence only to the peculiar state of the atmosphere.

Thus Mordaunt, if better acquainted with life, and with the course of human things, would have been little surprised that such a man as Cleveland, handsome, bold, and animated,—a man who had obviously lived in danger, and who spoke of it as sport, should have been invested, by a girl of Minna's fanciful character, with an extensive share of those qualities, which in her active imagination, were held to fill up the accomplishments of a heroic character. The plain bluntness of his manner, if remote from courtesy, appeared, at least, as widely different from deceit; and, un-

fashioned as he seemed by forms, he had enough both of natural sense, and natural good-breeding, to support the delusion he had created, at least so far as externals were concerned. It is scarce necessary to add, that these observations apply exclusively to what are called love-matches; for when either party fix their attachment upon the substantial comforts of a rental, or a jointure, they cannot be disappointed in the acquisition, although they may be cruelly so in their over-estimation of the happiness it was to afford, or in having too slightly anticipated the disadvantages with which it was to be attended.

Having a certain partiality for the dark Beauty whom we have described, we have willingly dedicated this digression, in order to account for a line of conduct which we allow to seem absolutely unnatural in such a narrative as the present, though the most common event in ordinary life; namely, in Minna's appearing to have over-estimated the taste, talent, and ability of a handsome young man, who was dedicating to her his whole time and attention, and whose homage rendered her the envy of almost all the other young women of that numerous party. Perhaps, if our fair readers will take the trouble to consult their own bosoms, they will be disposed to allow, that the distinguished good taste exhibited by any individual, who, when his attentions would be agreeable to a whole circle of rivals, selects *one* as their individual object, entitles him, on the footing of reciprocity, if on no other, to a large share of that one's favourable, and even partial esteem. At any rate, if the character shall, after all, be deemed inconsistent and unnatural, it concerns not us, who record the facts as we find them, and pretend no privilege for bringing closer to nature those incidents which may seem to diverge from it; or for reducing to consistency that most inconsistent of all created things—the heart of a beautiful and admired female.

Suffice it to say, that we differ from this solution of the difficulty, ingenious and old as it is; and to justify that opinion, ask only whether such a man as Cleveland would not be a general favourite with women, instead of being so merely with those of a particularly retired and fantastic character, which destroys the author's balance of qualities in love? Indeed, his own story is a very bad illustration of his doctrine; for this romantic and imprudent attachment of the gentle and sensitive Minna to the bold and profligate Captain Cleveland leads to nothing but the most disastrous consequences; and the opposition between their sentiments

and characters, which was to make them fit partners for life, only prevents the possibility of their union, and renders both parties permanently miserable. Besides, the whole perplexity is, after all, gratuitous. The enmity between Cleveland and young Mertoun (the chief subject of the plot) is founded on their jealousy of each other in regard to Minna, and yet there had been no positive engagement between her and Mertoun, who, like Edmund in *Lear*, is equally betrothed to both sisters—in the end marrying the one that he as well as the reader likes least. Afterwards, when the real character of this gay rover of the seas is more fully developed, and he gets into scrapes with the police of Orkney, the grave, romantic Minna, like a true Northern lass, deserts him, and plays off a little old-fashioned, unavailing, but discreet morality upon him. When the reader begins to sympathise with “a brave man in distress,” then is the time for his mistress with “the pale face and raven locks” to look to her own character. We like the theory of the *Beggar's Opera* better than this: the ladies there followed their supposed hero, their *beau ideal* of a lover, to prison, instead of leaving him to his untoward fate. Minna is NO NUT-BROWN MAID, though she has a passion for outlaws, between whose minds and those of the graver and more reflecting of the fair sex there is, according to the opinion of our GREAT UNKNOWN, a secret and pre-established harmony. What is still more extraordinary and unsatisfactory in the progress of the story is this—all the pretended preternatural influence of Norna of the Fitful-Head, the most potent and impressive personage in the drama, is exerted to defeat Cleveland's views, and to give Minna to Mordaunt Mertoun, for whom she conceives an instinctive and anxious attachment as her long-lost son; and yet in the end the whole force of this delusion, and the reader's sympathies, are destroyed by the discovery that Cleveland, not Mertoun, is her real offspring, and that she has been equally led astray by her maternal affection and preternatural pretensions. Does this great writer of romances, this profound historiographer of the land of visions and of second sight, thus

mean to qualify his thrilling mysteries—to *back* out of his thrice-hallowed prejudices, and to turn the tables upon us with modern cant and philosophic scepticism? That is the last thing we could forgive him!

We have said that the characters in the *Pirate* are not altogether new. Norna, the enchantress, whom he is “so fond” at last to depose from her *ideal* cloudy throne of spells and mystic power, is the Meg Merrilies of the scene. She passes over it with vast strides, is at hand whenever she is wanted, sits hatching fate on the topmost tower that overlooks the wilderness of waves, or glides suddenly from a subterraneous passage, and in either case moulds the elements of nature, and the unruly passions of men, to her purposes. She has “strange power of speech,” weaves events with words, is present wherever she pleases, and performs what she wills, and yet she doubts her own power, and criticises her own pretensions. Meg Merrilies was an honest witch. She at least stuck true to herself. We hate any thing by halves; and most of all, imagination and superstition piecemeal. Cleveland, again, is a sort of inferior *Gentle Geordie*, and Minna lags after Effic Deans, the victim of misplaced affection, but far, far behind. Wert thou to live a thousand years, and write a thousand romances, thou wouldst never, old True-penny, beat thy own *Heart of Mid Lothian*! It is for that we can forgive thee all that thou didst mean to write in the *BEACON*, or hast written elsewhere, beneath the dignity of thy genius and knowledge of man’s weaknesses, as well as better nature! Magnus Troil is a great name, a striking name; but we *ken* his person before; he is of the same genealogy as the Bailie Braidwardine, and other representatives of old Scottish hospitality: the dwarf Nick Strumpfer is of a like familiar breed, only uglier and more useless than any former one: we have even traces, previous to the *Pirate*, of the extraordinary agriculturist and projector, Mr. Timothy Yellowley, and his sister, Miss Barbara Yellowley, with pinched nose and grey eyes; but we confess we have one individual who was before a stranger to us, at least in these parts, namely, Claud Halcro, the

poet, and friend of “Glorious John.” We do not think him in his place amidst dwarfs, witches, pirates, and *Udallers*; and his stories of the Wits’ Coffee-house and Dryden’s poetry are as tedious to the critical reader as they were to his Zetland patron and hearers. We might confirm this opinion by a quotation, but we should be thought too tedious. He fills up, we will venture to say, a hundred pages of the work with sheer impertinence, with *pibble prabble*. Whenever any serious matter is to be attended to, Claud Halcro pulls out his fiddle and draws the long bow, and repeats some verses of “Glorious John.” Bunce, the friend of Cleveland, is much better; for we can conceive how a strolling-player should turn gentleman-rover in a time of need, and the foppery and finery of the itinerant stage-hero become the quarter-deck exceedingly well. In general, however, our author’s humour requires the aid of costume and dialect to set it off to advantage: his wit is Scotch, not English wit. It must have the *twang* of the uncouth pronunciation and peculiar manners of the country in it. The elder Mertoun is a striking misanthropic sketch; but it is not very well made out in what his misanthropy originates, nor to what it tends. He is merely a part of the machinery: neither is he the first gentleman in these Novels who lands without an introduction on the remote shores of Scotland, and shuts himself up (for reasons best known to himself) in inaccessible and solitary confinement. We had meant to give the outline of the story of the *Pirate*, but we are ill at a plot, and do not care to blunt the edge of the reader’s curiosity by anticipating each particular. As far, however, as relates to the historical foundation of the narrative, the author has done it to our hands, and we give his words as they stand in the *Advertisement*.

In the month of January 1724-5 a vessel, called the *Revenge*, bearing twenty large guns, and six smaller, commanded by John Gow, or Goffe, or Smith, came to the Orkney Islands, and was discovered to be a pirate, by various acts of insolence and villainy committed by the crew. These were for some time submitted to, the inhabitants of these remote islands not possessing arms nor means of resistance; and

so bold was the captain of these banditti, that he not only came ashore, and gave dancing parties in the village of Stromness, but, before his real character was discovered, engaged the affections and received the troth-plight of a young lady, possessed of some property. A patriotic individual, James Fea, younger, of Clestron, formed the plan of securing the buccaneer, which he effected by a mixture of courage and address, in consequence chiefly of Gow's vessel having gone on shore near the harbour of Calfsound, on the Island of Eda, not far distant from a house then inhabited by Mr. Fea. In the various stratagems by which Mr. Fea contrived finally, at the peril of his life, they being well armed and desperate, to make the whole pirates his prisoners, he was much aided by Mr. James Laing, the grandfather of the late Malcolm Laing, Esq. the acute and ingenious historian of Scotland during the 17th century. Gow, and others of his crew, suffered, by sentence of the High Court of Admiralty, the punishment their crimes had long deserved. He conducted himself with great audacity when before the Court; and, from an account of the matter, by an eye-witness, seems to have been subjected to some unusual severities, in order to compel him to plead. The words are these: "John Gow would not plead, for which he was brought to the bar, and the Judge ordered that his thumbs should be squeezed by two men, with a whip-cord, till it did break; and then it should be doubled, till it did again break, and then laid three-fold, and that the executioners should pull with their whole strength; which sentence Gow endured with a great deal of boldness." The next morning, (27th May, 1725,) when he had seen the preparations for pressing him to death, his courage gave way, and he told the Marshal of Court, that he would not have given so much trouble, had he been assured of not being hanged in chains. He was then tried, condemned, and executed, with others of his crew.

It is said, that the lady whose affections Gow had engaged, went up to London to see him before his death, and that, arriving too late, she had the courage to request a sight of his dead body; and then touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the troth-plight which she had bestowed. Without going through this ceremony, she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover, in the event of her bestowing upon any living suitor, the faith which she had plighted to the dead. This part of the legend may serve as a curious commentary on the beautiful tale of the fine Scottish ballad, which begins,

There came a ghost to Margaret's door, &c.

VOL. V.

The common account of this incident farther bears, that Mr. Fea, the spirited individual, by whose exertions Gow's career of iniquity was cut short, was so far from receiving any reward from Government, that he could not obtain even countenance enough to protect him against a variety of sham suits, raised against him by Newgate solicitors, who acted in the name of Gow, and others of the pirate crew; and the av-rious expences, vexatious prosecutions, and other legal consequences, in which his gallantry involved him, utterly ruined his fortune and his family; making his memory a notable example to all who shall in future take pirates on their own authority.

Of the execution of these volumes we need hardly speak. It is inferior, but it is only inferior to some of his former works. — Whatever he touches, we see the hand of a master. He has only to describe actions, thoughts, scenes, and they everywhere speak, breathe, and live. It matters not whether it be a calm sea-shore, a mountain-tempest, a drunken brawl, "the Cathedral's choir and gloom," the Sybil's watch-tower, or the smuggler's cave; the things are immediately there that we should see, hear, and feel. He is Nature's Secretary. He neither adds to, nor takes away from, her book; and that makes him what he is, the most popular writer living. We might give various instances of his unrivalled undecaying power, but shall select only one or two with which we were most struck and delighted in the perusal. The characters of the two sisters, daughters of Magnus Troil, and the heroines of the tale, are thus beautifully drawn:

From her mother, Minna inherited the stately form and dark eyes, the raven locks and finely pencilled brows, which showed she was, on one side, at least, a stranger to the blood of Thule. Her cheek,

O call it fair, not pale,

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion. But in that predominance of the paler flower, there was nothing sickly or languid; it was the true natural complexion of health, and corresponded in a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated to express a contemplative and high-minded character. When Minna Troil heard a tale of woe, or of injustice, it was then her blood rushed to her cheeks, and showed plainly how warm it beat, notwithstanding the generally serious, composed, and retiring disposition, which her countenance

H

and demeanour seemed to exhibit. If strangers sometimes conceived that these fine features were clouded by melancholy, for which her age and situation could scarce have given occasion, they were soon satisfied, upon further acquaintance, that the placid, mild quietude of her disposition, and the mental energy of a character which was but little interested in ordinary and trivial occurrences, was the real cause of her gravity; and most men, when they knew that her melancholy had no ground in real sorrow, and was only the aspiration of a soul bent on more important objects than those by which she was surrounded, might have wished her whatever could add to her happiness, but could scarce have desired that, graceful as she was in her natural and unaffected seriousness, she should change that deportment for one more gay. In short, notwithstanding our wish to have avoided that hackneyed simile of an angel, we cannot avoid saying there was something in the serious beauty of her aspect, in the measured, yet graceful ease of her motions, in the music of her voice, and the serene purity of her eye, that seemed as if Minna Troil belonged naturally to some higher and better sphere, and was only the chance visitant of a world that was scarce worthy of her.

The scarce less beautiful, equally lovely, and equally innocent Brenda, was of a complexion as differing from her sister, as they differed in character, taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were of that paly brown which receives from the passing sun-beam a tinge of gold, but darkens again when the ray has passed from it. Her eye, her mouth, the beautiful row of teeth, which, in her innocent vivacity, were frequently disclosed; the fresh, yet not too bright glow of a healthy complexion, tinged a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but even more finely moulded into symmetry—a careless, and almost childish lightness of step—an eye that seemed to look on every object with pleasure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister, though, perhaps, that which Minna did excite, might be of a more intense as well as a more reverential character.

The dispositions of these lovely sisters were not less different than their complexions. In the kindly affections, neither could be said to excel the other, so much were they attached to their father and to each other. But the cheerfulness of Brenda mixed itself with the every-day business of life, and seemed inexhaustible in its profusion. The less buoyant spirit of her sister appeared to bring to society a contented wish to be interested and pleased with what was going forward, but was ra-

ther placidly carried along with the stream of mirth and pleasure, than disposed to aid its progress by any efforts of her own. She endured mirth, rather than enjoyed it; and the pleasures in which she most delighted were those of a graver and more solitary cast. The knowledge which is derived from books was beyond her reach. Zetland afforded few opportunities, in those days, of studying the lessons bequeathed

By dead men to their kind;

and Magnus Troil, such as we have described him, was not a person within whose mansion the means of such knowledge was to be acquired. But the book of nature was before Minna, that noblest of volumes, where we are ever called to wonder and to admire, even when we cannot understand. The plants of those wild regions, the shells on the shores, and the long list of feathered clans which haunt their cliffs and eyries, were as well known to Minna Troil, as to the most experienced of the fowlers. Her powers of observation were wonderful, and little interrupted by other tones of feeling. The information which she acquired by habits of patient attention were indelibly rivetted in a naturally powerful memory. She had also a high feeling for the solitary and melancholy grandeur of the scenes in which she was placed. The ocean, in all its varied forms of sublimity and terror—the tremendous cliffs that resound to the ceaseless roar of the billows, and the clang of the sea-fowl, had for Minna a charm in almost every state in which the changing seasons exhibited them. With the enthusiastic feelings proper to the romantic race from which her mother descended, the love of natural objects was to her a passion capable of not only occupying, but at times of agitating her mind. Scenes upon which her sister looked with a sense of transient awe or emotion, which vanished on her return from witnessing them, continued long to fill Minna's imagination, not only in solitude, and in the silence of the night, but in the hours of society. So that sometimes when she sat like a beautiful statue, a present member of the domestic circle, her thoughts were far absent, wandering on the wild sea-shore, and amongst the yet wilder mountains of her native isles. And yet, when recalled to conversation, and mingling in it with interest, there were few to whom her friends were more indebted for enhancing its enjoyments; and, although something in her manners claimed deference (notwithstanding her early youth) as well as affection, even her gay, lovely, and amiable sister was not more generally beloved than the more retired and pensive Minna.

So much for elegant Vandyke portrait painting. Now for something in the Salvator style. Norna, the

terrific and unhappy Norna, is thus finely introduced:

So saying, he drew a stool to the fire, and sate down without further ceremony. Dame Baby stared, "wild as grey goss-hawk," and was meditating how to express her indignation in something warmer than words, for which the boiling pot seemed to offer a convenient hint, when an old half-starved serving woman, the sharer of her domestic cares, who had been as yet in some remote corner of the mansion, now hobbled into the room, and broke out into exclamations which indicated some new cause of alarm.

"O master!" and "O mistress!" were the only sounds she could for some time articulate, and then followed him up with, "The best in the house—the best in the house—set a' on the board, and a' will be little aneugh—there is auld Norna of Fitful-head, the most fearful woman in all the isles!"

"Where can she have been wandering?" said Mordaunt, not without some apparent sympathy with the surprise, if not with the alarm, of the old domestic; "but it is needless to ask—the worse the weather, the more likely is she to be a traveller."

"What new tramper is this?" echoed the distracted Baby, whom the quick succession of guests had driven well nigh crazy with vexation. "I'll soon settle her wandering, I shall warrant, if my brother has but the soul of a man in him, or if there be a pair of jous at Scalloway."

"The iron was never forged on stithy that would hauld her," said the old maid-servant. "She comes—she comes—God's sake speak her fair and canny, or we will have a ravelled hasp on the yarn-windles."

As she spoke, a woman tall enough almost to touch the top of the door with her cap, stepped into the room, signing the cross as she entered, and pronouncing, with a solemn voice, "The blessing of God and Saint Ronald on the open door, and their braid malison and mine upon close-handed churls!"

"And wha are ye, that are sae bauld wi' your blessing and banning in other folks' houses? What kind of country is this, that folks cannot sit quiet for an hour, and serve heaven, and keep their bit gear thegither, without gangrel men and women coming thigging and sorning ane after another, like a string of wild-geese?"

This speech, the understanding reader will easily saddle on Mistress Baby, and what effects it might have produced on the last stranger can only be matter of conjecture; for the old servant and Mordaunt applied themselves at once to the party addressed, in order to deprecate her resentment; the former speaking to her some words of Norse, in a tone of intercession,

and Mordaunt saying in English, "They are strangers, Norna, and know not your name or qualities; they are unacquainted, too, with the ways of this country, and therefore we must hold them excused for their lack of hospitality."

"I lack no hospitality, young man," said Triptolemus, "*miseris succurrere disco*—the goose that was destined to roost in the chimney till Michaelmas, is boiling in the pot for you; but if we had twenty geese, I see we are like to find mouths to eat them every feather—this must be amended."

"What must be amended, sordid slave?" said the stranger Norna, turning at once upon him with an emphasis that made him start—"What must be amended? Bring hither, if thou wilt, thy new-fangled coulters, spades and harrows, alter the implements of our fathers from the ploughshare to the mouse-trap; but know thou art in the land that was won of old by the flaxen-haired Kempions of the north, and leave us their hospitality at least, to shew we come of what was once noble and generous. I say to you beware—while Norna looks forth at the measureless waters, from the crest of Fitful-head, something is yet left that resembles power of defence. If the men of Thule have ceased to be champions, and to spread the banquet for the raven, the women have not forgotten the arts that lifted them of yore into queens and prophetesses."

The woman who pronounced this singular tirade, was as striking in appearance as extravagantly lofty in her pretensions and in her language. She might well have represented on the stage, so far as features, voice, and stature were concerned, the Bon-duca or Boadicca of the Britons, or the sage Velleda, Aurinia, or any other fated Pythoness, who ever led to battle a tribe of the ancient Goths. Her features were high and well formed, and would have been handsome but for the ravages of time, and the effects of exposure to the severe weather of her country. Age, and perhaps sorrow, had quenched, in some degree, the fire of a dark blue eye, whose hue almost approached to black, and had sprinkled snow on such part of her tresses as had escaped from under her cap, and were dishevelled by the rigour of the storm. Her upper garment, which dropped with water, was of a coarse dark-coloured stuff, called Wadmaral, then much used in the Zetland islands, as also in Iceland and Norway. But as she threw this cloak back from her shoulders, a short jacket, of dark blue velvet, stamped with figures, became visible, and the vest, which corresponded to it, was of crimson colour, and embroidered with tarnished silver. Her girdle was plaited with silver ornaments, cut into the shape of planetary signs—her blue apron was embroidered with similar devices, and covered

a petticoat of crimson cloth. Strong thick enduring shoes, of the half-dressed leather of the country, were tied with straps like those of the Roman buskins, over her scarlet stockings. She wore in her belt, an ambiguous looking weapon, which might pass for a sacrificing knife or dagger, as the imagination of the spectator chose to assign to the wearer the character of a priestess or of a sorceress. In her hand she held a staff, squared on all sides, and engraved with Runic characters and figures, forming one of those portable and perpetual calendars which were used among the ancient natives of Scandinavia, and which, to a superstitious eye, might have passed for a divining rod.

Such were the appearance, features, and attire of Norna of the Fitful-head, upon whom many of the inhabitants of the island looked with observance, many with fear, and almost all with a sort of veneration. Less pregnant circumstances of suspicion would, in any other part of Scotland, have exposed her to the investigation of those cruel inquisitors, who were then often invested with the delegated authority of the privy-council, for the purpose of persecuting, torturing, and finally consigning to the flames, those who were accused of witchcraft or sorcery. But superstitions of this nature pass through two stages ere they become entirely obsolete. Those supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers, are venerated in the earlier stages of society. As religion and knowledge increase, they are first held in hatred and horror, and are finally regarded as impostors. Scotland was in the second state—the fear of witchcraft was great, and the hatred against those suspected of it intense. Zetland was as yet a little world by itself, where, among the lower and ruder classes, so much of the ancient northern superstition remained, as cherished the original veneration for those affecting supernatural knowledge and power over the elements, which made a constituent part of the ancient Scandinavian creed. At least, if the natives of Thule admitted that one class of magicians performed their feats by their alliance with Satan, they devoutly believed that others dealt with spirits of a different and less odious class—the ancient dwarfs, called, in Zetland, Trows or Drows, the modern fairies, and so forth.

Among those who were supposed to be in league with disembodied spirits, this Norna, descended from, and representative of a family which had long pretended to such gifts, was so eminent, that the name assigned to her, which signifies one of those fatal sisters who weave the web of human fate, had been conferred in honour of her supernatural powers. The name by which she had been actually christened was carefully concealed by herself and her parents; for to the discovery they superstitiously annexed some fatal consequences. In these

times, the doubt only occurred whether her supposed powers were acquired by lawful means. In our days, it would have been questioned whether she was an impostor, or whether her imagination was so deeply impressed with the mysteries of her supposed art, that she might be in some degree a believer in her own pretensions to supernatural knowledge. Certain it is, that she performed her part with such undoubting confidence, and such striking dignity of look and action, and evinced, at the same time, such strength of language, and such energy of purpose, that it would have been difficult for the greatest sceptic to have doubted the reality of her enthusiasm, though he might smile at the pretensions to which it gave rise.

We give one more extract in a different style; and we think the comic painting in it is little inferior to Hogarth's.

Now the fortunate arrival of Mordaunt, in the very nick of time, not to mention the good cheer which he brought with him, made him as welcome as any one could possibly be to a threshold, which on all ordinary occasions, abhorred the passage of a guest; nor was Mr. Yellowley altogether insensible of the pleasure he promised himself in detailing his plans of improvement to his young companion, and enjoying what his fate seldom assigned him—the company of a patient and admiring listener.

As the factor and his sister were to prosecute their journey on horseback, it only remained to mount their guide and companion—a thing easily accomplished, where there are such numbers of shaggy, long-backed, short-legged ponies running wild upon the extensive moors, which are the common pasturage for the cattle of every township, where shelties, geese, swine, goats, sheep, and little Zetland cows, are turned out promiscuously, and often in numbers which can obtain but precarious subsistence from the niggard vegetation. There is, indeed, a right of individual property in all these animals, which are branded or tattooed by each owner with his own peculiar mark; but when any passenger has occasional use for a poney, he never scruples to lay hold of the first which he can catch, puts on a halter, and, having rode him as far as he finds convenient, turns the animal loose to find his way back again as he best can—a matter in which the ponies are sufficiently sagacious.

Although this general exercise of property was one of the enormities which in due time the factor intended to abolish, yet, like a wise man, he scrupled not, in the mean time, to avail himself of so general a practice, which, he condescended to allow, was particularly convenient for

those who (as chanced to be his own present case) had no ponies of their own on which their neighbours could retaliate. Three shelties, therefore, were procured from the hill—little shagged animals, more resembling wild bears than any thing of the horse tribe, yet possessed of no small degree of strength and spirit, and able to endure as much fatigue and indifferent usage as any creatures in the world.

Two of these horses were already provided and fully accoutred for the journey. One of them, destined to bear the fair person of Mistress Baby, was decorated with a huge side-saddle of venerable antiquity—a mass, as it were, of cushion and padding, from which depended, on all sides, a housing of ancient tapestry, which, having been originally intended for a horse of ordinary size, covered up the diminutive palfrey over whom it was spread, from the ears to the tail, and from the shoulder to the fetlock, leaving nothing visible but its head, which looked fiercely out from these enfoldments, like the heraldic representation of a lion looking out of a bush. Mordaunt gallantly lifted up the fair Mistress Yellowley, and, at the expence of very slight exertion, placed her upon the summit of her mountainous saddle. It is probable, that, on feeling herself thus squired and attended upon, and experiencing the long unwonted consciousness that she was attired in her best array, some thoughts dawned upon Mistress Baby's mind, which chequered, for an instant, those habitual ideas about thrift, that formed the daily and all-engrossing occupation of her soul. She glanced her eye upon her faded Joseph, and on the long housings of her saddle, as she observed, with a smile, to Mordaunt, that "travelling was a pleasant thing in fine weather and agreeable company, if," she added, glancing a look at a place where the embroidery was somewhat frayed and tattered, "it was not *sae* wasteful to ane's horse-furniture."

Meanwhile her brother stepped stoutly to his steed; and as he chose, notwithstanding the serenity of the weather, to throw a long red cloak over his other garments, his poney was even more completely enveloped in drapery than that of his sister. It happened, moreover, to be an animal of an high and contumacious spirit, bouncing and curvetting occasionally under the weight of Triptolemus, with a vivacity which, notwithstanding his Yorkshire descent, rather deranged him in the saddle;—gambols which, as the palfrey itself was not visible, except upon the strictest inspection, had, at a little distance, an effect as if they were the voluntary movements of the cloaked cavalier, without the assistance of any other legs than those with which nature had provided

him; and, to any one who had viewed Triptolemus under such a persuasion, the gravity, and even distress, announced in his countenance, must have made a ridiculous contrast to the vivacious caprioles with which he piaffed along the moor.

Mordaunt kept up with this worthy couple, mounted, according to the simplicity of the time and country, on the first and readiest poney which they had been able to press into the service, with no other accoutrement of any kind than the halter which served to guide him; while Mr. Yellowley, seeing with pleasure his guide thus readily provided with a steed, privately resolved, that this rude custom of helping travellers to horses, without leave of the proprietor, should not be abated in Zetland, until he came to possess a herd of ponies belonging in property to himself, and exposed to suffer in the way of retaliation.

Shall we go on? No: but will leave the reader to revel at ease in the luxuries of feeling and description [scattered through the rest of the work.

We have only time to add two remarks more, which we do not remember to have seen made. One relates to the exquisitely good-natured and liberal tone displayed in the author's quotations from living writers. He takes them every one by turns, and of all factions in poetry and politics, under his wing, and sticks a stanza from Coleridge, from Wordsworth, from Byron, from Crabbe, from Rogers, as a motto to his chapters, not jealous of their popularity, nor disdaining their obscurity. The author can hardly guess how much we like him for this. The second thing we would advert to is a fault, and a remarkable one. It is the slovenliness of the style and badness of the grammar throughout these admirable productions. Badness of the grammar! Slovenly style! What do you mean by that? Take a few instances, and we have done with the subject for ever. We give them *seriatim*, as we marked them in the margin.

Here Magnus proceeded with great *animation*, sipping from *time to time* the half diluted spirit, which at the same *time animated* his resentment against the intruders, &c. P. 16.

In those days (for the *present* times are greatly altered for the better) the *presence* of a superior in such a situation, &c. P. 21.

The *information*, which she acquired by habits of patient attention, *were* indelibly rivetted in a naturally powerful memory P. 48.

And I know not *whom* else are expected.
P. 56.

Or perhaps he *preferred* the situation of the house and farm which he himself was to occupy (which was indeed a tolerable one) as *preferable* to that, &c. P. 89.

The *strength* of the retiring wave proved

even *stronger* than he had expected, &c.
P. 169.

But let us have done with this, and leave it to the Editor of the Quarterly Review to take up the subject as a mighty important little discovery of his own!

THE DRAMA.

CHRISTMAS, according to traditionary right, is made up of frost, perhaps snow; turkeys, mince-pies, and burnt brandy (oh for a game of snap-dragon! who'll play?); consequently cannot consist with thunder and rotten humidity, which sours your turkey, makes limp the puff-paste, and turns the oily cogniac from a privileged luxury, into an obvious necessary! This is what valetudinarians call fine open weather. I love to hear the roads ring like iron to the trotting hoofs; to listen to the heavy shoes of the rustic, who thumps his hollow shoulders with tingling hands. Then is the time for toasted cheese, for spiced ale, for the parting glass of hot elder wine, which gives the bed-ward shiverer a few minutes more reprieve ere he launches into the bleak atmosphere of unwarmed corridors;—then are sprats eaten, and scalloped oysters;—virtuous dames knit red worsted nets for their husbands' throats; chairs are drawn round the fire after dinner, and travelers twine hay-bands round their stirrup-irons. Mouths smoke, and chimney-pots,—another blanket is put on Mr. B.'s bed, "who could not sleep a wink for the cold all last night." The coats of horses stare, and the gardener mats carefully his forcing frames—

The bellman's drowsy charm
Blesses the doors from nightly harm.

The village fidler scrapes with cheerful discord for his Christmas-box.—Through the gaping embrasures of Fort C—d the wind cuts shrilly; the turbid billows break with watery roar on the Goodwins, and

the wild blast sweeps mightily, raging over Stanmore waste.—But now

The winds have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents;
* * * * *

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
The crows are fatted with the murrain'd
flock;

The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
*The human mortals want their WINTER
here!*

No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter * * * * *
And on old Hyems' chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. *

DRURY LANE.

We are not aware of any novelties having appeared at this ill-directed place, except De Montfort, and the feminine debüt to be noted below. 'The splendid Coronation' has ceased to draw, and Mr. Kean has been forced into double harness with it, which at first we believe he declined. The treasury, however, was not much the better, and orders to well-dressed people for the dress circle are said to have been issued plentifully. Still we do not credit the vulgar notion, that Kean's day is over, that his trick is found out, &c.; but rather attribute the continued depression to a parsimony behind the scenes, which refuses to grant salaries in any way adequate to very moderate abilities. † A play cannot now be

* At the time I write, I have an evening primrose to my nose; the strawberry plants are in bloom; violets were gathered a week ago of full perfume; gooseberry bushes and honeysuckles are covered with bursting leaflets; and the sparrows, poor fools! are building their nests.—Dec. 19.

† It is rumoured that the munificence of the person appointed to treat with performers offered Mr. D—n, the justly celebrated Comedian, four pounds per week!!

upheld by the talents of one man, let them be ever so brilliant—two or three good lamps enliven the darkness much better than the most eye-blinding flashes of lightning; and Kean is not to be kept on the stage constantly, throughout five acts, as you may a glass chandelier. Good-for-nothing people have a notion that the Drury Roscius has something to do with this beggarly array, and do not scruple to charge him with the “lowest players’ vices—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause: one who in the exercise of his profession is jealous, even of the women performers that stand in his way, full of tricks, stratagems, and finesse.”—If these things were true, let him be whistled down the wind, a sport for chiding fortune; “for why should honour survive honesty?” But we have a better opinion of Mr. Kean’s theatrical knowledge; he must be aware that his feeling and nature cut sadly against the coldness and impracticability of his colleagues, and that the audience soon get tired of his hectoring triumphs over their evident inferiority. There is no sport! he walks over the course; and tort-strung must those powers be which are not enervated by this dangerous facility. To our mind some trifling symptoms of this degeneracy are, if we may use the figure, creaming over the style of Kean. Flattery before him, and weakness beside him, have swelled a proper self-appreciation into a dreaming security; he seems, generally speaking, to have composed a sort of off-hand compendious theory of setting giddy palms in motion, lively and imposing, flashy and shallow, which, though more affected than the graceful majesty of John Kemble, is termed nature by his parasites. All these pictorially-mean and petty gestures, (nearly as disgusting to a man of taste as a courtier’s finical bow) come home to their trammelled comprehensions; and consequently the broadly expanded noble actions of John Philip are to them foolishness. We are running

counter, we know, to the present doctrine in vogue; but we confess with Sir Joshua Reynolds, that it appears more honourable to fall in flying after M. Angelo than to succeed by creeping with Ostade and Brouwer. C. Lamb himself has failed to change this studiously weighed opinion of ours; so has Hazlitt (though to differ from him is a good deal presumptuous, and not a little dangerous). * At present Mr. Kean too often resembles his double, Booth, rather than himself; the harmonizing glazings are scoured off in patches, and the dead colouring is left bare. It is the delicate, almost imperceptible finishing, that shows the master; the imitating pupils can *forward* the picture. K—’s lazy play is in singular unison with the developements of character in Müllner; every word is anatomized and commented on; every expression must be marked and insisted on. The faculties of attention and comprehension are kept painfully tense—he is inflexible that his art shall be apprehended; there is an excess of consciousness; the audience admire and applaud, and few take the trouble to investigate whether they were moved by the keys of the heart or the head. I have as great a dislike to all this glitter and blaze as I have to a picture where every face and body is eruditely and indiscriminately fore-shortened. Still Kean’s worst is preferable to Young’s best; and when the afflatus comes on him, as in Othello, he wrings the heart-strings even to breaking. To return to our starting place, (we have a sad knack of *bolting*, as Buckle would say,) if the popularity of this true genius is on the wane, he may lay it to his own sluggishness, and to the play-bill puffs which blush in red letters at their own grossness. “MR. KEAN’S performance of Sir Giles Overreach exceeded even the effects of his first delineation of that character, and was honoured with repeated bursts of applause until the falling of the curtain! The whole of the play seeming also to contribute highly to

* We have not forgotten Mr. Hazlitt’s attack on our old friend Janus, in the Table Talk, and had thought to have taken up the cudgels, but W. assured us that he was quite satisfied:—1. Because he had no mind to another drubbing.—2. Because most of the points answered themselves.—3. Because he had made the great Lion wag his tail.—And, 4. Because the satire of his Diogenes had immortalized the victim. “Better be damned, than mentioned not at all.”

the public satisfaction, it will be repeated to-morrow, being Mr. KEAN's last appearance until the termination of the Christmas Holidays!!" This latter sentence is untrue—he has played Hastings and Macbeth twice each! after announcing Hastings ("for this night only.") People are sick of such quackery.

Dec. 16.—A fuller house was assembled than on any previous night in the season. The pit was crowded, and the front rows of the dress circle looked gay with silks, gold combs, flowers, variegated shawls, and rich-coloured jewels. The attraction was a Miss Edmiston in the part of Jane Shore, supported by Kean in the wavering Hastings; and by the noisy partisans of that gentleman, who it seems had prognosticated success; therefore she was to succeed. The lady, who appears about seven and twenty, received the welcoming hubbub with all imaginable serenity. Her curtsy sank into a kneel, and drew, as was intended, a fresh tumult of applause. An affected drag in her step was construed, by those determined to think favourably, into a modest tremor; so was the inaudibility of her level speaking: we cold critics have the cruel faculty of detecting the truth, and to us there was too much of artifice in her gentleness. It is ill-advised to confess it perhaps; but the singular self-possession that marked "*this first appearance on any stage*" hardened our hearts considerably against her charms: the reader will, therefore, make allowance for a little *un-gallantry* towards an *unprotected* female, as folks say. We must pass the sentence of the law, though the tears run down our judge-like cheeks. Perhaps we were out of humour to see that our share of encouragement was needless, for she could do nothing to please us the whole night. We did not like her voice, we did not like her gesticulation, we did not like her pathos, we did not like her heroics; and though her figure and features were good, we neither liked her in full dress nor in dishabille. Something of this lack-sympathy grew out of the character itself, and the whole indefinite diction of the play. A. Schlegel kindly says that "Rowe did not possess boldness and vigour, but sweetness and feeling; he could ex-

cite the softer emotions; and hence, in his *Fair Penitent*, Jane Shore, and Lady Jane Grey, he has successfully chosen female heroines and their weaknesses for his subject." All we know of his Jane Grey is, that there is a very pretty print by Sherwin, of Mrs. —, by way of frontispiece in Lowndes's *New English Theatre*, published *circa* 1780. We never read or saw *The Fair Penitent*, being amply contented with Massinger's original. Of Jane Shore we can speak from several painful experiences which sit heavy on our memories. Rowe is reported to have meant it for a Drama in the spirit of Shakspeare—we cannot find any touch of the great artist either in the conduct, the cast of thought, or the language. Were you to take away the measure and the exterior ornaments from Hamlet, there would still be poetry and sweetness; but the elevation of Rowe resides in a sort of cautious mouthing far beneath the hot rants of Eleazar, Œdipus, and Alexander; while his melody is little better than the monotonous recurrence of a Merlin's swing, or the easy trundle of a family coach. One of the personages is called Belmour, and this delicate appellation is a felicitous type of a Drama which "assumes to be poetry because it is not prose." If Miss Edmiston displayed little intuition into, or observation of, the secrets of nature in the guilty Jane, we must not argue thence her insufficiency; for of what use could the deepest insight into the genuine passions be in passages after this plan, with which, for the sake of better justifying our objections, we shall entreat the reader to contrast the death of Mrs. Frankford, the Woman killed with Kindness, of that prose Shakspeare, Old Heywood—straw versus flesh and blood. He will find the scene in Lamb and Campbell.

Bel. How fare you, lady?

Jane. My heart is thrill'd with horror,

Bel.

Be of courage:
Your husband lives: 'tis he, my worthiest
friend—look up.

Jane. I dare not!

Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for
ever.

Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly
to thee,

To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm
grown

A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee
more.

Jane. Oh! thou most injured—dost thou
live indeed?

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret ca-
verns!

Cast thy black veil upon my shame, oh
night,

And shield me with thy sable wing for ever!

Who will pretend that this has either originality or vraisemblance. Not to insist on such hollow talk as "black night and sable wing," it is throughout manifest that the writer has merely skimmed the surface; he puts down words instead of things; no distinction of character is to be found. "When we accurately examine the most of their (the dramatists of that day) tragical speeches, we shall find that they are seldom such as would be delivered by persons speaking or acting by themselves, without any restraint; we shall generally discover something in them which betrays a reference more or less to the spectator." Still Rowe must have his due; and it cannot be denied, that by incorporating his exposition or statement of the preliminary and actual situation of things with positive dramatic action, he has overcome that tedium which oppresses in the awkward prologues of Euripides, and the chief French writers both in Tragedy and the higher Comedy. We should not have been so wordy on this *leaden stock* piece, were it not that while many excellent plays of Thomas Heywood, Marston, Fletcher, Jonson, Ford, &c. lie dustily honoured in the collections of Dodsley and Reed, or the somewhat more popular editions of Gifford and Weber, the stage libraries creak with a body of respectable doaters, who, like Tithonus, seem to preserve immortality in senile decrepitude.

The character of Alicia (to return,—we are always returning!) is in itself sufficiently ugly and coarse. Why should it be delivered over to Mrs. Merrilies, Mrs. (what is her name?) Egerton. Mr. Pope acted the noble-minded husband well. Mr. Cooper as the Lord Protector, ditto. Kean's Hastings saved the play.—Of De Montfort we would rather be silent. The great little man made the most desperate and oftentimes brave

attempts to career it on his part over the necks of the audience: but it is sorry work to ride a saddle without a horse.—Gerald Duval, the laughable farce of Monsieur Tonson, and "*The splendid exhibition of the Coronation!*" have been alternated during the last month *as usual*.—

THE OTHER LARGE HOUSE.

The stage proceedings here are best given from their own bills.—

The PLAY of THE TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA, again produced as great an effect on a brilliant and overflowing audience as any previous revival of SHAKESPEARE. The introduction of his SONNETS and the MUSICK, were enthusiastically received, and the CARNIVAL was not only deemed a most magnificent spectacle, but a classical embellishment of a Play of our Immortal Bard.—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* will therefore be performed on Saturday, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and four times a week till further notice.

The New Entertainment, called THE TWO PAGES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, continuing to be received throughout with the highest approbation and applause, will be repeated every evening.

In consequence of the increased demand for places, The EXILE will be performed for the 29th and 30th times to-morrow and Tuesday.

We shall not discharge our function thoroughly if we do not say one word on the first of the above load-stars. Let Mr. Reynolds write original dramatic rhapsodies as long and as often as he pleases, and as the good-natured gallery will bear; but let him not attempt to darn Shakspeare's Plays that need no mending, and least of all such mending as Mr. Reynolds can give them.

The exterior ornaments are showered over the withered carcass of this Play with a brave prodigality; it is as if Sir Epicure Mammon sat in the treasury, "lord of the medicine." Marble halls cooled with water jets, which catch, and fling back fresher, the languid richness of the orange blossoms; dark hoary woods; silent shrubbed lawns, trimmed, curled, and set in order,—lucid lakes, black-dashing torrents, and sunny casinos, form the back-ground to the well-formed figures of Miss M. Tree, Jones, and Abbott. Then shines forth the pantomimical triumph of that *Ami des Enfants* Mr. Farley,—*"Go with him, and he will show"*

Apollonian temples, fiery mountains, allegorical palaces, — the circling seasons, conflicting elements, and “the serpent of Old Nile as when first she met Marc Antony, and pursed his heart up on the river Cydnus.” When—

The barge she sat in like a burnish'd throne
Burn'd on the waters.

When—

On each side of her——

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
Cupids,

With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
cool,

And what they did, undid.

In sober truth the Carnival, with its illuminations, processions, dances, and pageants, is surprisingly splendid, and would be admirable any where else but where it is; and the same may be said of the extraneous lyrical poetry, the sole effect of which is to distract the most determined attention, and retard the natural development of the fable. The effect of the only song proper to the play, (“Who is Sylvia?”) is marred beyond all conceivable indignation, by Bishop and Reynolds together having, for the sake of a female voice in the glee, made the wretched Julia assist in praising her dreaded rival, while the ensuing dialogue is retained, as if to throw ridicule on their own folly. “*Host.* How now, you are sadder than you were before? How do you do, man? The music likes you not!—*Julia.* You mistake! The musician likes me not.—He plays false, father.—*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?—*Julia.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.” Is this the language of a person who has just sung her part at sight? This is not all: how can it be reconciled even to poetical possibility, that an utter stranger (which Julia absolutely is) both to the music and the words, should swim so toppingly off in her share of each. This comes of a Sir Thurio meddling, who does not know the distinction between a regular romantic Drama and an Opera. We should have thought any fool (Hamlet's grave digger to borrow) might have surmised, that if the great author of the detached poems in

question had perceived the fitness of the introduction in any one of his artfully interwoven emanations, it would have been done. Sentences and descriptions may be good by themselves, yet impertinent as parts of a whole; because their mutual relations and dependencies are neglected or misunderstood. It was this rare comprehension of a whole which shed on the laurel crowns of Shakspeare and Raffaëlle that bloom, which shall remain fresh and dewy while a scene or group shall survive of their invention.

The actors come next, we believe? Miss Tree's Julia was in a higher taste, in a deeper gusto, than any of the other personations. She threw herself devotedly into the part, received passively the inspiration of her author, and, thus possessed wholly with his idea, poured forth into every gesture, look, and word, the genuine woman when she loves—yearningly timid, bashfully bold. Miss Tree has gradually gained to herself a superior and more permanent station than she originally made pretension to; and is now no longer a singer who can act, but an actress who can sing. Her figure round, yet slender—her limbs full, yet long—show to greater advantage her advantageously contrived androgynal vestments;—whose softly harmonised colours evidence much sentiment and feeling, either in herself or her adviser. Her light-bending attitudes when greedily yet fearfully drinking in the accents of her lover, may be contemplated as untiringly as the living lilies of Allegri and Parmegiano. Messrs. Abbott and Blanchard come next, for intelligence, spirit, and propriety in discharging their respective characters. Miss Beaumont was not half arch enough in Lucetta: she is a pretty girl, with an honest English expression spread over her face like a steady sunshine. Of Liston and Farren we cannot speak with commendation: yet they failed divergingly: Launce was not liked by the former, and Sir Thurio was at feud with the latter. Farren had not only missed his way, like Liston (who had the discretion to remain uncomfortably dubious), but dashed merrily along the lane of error. Does Mr. F. suppose that quizzing glasses were created in the opening of the sixteenth

century? Or that if they were, a butterfly, like Sir Thurio, would have employed one on Valentine without brooking the buffet or the stab? Miss Hallande sings very loud; and well, we make no doubt, as great applause followed the heels, or the final cadential shakes of several vocal difficulties, which, with Johnson, we wished were impossibilities.* It would be very unfair, as well as ungrateful, to criticise the lively Jones's Valentine. He was altogether thrust into a misfit; and it showed no little

talent that he never was offensive or liable to ridicule. This gentleman wears a long Spanish cloak better than any one on the stage; indeed, he graces every costume.

Of the "Two Pages," we can only say that it is an old story pleasantly retold. There was a very interesting piece on this subject, some years back (from the pen of Mr. Abbott, of this theatre) in which Terry as Frederic William, the father of Frederic the Great, was unapproachable.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE progress of Madame Catalani through the country has been marked by festivals at Bath, Bristol, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. We related in our last some anecdotes of her performances at the first named city. The lady is, however, creating for herself hosts of enemies while her powers make their natural impression. The exorbitancy of her demands (generally a considerable share of the receipts) transfers to her pocket so disproportionate a sum, that disparagement and hostility are scarcely to be wondered at. By the Bath Concerts Mr. Ashe, the conductor, was really a loser of 200*l*. while Catalani gained nearly 500*l*. At Bristol her emoluments were about the same, while the conductor there just escaped loss. At Glasgow the following has been published as the statement of the payment of the several performers, and the result to the charity for which the Concert was made. The gross receipts amounted to about 2,300*l*. and the expenses to 2,100*l*. Madame Catalani received about 760*l*. Mr. Braham, 250*l*. Mrs. Salmon, 260*l*. Signor Spagnoletti, 120*l*. Signor Placci, 80*l*. and upwards of 300*l*. were expended in alterations on the house. The profits to the charity will be about 200*l*.

The arrangements for the King's theatre are at length settled. It is announced by Mr. Ebers that the opera will be under the direction of a committee of noblemen. The bal-

let is to be splendid. The performers engaged for the vocal department are as follows:

Madame Camporese, Madame Ronzi di Begni, Signora Cintai, from the Italian Theatre Royal, Paris, Signora Graziani, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, (neither of the two latter have yet appeared in this country), Signora Rosalbina Caradori, Signor Curioni, Signor Cerutti, from the grand Theatre, Genoa, (who has never yet appeared in this country), Signors di Begni, Ambrogetti, Placci, Angrisani, and Cartoni, from the grand Theatre de Bologne d'Italie, Signor Zucchelli, from the Theatre Aliberti, Rome, (neither of the two latter have yet appeared in this country). Spagnoletti leads. We are sorry to perceive that Mr. Ayrton is no longer in the direction. The deputy director, the Chevalier Petracchi, is from Milan. The talents of the new singers, we suspect, do not rank very high. It is arranged that Mr. Bochsa is to have the Oratorios at Covent Garden; and he enjoys the able assistance of Sir George Smart, as conductor. Catalani actually refused 1,500*l*. as the price of her engagement, and would listen to nothing under 2,000*l*.

The publishers of music seem to proceed upon a very singular, and perhaps not quite a fair plan as it respects each other: no sooner has one started an idea, than another endeavours to participate in the success of the invention by an imitation of the

* The music was flashy and perishable. Mr. Bishop judges an English audience unworthy of his finer compositions. Rossini's lees are good enough for them! we believe he is right.

original thought. Thus the dramatic airs of the Royal Harmonic Institution are met by the Operatic airs of the music shops; and Mr. Moore's national airs from the Strand are opposed by melodies of various nations, the words by Thomas Bayley, Esq. from the great manufactory of Soho-square. Mr. Bishop is the harmonical and symphonical accoucheur (by the way he has left Covent Garden). The work consists of Twelve Airs, Portuguese, French, Tyrolese, Italian, Spanish, Bohemian, German, Swiss, Sicilian, and unknown, four of which are also set in parts. The first (here said to be Portuguese) is to be found in Sola's Spanish Melodies, recently published, but Mr. Planché's words are far more appropriate, far more poetical than Mr. Bayley's. Mr. Planché has hit the true sentiment, Mr. Bayley has gone off directly at opposites. Mr. Bayley pictures a bride miserable at the anticipation of the inconstancy of her husband at the very foot of the altar: this transcends even Sheridan's famous portrait of a too sensitive temperament in his *Falkland*, which has been taken for the representation of his own feelings as a lover. The poet himself inclines to doubt, for he thus admonishes the bridegroom—

Never let her sigh for those
From whose arms you take her.

Thus he glances at dire consequences indeed, but such, we imagine, as scarcely enter into the calculations of either party at the moment of solemnizing the sacred contract.

Some of the melodies are agreeable, but the selector has not shown any thing like the discrimination and judgment requisite to such a work, particularly after the exquisite specimens and the enchanting poetry of Moore.

The Birthday, by Rawlings, is an elegant little piece, full of melody and variety. It is easy; yet very much above the level of pianoforte lessons so simply constructed.

No. 12, the last *Quadrille Rondo* is by Mr. Burrowes. The introduction is particularly chantant; and the cadenza very appropriate to the subject—the *Blackbird Quadrille*, which is elegantly treated. This number is one of the best. Indeed we may re-

commend the entire set to those players whose powers are not equal to the performance of difficult compositions, and who yet demand brilliancy combined with easy and graceful melody.

We're a' noddin at our House at Hame, a Scotch ballad, arranged with variations, by Mr. Rees. There is little attraction in this air: the variations are quaint, and not deficient in originality and contrivance; but from whatever cause it proceeds, they are not agreeable. We attribute this very much to the subject.

Kiallmark's Divertimento, la Reve-nue, arranged as a duet for the pianoforte, is pretty, but common-place.

A Polonoise Brillante, and a Sonata, by Mr. Moschelles. The first of these pieces is excessively difficult, and full of the passion and energy which are the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Moschelles' style of performance. There is hardly a bar which does not contain some mark of expression, and this, together with its extreme rapidity, demands the comprehension and execution of the composer himself to render it full justice. The sonata is less difficult, but equally characteristic; we need only refer to the constant and rapid repetition of one note which clearly points out its author, together with the powerful use of the left hand. It is better adapted to general performance than the Polonoise. Both must be intensely studied.

Fantasia and Solo, and Mary's Dream, as a Divertimento for the harp, by Mr. Meyer, are extremely brilliant compositions. The introduction to the Fantasia is a beautiful Adagio. The air of Mary's Dream is so loaded with cadenzas that it is almost impossible for the ear to follow it; we really should hardly have known it again but for the title.

Mr. Sor has published Three Italian Ariettes, which are scarcely equal to his former very elegant compositions of the same kind. The first *Guarda che bianca luna* has been much better set by M. Begrez as a guitar song, though there is much beauty and originality in Mr. Sor's. The second, written in the manner of the Spanish *Canciones*, which the author considers to be the true Cavatinas, is very singular for its accent,

and purely national. The third, a Polacca, has also more merit and variety than the general uniformity imposed by the time commonly allows.

Mr. Latour has an elegant, light, and playful ballad, *The Knight and the Lady*. The melody is sweet and graceful, and we should imagine it would be very effective if well and archly sung.

A duet of Rossini's, from *L'Aureliano in Palmyra*, "*Se tu M'amia o mia Regina*," is quite in the manner of that composer. It is extremely wide in compass, for both the tenor and soprano. It abounds in passages

of ornament and execution, borrowed very much from Signor Rossini himself, and to be found in his *Tancred*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, yet the melody is pleasing, and the whole brilliant and effective. But it is by no means within the reach of common powers; indeed, to be sung at all, it demands extraordinary capacity from nature, and extraordinary acquirement in art.

There is also a pretty Cavatina *Tabbraccio ti Stringo, mio Tenero Figlio*, from his *Il Circo*. This presents no such embarrassments as the duet, but is cantabile and sweet.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Classical Literature.—M. Maio, the indefatigable philologist, whose labours and researches after the lost writings of the ancients we have occasionally noticed, has made some farther discoveries. Among these are several of the mutilated and lost books of Polybius, Diodorus, Dion Cassius some fragments of Aristotle, Ephorus the historian, Timæus, Hyperides, Demetrius Phalereus, &c. Besides these, he has also rescued some parts of the unknown writings of Eunapius, Menander of Byzantium, Priscus, and Peter the Protector. Of these valuable literary acquisitions, the most copious and important are the fragments of Diodorus Siculus, and Dion, which contain a succinct recital of many of the wars of Rome, and a narrative of the Punic, Social, and Macedonian wars; likewise of those of Epirus, Syria, Gaul, Spain, Portugal, and Persia. He has also discovered several writings of the Greek and Latin fathers, prior to St. Jerome, and other interesting fragments, all which it is his intention to publish.

New Optical Machine.—Signor Amici, professor of Mathematics at the University of Modena, has invented an instrument which he calls a catadioptrical microscope. It is contrived for the purpose of viewing objects of every description, diaphanous or opaque, solid or fluid, without the necessity of dividing them into parts; and consists of a tube placed horizontally, as a telescope, and not vertically as the common microscope. At one extremity of this tube are several metallic mirrors, which reflect the object through a small hole beneath, corresponding perpendicularly to the glass which carries the object. The latter is moved up and down by a screw, under which a mirror is placed as in other microscopes; and it is easily and instantly magnified or diminished by changing the eye-glasses only. One great advantage attending this improved instrument is that

any object may be distinctly viewed, although immersed in a liquid half an inch beneath the surface; a circumstance which has hitherto been impracticable. A scale has also been contrived by which the objects are accurately measured.

Picture-cleaning.—The French chemist, Thenard, has rendered an important service to the art of painting, having employed his oxygenated water, with great success, in cleaning old pictures, where the white prepared from lead had become spotted with brown. It is not, perhaps, too much to expect, that the advancement of chemical knowledge will ultimately contribute much to this beautiful art, by furnishing it with more durable materials.

Improved Barometer.—M. Barthe, of Strasburg, has constructed an instrument of this description, which announces every change of weather thirty hours previously to its taking place; and what renders it still more valuable, it even prognosticates the approach of thunder storms twelve hours before they occur. Such an instrument will doubtless tend greatly to mature the science of meteorology, which, in its present state, is vague and imperfect; and there is little doubt but that this important study may be reduced to such certain principles as will enable us to calculate with precision the various changes in the atmosphere, long before they actually take place. But in meteorology, and even in medicine, we are still but empirics.

Sculpture.—The Immhoffs (father and son) of Cologne, have recently finished a piece of sculpture of extraordinary magnitude; it is a colossal figure, representing the Angel of Death, and is intended to decorate the burial vault of a family of distinction in that city. The same artists executed the well-known bust of M. Stein, the minister, and are now employed upon a bas-relief, intended as a monument to his lady.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE most important foreign news since our last, and very important indeed it may turn out, has been a total change of the French Ministry. This has been effected, strange to say, by a temporary junction of those two opposite bodies, the Ultras and the Liberaux. The King, much against his will, has been obliged to yield to the Ultras the exclusive possession of his Cabinet. This is the first time since the restoration that this party has really possessed power. They are, as perhaps our readers are already aware, a body of men, not very numerous, but powerful from their talents and respectable from their birth, the remnant of the old noblesse. They are, of course, opposed to every popular sentiment of liberty, and alive to the importance, both foreign and domestic, which should attach itself to the ancient throne of the descendants of St. Louis. Upon this principle they have mounted into power, imputing to the late ministry a culpable and anti-national carelessness as to the consequence which France ought to uphold in the diplomatic world. The Liberaux supported them in this view, and not unnaturally, because they knew that to support an interference with the present system of European policy, with any effect an army must be raised; and upon this standing force, in other countries the bulwark of despotism, the French popular party relies for its ultimate emancipation. The first public notification which the King had of this change of sentiment in the Chambers appears to have been from the answer voted to his speech,—an answer framed by the Ultras with the previous concurrence of the Liberaux. In this document the infringement of the charter with respect to the established censorship on the press, and the inconsiderable part which France bears in foreign affairs, were particularly and adroitly alluded to. The ministry made an ineffectual opposition, and Louis was compelled to hear unpalatable truths in place of the flattering echo to which monarchs in such situations are generally accustomed. His conduct on the occasion was such as might

have been expected; and from the following expressions contained in his reply to the deputation, his sentiments may be ascertained; indeed he seems to have considered the address as little less than a personal insult. "In exile and in persecution," he says, "I have supported my rights, the honour of my race, and that of the French name. On the throne, surrounded by my people, I feel indignant at the base supposition that I can ever sacrifice the honour of the nation and the dignity of my crown. It is pleasing to me to believe that the majority of those who voted this address have not duly considered the import of all its expressions." Notwithstanding this clear indication on the part of the Chambers, the Ministers continued to retain their places, and actually in a few days after proposed, in utter defiance of the previous vote, two new *projets* imposing additional restrictions on the press. The majority proved clearly by their conduct on this occasion, that his Majesty was wrong when he supposed they had not duly considered the import of their expressions. They literally laughed and coughed M. de Serré, the keeper of the seals, out of the tribune; and very soon after, his resignation, and that of his colleagues, was tendered and received. There was no use in temporising—the King must by this time know the French character—the revolution must have taught him that very sudden with them is the transition from ridicule to ferocity. We confess we sympathise but little with the late French ministry on their fall. They had long adopted the paltry system of playing off one party against the other, and that for no other purpose than the possession of place and their own personal aggrandizement. The first step of the Ultra administration has been the withdrawing of the new *projets* against the press, which will, it is supposed, terminate in the total abolition of the Censorship; "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The Liberaux and Ultras are said to agree in the approval of the Greek cause, and to this, it is supposed, the paragraph in the address which

offended the King was pointed. This principle, if acted on, must produce a French army, in which it is very clear that the "preux chevaliers" of the Ultras can be but thinly sprinkled amongst the revolutionary marshals of Napoleon. Of such a measure who can see the results! The old tree, it is true, lies where it has fallen, upon the rock of St. Helena, but there is a scion silently gathering strength in Austria by which it is possible the throne of the Bourbons may one day be overshadowed. When Napoleon was dying it is said that Madame Bertrand asked him under whose protection he wished to leave his son? "Under the protection of the French army" was the reply.

The struggle which the Greeks have made against the tyranny of the Porte will end, it is not unlikely, as every lover of literature and freedom must wish,—in their glorious emancipation. A new and formidable enemy has arisen against the Turks. Persia has declared war against the Sultan, and followed up the declaration vigorously by an invasion of his Asiatic dominions with an army of 110,000 men, headed by the hereditary Prince. The Turkish empire, upon this side, is left almost defenceless, in consequence of the recent drafting of troops to Constantinople. The Persian troops are said to have conquered a considerable portion of Armenia, and two Beys in Albania have revolted against the Porte. In the mean time the Greeks are not inactive, but we are sorry to find that their warfare is still characterised by cruelties, which, however justifiable in the way of reprisal, are not the less revolting to humanity. It is said that on the capture of Tripolizza, the victors finding that seven of their bishops who had been detained as hostages were murdered, had recourse to the horrible revenge of putting to death 8,000 Turks, together with 13,000 others of all ages and both sexes! The Greeks justify this on the plea of retaliation, and it is a melancholy truth, that neither belligerent can accuse the other of comparative inhumanity. In the mean time the cause of Greece begins to excite considerable interest. In France the feeling in its favour is said to be universal; and a subscription has been already opened in Lon-

don, for the purpose of aiding which a general meeting is to be held immediately. We should not be at all surprised to find that these events had also compelled the *pacific* and *unambitious* Alexander reluctantly to join in the crusade, which those who do not put implicit faith in legitimate professions have long suspected him of meditating. The Persian diversion is laid at his door by many, and his great ascendancy at the Court of the Schah has been long notorious.

Of Spain it is not easy to form any very accurate idea. That she is agitated by very considerable internal commotion is quite certain, and this appears, indeed, from the acknowledged fact of the prompt and public resistance of the people of Corunna to the attempt to remove Mina from the Captain-Generalship of Gallicia. No country can be in a tranquil or constitutional state, when the inhabitants of a principal town, in a principal province, dispute the King's order to remove his own governor, and successfully oppose the entrance of his successor! The charge made by the court against Mina was that of republicanism,—a charge which he in a spirited proclamation indignantly repels. The French papers, if we are to believe them, give a frightful picture of the state of the Peninsula, and represent many of its provinces to be in actual rebellion; they talk of the meditated siege of Madrid by Mina and Riego at the head of an imposing military force, and go so far as even to publish an address from the beloved Ferdinand to his Ministers, in which he declares his fixed determination to die fighting at the head of his guards, and avoid, at all events, the passive martyrdom of Louis the 16th. This is not very likely language from such a character as Ferdinand; but if events should arise, and he should verify the imputed declaration, posterity may truly say of him, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." Madrid papers of the 6th, however, notice his return to his capital, and say that he and the Royal Family made their entrée amid the acclamations of the populace. From the accounts on all sides, it appears quite clear that the country is in a state in which she cannot long continue. During these domestic commotions her South American empire may be

now considered as irrecoverably lost. Every arrival brings some fresh account of a new triumph gained by the liberators, and a proclamation from Don Augustin de Iturbide, at the head of the liberating army of the three Guarantees, has just issued, dated from the city of the Yucas. In this city the death of Don Juan O'Donoju, the celebrated political chief who took such a distinguished part in the settlement of the affairs of Spain, has just been announced. His death has been attributed to various causes, by some to poison, and by some to indisposition produced by chagrin.

A list has just been published of the American navy, by which it appears that America possesses 51 vessels of war, besides 28 gun-boats and galleys. Of these, two carry 106 guns each; there are 7 of 74, 4 of 44, 2 of 64, and 4 of 36, besides a number of others from 30 guns downwards! This is an astonishing increase when we consider that the first provision for a naval establishment for the United States is contained in an act of Congress, dated 1794, authorising the purchasing or building of four ships of 44 guns, and two of 36. The Americans are very select in the baptism of their vessels of war; they decide their names by lot, and they consist of three classes; the first class are named from the States, the second from the rivers of the Union, and the third from the cities and towns.

The accounts from Ireland, we are sorry to say, are not much less revolting than those which were published in our last. The same horrid system of, we may say, *whole-sale assassination* still continues. A whole population of regiments of the line, infantry and cavalry, has been poured into that devoted country, and a special commission has been appointed to try some of the unfortunate wretches in the county of Limerick. In the meantime, a meeting of persons, styling themselves Irish landholders, has taken place in London. Several foolish speeches were made, and the spouters separated to condole, over English roast beef, upon the misfortunes of a country whose chief misery has been occasioned by their absenteeism. A change has taken place in the government of that country, by the recall of Lord

Talbot and Mr. Grant, and the substitution of Lord Wellesley and Mr. Goulburn;—a change of names, we fear, but not of measures: indeed what possible good can be expected from the junction of two such men, in the government of such a country, in such a crisis? oil and vinegar—fire and water—Lord Wellesley, a friend of the Catholics, and a lover of conciliation—Mr. Goulburn, a staunch stickler for ascendancy, and a chip of the old vigour block! But of one thing we may be certain, that temporary expedients can only produce a temporary cure; and that it is not the hanging up of a few famishing wretches at Limerick, or the exhibition of a gaudy military pageant at Dublin, which can remedy the wrongs of six centuries' accumulation.

The union, to which we alluded in our last as probable, of the Grenville party with the present administration may be now looked upon as certain. The following appointments have been announced by the ministerial journals as determined on, to be officially proclaimed before the meeting of parliament. Mr. Charles Wynne to succeed Mr. Sturges Bourne in the Board of Control; Dr. Phillimore to succeed Sir George Warrender as one of the lay Lords of the Admiralty; Mr. Saurin, the present Irish Attorney General, to be promoted to a seat on the Bench, and to be succeeded in his office by Mr. Plunket. This last appointment is likely in its effects to prove the most important of all, because it is said to have in view the ultimate transfer of Mr. Plunket to the English Woolsack upon the resignation of Lord Eldon. It is not at all unlikely. Mr. Plunket is too proud a man, and most justly so, to accept office after or under such a person as Mr. Saurin, without some ultimate high reversion. His talents are at once solid and splendid, and they are fully equalled by his acquirements and his virtues. When such a man is placed in an exalted station, it is not so much the person as the appointment which becomes distinguished. Mr. Plunket has been the architect of his own fortune, and even envy has not been able to cast a stain upon his character.

Parliament has been further prorogued till the 3d of February, when it meets for the dispatch of business.

Dec. 26, 1821.

MONTHLY REGISTER,

JANUARY 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

IF the best authenticated weekly accounts of sales in Mark-lane are to be credited, the prices of grain have fallen since the beginning of the month in the following proportions:—Wheat three shillings per quarter on the best samples; on the others, which are scarcely saleable, a much greater, and, indeed, indefinite reduction. Barley, six shillings per quarter. Flour, five shillings per sack. Beans, peas, and oats, remain nearly stationary. The second article, perhaps, is fallen a shilling or two. The supply of beasts at Smithfield has been immense. On the 17th, the whole space from Smithfield-bars to St. Sepulchre's church was so crowded with the finest cattle, that it was with great difficulty a passage could be forced between them by the sellers and buyers. The consequence has been, that the Christmas market, which has been always, heretofore, considered as producing from 1*s* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per stone more than the customary run of prices, is lower. Beef of good quality was sold from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* which last was the top price for the very best qualities. The supply of mutton was also superabundant. There were on this day penned, as is stated in the market accounts, 20,610 sheep, which number was thought, by competent judges, to be much below the real amount, as well as that of the beasts (4,148). Fat sheep did not make three shillings a stone; for though superior Downs fetched 3*s.* 6*d.* multitudes were sold at 2*s.* 6*d.* The country markets have not yet felt the effect of this report, and therefore have not manifested much fluctuation. Indeed, they are principally, though not wholly, influenced by local causes and circumstances, and present great differences.

Thus there is, at present, proof demonstrative, both from the supply and fall, of that redundancy of produce which has been asserted. The supply may be, and probably is, augmented by the use of the threshing machines, which are now not only itinerant, but to be had at a rate cheap in proportion to the competition arising from their being in many hands, whose chief employment it is to travel the country with them, and superintend their operation. It is also increased by the pressure of payments, which drives the farmer to sell. His case is, therefore, gradually growing worse. In the mean while, a large number of the landlords, and many of the clergy, have made voluntary abatements upon rent and tithes. The former,

from 15 to 20 per cent. The latter from 10 to 15 per cent. Labour is likewise depressed; but labour has been always kept so low, that what is thrown off the farmer in the shape of wages falls upon him again in the form of poor-rates. Seeds, horse-provender, and subsistence follow the fall of corn. The capital he requires is less. Every thing, then, tends to accompany fall of price except TAXATION; and it is now, perhaps, become the only question of importance, to ascertain whether the disturbance in the balance of trade, and in the prosperity and happiness of the individuals principally interested, can be occasioned by this item. It seems consonant to reason, that a correspondent fall in all the components of expenditure should enable the agriculturist to bear a fall in the price of his commodity. Yet, while we witness the one effect, we do not witness the other. The farmer universally complains of near approaching ruin, and the most intelligent men assent, that no profit can remain for the payment of *any rent at all*. It is time, therefore, to ascertain the facts of the case, since the universal ruin of individuals thus threatened must soon involve the ruin of the state. On the one hand, it is impossible for the landed interest to sustain the repetition of such losses: on the other, it is impracticable for the country to bear an elevation of price equal to the rate at which the spirit of the provisions of the last corn Bill were fondly supposed to fix the price of corn, viz. at about 80*s.* per quarter. In the one instance, the land will be uncultivated; in the other, all who can will fly to countries where provision averages little more than one-third of that rate. This is the dilemma in which England now seems to be placed.

In the mean while, meetings called by the Agricultural Associations are taking place in most counties, to discuss the question and petition Parliament. It is reported that Ministers hope to meet the landed interest by the substitution of a duty of from 15 to 20*s.* per quarter for the present law, with a reduction of the importation rate from 80 to 70 shillings. This can have no such effect as the farmer has been taught to hope. It will simply serve to keep the price permanently at about from 50 to 55, as the duty imposed may be. This will be so clearly seen, that we conceive the agriculturist will scout the proposition. It is also stated that the trade between Ireland and Eng-

land will be thrown open, in consequence of the recommendation of the Commission of Enquiry.

In our view of the case, there are two main points, and two only. 1. The relation of supply to demand: and, 2. The effects of taxation. It remains yet to be understood, what is the ratio of the first; but we believe, the two terms are very near each other; in good seasons the produce being rather above, in bad, rather below the consumption. Recourse to the foreign growth may, therefore, be indispensable at some time, and this affects the whole relation of price, at all periods. The limits of taxation it is difficult, indeed, to compute; but there can be no doubt, that the pressure is now greater by all the depreciation in the value of the entire production of the realm, probably in the proportion of from 30 to 50 per cent. since the year before the conclusion of peace.

The Duke of Bedford has given notice to the Smithfield Club, that he purposes to discontinue his donation of annual premiums, in consequence of the opinion entertained by his Grace, and other members, that it is no longer necessary to stimulate by such means the improvement of the breeds of stock. His Grace assumes that such improvement has attained its utmost possible height, keeping utility in view,

and, therefore, suggests the dissolution of the Club. This, however, will not take place, it being signified, that the flourishing state of its funds affords sufficient inducements to the members to continue their efforts.

The Wheats, notwithstanding the continuance of wet weather, look very favourably, and as the season remains open, the plant is very thriving. Turnips are as good a crop as was anticipated. Mangel Wurzel is spreading in its reputation. It has thriven well in soils favourable to its growth. This crop is principally drawn for late winter, or early spring consumption, and is unquestionably an excellent substitute for turnips. The mild and open weather is particularly favourable, except in those heavy soils where the large fall of rain has operated prejudicially. The water meadows, in some parts of the kingdom, have been constantly flooded, and the sheep have suffered, both from their backs being as constantly wet, and the state of the ground;—when feeding off turnips much of their food has been wasted by being trodden in the dirt. But the grass upon the lighter lands still continued to grow, and has replaced, in some degree, this tendency to loss. Long wool is stationary in price.

Dec. 20.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Dec. 22.)

OUR report of the commerce of St. Petersburg will occupy so much room this month, besides the length to which our home report extends, that we necessarily spare our preliminary observations, in which we have, indeed, little occasion to indulge, as nothing material has occurred to call for them. One circumstance only we must advert to, which may have important consequences. This is the establishment in Germany of a Rhenish West India Company, the object of which is trade to the other parts of the world, whether it is intended to export only German produce and manufactures. The most sanguine hopes are entertained of the success of this company, which is, we believe, chiefly founded with a view to the immense countries of South America, with which they hope to establish an advantageous intercourse, notwithstanding the formidable competition of England. The capital of the company is formed by shares of 500 dollars. The statutes have been approved and signed by the King of Prussia; and persons of all parts of Germany have subscribed. The seat of the company is at present Elberfeld.

Cotton.—At the commencement of this month the market was rather heavy, yet the

holders being firm, and unwilling to submit to any reduction, the purchases made were inconsiderable; but in the week ending on the 11th, rather more business was done. Bengals and Surats being sold at a reduction of about $\frac{1}{2}d.$ on the prices at the last India sale. 200 fair Bengals were taken for exportation to France, at $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $5\frac{3}{4}d.$ and 40 good Pernams, at $12\frac{1}{4}d.$ In the following week the market remained steady, and several considerable purchasers appeared at market, inquiring after East India descriptions. The sales amounted in this week (to the 18th,) to 1000 packages, viz.—140 Surats, very ordinary and middling $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $6\frac{1}{4}d.$ fair to good fair $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $6\frac{3}{4}d.$; 145 Madras, $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $7d.$ good fair to good; 600 Bengals, ordinary, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ fair and good fair, $5\frac{3}{4}d.$ and $5\frac{1}{2}d.$; 30 Pernams, $12\frac{1}{4}d.$; all in bond: and duty paid, 28 Bourbon, middling, $12d.$; 40 Demerara, good fair, $10d.$ and $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ The prices of cotton have not experienced any alteration within these few days; the sales are considerable. The letters from Liverpool, yesterday morning, state the market to be heavy. At Liverpool the sales for the month, ending 15th December, amounted to 32,400 bags, the arrivals to less than 10,000. The total

import of cotton into the kingdom, during the first eleven months of this year, has been considerably less (about 80,000 bags) than in the same period in 1820, and the present estimated stock in the ports is accordingly smaller in the same proportion, viz. in 1820, 437,000 bags, and in 1821, 361,100 bags.

Sugar.—The demand for Moscovades, which was improving at the time of our last report, soon declined again, but without immediately leading to any reduction in the prices; the holders on the contrary appeared firm and unwilling to submit to any abatement, so that on the whole, the business done was inconsiderable, and the purchasers were obliged soon to accede to an advance of 1s. to 2s. the cwt. The demand, however, continued very limited; purchasers showed no disposition to buy, except for their immediate wants; there was very little sugar on show, and the holders still refused to hear of any reduction by private contract. On the 11th, very few buyers appeared at market, and the sales at the close of the day were more limited than for a series of weeks past; two public sales brought forward, went off at a considerable decline; 66 hhds. 9 tierces Barbadoes, at a reduction of nearly 2s.; 136 casks St. Lucia at a decline of 1s. a 2s. per cwt.; if the sale may be taken as a criterion of the market, the prices of brown sugar were 1s. a 2s. per cwt. lower; there were no sellers of sugars by private contract at any reduction in prices.

The decline of 1s. to 2s. in the public sale was confirmed by the purchases made in the following week by private contract, yet still little was done, as most of the holders refused to sell at any reduction, and the buyers were equally unwilling to purchase. It is expected that the stock in the West India warehouses will be 8,000 casks less at the close of the year, than it was last year, which encourages the opinion of those who look to a considerable advance in the prices. The report of yesterday, however, is still unfavourable, the market has been very depressed, though no further reduction in the prices has been conceded. Some low St. Lucias have been sold at 51s.

The state of the market for refined sugars was very favourable for a fortnight or more after our last publication. Several purchases were made for the Mediterranean, and pretty extensive contracts entered into for delivery early in the ensuing year at prices rather above the market currency; much more business would have been done, had not the refiners advanced the prices in consequence of the rise in the raw sugars, but these declining, as we have stated, after the 11th, the refined market became very heavy. In addition to unfavourable reports from the Continent, the

letters from the Mediterranean stated the markets to be heavy for refined sugars; in consequence of which a great stagnation in the trade ensued, and prices had given way on the 18th, from 1s. to 2s. This week the quantity of refined on sale has been very inconsiderable; yet the market is heavy; brown lumps are the only description that has been on demand this week, and for these there appear to be a few buyers.

In Foreign sugars, the business done has been quite inconsiderable, some sales have been brought forward, but the greater part of the sugars were withdrawn for want of bidders.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette :—

November 24	27s. 9d.
December 1	30s. 8d.
8	31s. 0d.
15	32s. 7½d.
22	33s. 0½d.

Coffee.—At the beginning of this month, the coffee market was considered as very firm, and the advance that had lately taken place was fully maintained; some descriptions, as Jamaica and Dominica, particularly the latter, were higher, while Demerara and Berbice were a trifle lower from the large quantities brought to market. A small reduction, however, which took place, only increased the demand; and at a public sale on the 11th, 305 bags, and 114 casks, chiefly Dutch descriptions, sold freely at an advance of 2s. per cwt.; middling 120s. to 124s.; good middling 128s. to 180s.; a few good middling Jamaica sold at 124s.; fine middling 127s. to 127s. 6d. All sold with great spirit, and the market might be stated in general at 2s. higher. In the following week, (up to the 18th) the demand was very considerable, the public sales went off freely; there was also much demand by private contract, and the late prices were fully supported; but the public sale on Thursday (the 20th) went off rather heavily. The Demerara and Berbice descriptions sold 2s. a 4s. lower; St. Domingo at the decline of 1s. a 2s.; the latter, ordinary in bags sold at 98s., fair quality at 100s., and very good 101s. 6d.; Dominica supported the previous prices; the few lots Jamaica sold considerably higher than any previous sale; good to fine ordinary shrivelled 110s. and 110s. 6d.

There were two considerable public sales this forenoon, chiefly Demerara and Berbice descriptions; the small proportion sold went at the reduction we have stated; 381 bags St. Domingo met with no buyers, all taken in at 100s. and 102s.; 72 casks ordinary Havannah were taken in at 94s. 6d. and 95s. 6d. Dutch coffee may be stated 2s. a 4s. lower this week, St. Domingo 1s. a 2s.; all other descriptions at the pre-

vious prices, the holders generally refusing to sell at any reduction.

Tallow has been one of the most remarkable articles in the markets during the last month; there have been considerable fluctuations, but on the whole, a great and rapid advance, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the market, the sellers it appears having contracted to deliver much larger quantities than they are likely to have at their disposal; we add the report of yesterday, as presenting an interesting view of the subject: should any very material change take place previous to our publication, we will notice it.

"There are great fluctuations in the prices of tallow, and great interest excited as to the probable prices for the next two months. The public sale of yellow candle tallow went about 47s. It was yesterday reported that one of the great holders had commenced selling, and the price was stated at 46s., and heavy; the rumour has however been contradicted this morning, and the nearest quotation at four o'clock to-day is 46s. As to the probable future prices we have only to state the facts, and leave the inference for the consideration of our readers: the wind still continues westerly, with stormy weather, which prevents arrivals. It is very true, that by former lists, and by the Sound list this morning, many vessels with Tallow had passed through, yet, with the present wind, it will be next to an impossibility for them to reach the English coast; and, as the extensive contracts are all for delivery this year, there is a general opinion that they will be too late, particularly as so many holidays intervene; there are likewise extensive contracts for January, and it is still a question whether the great sellers can procure the quantity if the holders remain firm, which they appear inclined to do. Great losses at sea are anticipated from the late boisterous weather, and tallow has lately rated far below any medium prices, and claims great attention as an article of speculation. Town tallow is to-day quoted 47s., which is the same as at week."

Tea.—In the late India sale, Bohea and Congou sold nearly 1d. per lb. under the last sale price; Hyson 3d. to 4d. lower; Twankey and Hyson skin 1d. to 2d. higher.

Oils.—The prices of Greenland oil had declined to 19s., but the holders are again asking an advance, in consequence of the rise in the prices of tallow, and they have in several instances realized the improvement. Seed oils have given way considerably, linseed may be quoted 11s., and rape oils 11s. a 2d. lower.

Naval Stores.—Tar continues in great request, on account of the short import this season; the last realised price for Stockholm tar is 24s., but in the present state of the market it would be found difficult to

purchase a considerable quantity under 25s.—Two parcels of rough turpentine are on sale, for which 14s. 6d. has been refused; a very inferior lot has lately been sold at 14s.—Spirits are without variation.—Pitch is a shade higher.—Rosin without alteration.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There has been little business done lately in rums by private contract; the former prices have however been fully maintained. By public sale this forenoon, 92 puncheons Jamaica rum were brought forward:—29 and 33 O. P. sold 2s. 1d. a 2s. 3d.; 23 a 26 1s. 10d. a 1s. 11d.; 12 a 14 mostly taken in, 1s. 6d. a 1s. 7d. The whole went off freely, and better than could be anticipated: generally the rum market may be stated very firm. Brandies are entirely nominal; there are no buyers; the best marks offer at 4s. 4d., no purchasers.—Geneva is without alteration.

Logwood.—The logwood in London is all in few hands, several parcels Jamaica have lately been sold at 9l. 9s., but for picked wood 10l. is reported, and the holders appear firm, and ask now 10l. 10s.; we believe there is none offering under 10l.

Corn.—The decline of the averages continues but too fully to confirm the opinions we have all along maintained.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 9th.—For some days past we have had frost; and therefore our navigation for this year is nearly closed; and but a few more shipments, chiefly for England, will be made. It is still too early to say any thing of the winter and contract trade.—*Ashes*, 11,893 casks have been exported this year, and 1,051 ditto remain over. It is many years since we have had so considerable an exportation; it exceeds that of last year by about 4,500 casks. The greater part was for France. For delivery 90 r. are asked, which price is however too high, and therefore no bargain has been concluded.—*Flax*. Of this, about 396,000 poods have been exported, and about 143,000 poods remain. The crop this year is said to have been scanty and unproductive; so that if we may rely on the accounts hitherto received, we can reckon on but 250 to 300,000 poods at most. For this reason, the holders would latterly sell but little, and the prices rose, so that no 12 head was to be had under 155 r. and no 9 head under 120 r. at which price, about 30,000 poods have been purchased, to lay up in the Magazines.—*Hemp*. Much more has been exported than appeared likely in Spring: about 1,293,851 poods clean, 258,576 poods outshot, and 206,791 ditto, half clean. There remain to be laid up for next year about 115,000 poods of clean in the first hand, and 70,000 poods in the second hand. The price of 85 poods for

ordinary clean, which it reached at the end of the season, seems likely to be maintained. The clean warehoused is purchased at 85 r. all the money paid; that for delivery has been contracted for at 85 r. with 15 to 25 r. earnest, half clean at 65 to 67 r. with 15 to 17 earnest. Contracts have hitherto been concluded for 30,000 poods clean, and 10,000 ditto half clean.—*Hemp Oil*. It is reckoned that hitherto about 11,000 casks have been exported, and 3,000 ditto remain. As the accounts of the failure of the Hemp-seed are confirmed, and therefore a much less supply is to be expected next year, the holders will not sell upon delivery under the high price of 10 r. A few Russians have brought small parcels at 10 r. with 1 to 2 r. earnest, but there are no other purchasers, whence the trade is dull, but without change of price.—*Tallow*. About 97,000 casks have been exported, and 20,000 casks remain. Of what remains, above the half consists of yellow, about 1,000 casks of white, and the rest soap tallow. About 120,000 casks are expected next year. As this trade is in the hands of rich Russians, who of course can keep the prices as they please for a considerable time, nothing certain can be said of the future course of this branch of trade; besides, it entirely depends on the change of the English market. The last prices paid here were, for white and yellow candle, 130 r. ordinary soap 118 r. No purchases for delivery have yet been made.—*Wax*. About 4,000 poods of yellow and 300 ditto of white, have been exported, and of the first there are about 2,000 poods remaining. The last prices paid were: for Pottob 72 to 73 r.; Suschevoy, 70 r. and white up to 80 r. No great change in the price is expected.

24th Nov.—*Quills, Down and Bed feathers*.—The exportation of these articles has been considerable. Of the first about 12,560,000, and of the two last about 2,700 poods. The principal exportation was to America, then to France, Holland, and Hamburgh. As daily supplies arrive from the interior, there is no scarcity of them, yet it sometimes happens that there is not a good choice.—*Hemp*. Purchases are still made partly on the spot, and partly on delivery. Clean on the spot has been sold at 86 r. all the money paid; for delivery at 85 to 86 r. partly all down, partly with 15 to 20 r. earnest. Contracts have been concluded to day for 10,000 poods clean at 87 r. with 17 r. down, and 5,000 poods half clean, at 67 r. and 27 r. down.—*Tallow*. For yellow 130 r. are asked, and 125 r. down have been offered, but of the white and soap there are no sellers at market. The present low rate of exchange is very favourable to contracts, particularly for the above mentioned articles, for it seems almost impossible to purchase them on lower terms.—*Russia Leather*. About 23,000

poods have been exported, and about 7,000 poods remain. We expect a great supply in the winter.—*Isinglass*. 4,650 poods in all have been exported, more than half of which was fine sorts. Of the last about 1,055 poods, and of Samovy about 3,000 ditto remain. No supply is expected before next August; and even that, by the accounts we have received, will be inconsiderable.

Riga, 6th Nov.—*Flax*. Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, on the spot last price, 38 r.; 39 r. are now asked: for cut Badstub, last price 34; Risten Threeband, 26 r.; for the first 39 r. are asked, and for the latter 27 r. The contract prices for delivery in March, all the money paid down, Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 38 r. cut Badstub 34 r.; Risten Threeband, 26 r.—*Hemp*. The remaining stock of all kinds is very inconsiderable. The prices last paid were, on the spot, Polish clean, 110 to 112 r.; ditto Outshot, 88 r.; Pass, 77 to 78 r.; Ukraine clean, 100 to 102; Outshot, 84 r.; Pass, 75 r. For delivery the prices asked are, clean, 100 r.; Outshot, 82 r.; Pass, 72 r.—*Seeds*. Our sowing linseed is pretty well cleared off, the prices may be stated from 8 to 10 r. according to quality. Druiania Linseed (114 to 115 lbs.) has been sold at 4 to 7 r.; Crushing Linseed (of 110 to 111 lbs.) from 15 to 16 r.; Hemp is entirely cleared off.—*Tallow*, 138 r. all down are asked for yellow crown for delivery.

In all imported articles but little doing, and the prices unchanged.

Hamburgh, 8th Dec.—*Cotton* continues to meet with but inconsiderable sale.—*Coffee*. But little has been doing this week; and good and ordinary descriptions have therefore been rather lower, while fine ordinary Dominica and Porto Rico remained firm in price, and middle qualities likewise unchanged. After the receipt of the London accounts yesterday by way of Holland, the prices were firmer, but little business was done.—*Corn* of all kinds is low, the demand entirely confined to the consumption of the place.—*Spices*. Pimento maintains the late advance; pepper is unchanged.—*Indigo*, 50 chests have lately been sold at a farther advance in the price.—*Sugar*. The price of Hamburgh refined has experienced a further reduction on account of the limited demand; so that ordinary, according to our denomination, has been sold at 10½ d. good middling at 11½ d. Our stock is, however, so small that the prices must soon rise if orders to any amount should be received. Lumps in loaves of good strong middling quality may be had at 8½ d. There has been a very limited sale of raw sugars this week, and the more so, because our refiners had an opportunity of supplying their wants at low prices, in several auctions of goods, part of which were slightly damaged.

BIRTHS.

- Lately at Cambridge, the lady of the Baron Charles de Thierry, a son and heir.
 Nov. 21. At Purley-house, near Croydon, Mrs. George Harrington, a son.
 22. The lady of Henry Earle, Esq. of George-street, Hanover-square, a son.
 24. In Curzon-street, the lady of R. Frankland, Esq. MP. a daughter.
 25. In Park-place, St. James's, the lady of Thomas Rose, Esq. a daughter.
 — In Upper Harley-street, the lady of Sir Wm. Struth, a son.
 27. At Exmouth, the lady of the Attorney General, a son.
 — At Cadwell, Devon, the lady of Sir John Louis, Bart. a daughter.
 29. In Gower-street, the lady of Colonel O'Connor, of the 73d Regt. a son.
 30. At Truro, in Cornwall, the lady of Capt. Pengally, RN. a son.
 Dec. 1. The lady of the Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke, of Cambridge, a daughter.
 — At Bryn, Glamorganshire, the Hon. Lady Morris, a daughter.
 2. In Grosvenor-square, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, a daughter.
 — At Greendown-cottage, the lady of Sir F. Ford, a son.
 3. At South Stoneham-house, Hants, the lady of John Flemming, Esq. MP. for that county, a daughter.
 5. At Kensington, the lady of Wm. Wilberforce, Esq. a son and heir.
 7. Lady Cochrane, a daughter.
 9. In Grosvenor-place, the Countess of Uxbridge, a son and heir.
 11. At Brighton, the lady of Capt. Lempiere, RA. a daughter.
 12. In Guilford-street, Russell-square, the lady of Robt. Espinasse, Esq. a daughter.
 15. In Duke-street, Portland-place, the lady of Sir Rich. Paul Jodrell, Bart. a daughter.
 — At Woburn Abbey, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, a son.
 16. At Brompton, Mrs. Horsley, wife of Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon, twins.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

- At Marino, near Cork, the lady of Thos. G. French, Esq. and daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. MP. a daughter.
 At Cork, the Rt. Hon. Lady Audley, a son.
 At Dublin, at the house of her father, Sir James Galbraith, Bart. the lady of Capt. Charles Geo. Stanhope, a son.

ABROAD.

- At Leghorn, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir Patrick Ross, KC. MG. a son.

MARRIAGES.

- Nov. 22. At Kenilworth, John Rob. Browne Cave, Esq. eldest son of Sir Wm. Browne Cave, Bart. of Stretton, Derbyshire, to Catherine Penelope, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late W. Mills, Esq. of Barlaston.
 24. At Marylebone-church, by the Bishop of Llandaff, Wm. Rob. Keith Douglas, Esq. MP. youngest brother of the Marquess of Queensberry, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Walter Irvine, Esq. of Luddington-house, Surry.
 25. At Whitehaven, Wm. Macready, Esq. Manager of the Bristol and Whitehaven theatres, to Miss Desmond.
 27. At Sudbury, John Eaton, Jun. Esq. banker, Shrewsbury, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, MD. of the former place.
 29. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Astley Paston Cooper, Esq. of Cheverell's, Herts, nephew and heir to Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart. to Elizabeth, only child of Wm. Rickford, Esq. MP. for Aylesbury.
 — At Hutton-church, near Knowsley-park, the Earl of Wilton, to Lady Mary Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby. The ceremony was performed in presence of the principal members of the noble houses of Grosvenor and Derby.
 Dec. 1. At Weymouth, George Steed, Esq. Surg. of the Roy. Dragoons, to Georgiana, youngest

daughter of the late Richard Barwell, Esq. of Stanstead, Sussex.

2. At Kensington, Lieut. George Bague, of the Roy. Navy, and of the Folly-house, Ipswich, to Miss Yarrow, of Jermyn-street.
 4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of Llandaff, Edward Stanley, Esq. of Ponsonby-hall, Cumberland, to Mary, second daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. formerly Judge of the Court of Adawlyt at Dacca, in the Hon. East India Service, in Bengal.
 — The Rev. S. H. Alderson, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, to Miss Bennet, only daughter of Phil. Bennet, Esq. of Rongham-hall, Suffolk.
 5. At Marylebone-church, James Wadmore, Esq. of Chapel-street, Paddington, to Miss Henrietta Robinson, of Maida-place.
 8. At Streatham, Robert Whitmore, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Eliza, fourth daughter of Joseph Kaye, Esq. of Wandsworth-common and New Bank-buildings.
 10. At Lamport, Northamptonshire, Lieut.-Col. Packe, of the Grenadier Guards, to Eliza, only daughter of the Rev. Vere Isham.
 11. At Osmaston, near Derby, Samuel Ellis Bristowe, Esq. of Beesthorpe-hall, near Newark, Notts, and of Tw-ford, near Derby, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Samuel Fox, Esq. of Osmaston-hall.
 12. By Special Licence, at the residence of the Rt. Hon. Lord Stewart, at Wynyard, by the Rt. Hon. and Rev. Lord Viscount Barrington, Sir Henry Harding, KCB. and one of the Representatives of the City of Durham, to Lady Emily Jane James, sister of the Most Noble the Marquess of Londonderry.
 13. At St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, by the Rev. R. Scott, Capt. James Arthur Murray, RN. son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Wm. Murray, and nephew to his Grace the Duke of Athol, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Coupland, Esq. of that town.
 14. At Penrice, Glamorganshire, by the Hon. and Rev. Charles Strangeways, John Nicholl, Esq. of Merthyr-mawr, only son of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Nicholl, to Jane Harriot, second daughter of the late Thos. Mansell Talbot, Esq. of Margam and Penrice Castle, in the same county.
 At Lymington, William Sykes, Esq. only brother of Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. of Basildon-park, Herts, to Miss Gattey, daughter of Edward Gattey, Esq. of Exeter.

IN SCOTLAND.

- John Viscount Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane, to Eliza, eldest daughter of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswoode.

IRELAND.

- Wm. Gun, Esq. of Fort-lodge, county Kerry, nephew to Lord Ventry, to Margaret, second daughter of Thos. M'Kenny, Esq. of Fitzwilliam-street, Dublin, and one of the Aldermen of that city.

ABROAD.

- At Madras, Lieut.-Col. Marshall, Paymaster of the Presidency, to Maria Letitia, second daughter of Evelyn J. Gascoigne, Esq. Deputy-master-attendant.

DEATHS.

- Lately at Larkbear-house, near Exeter, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Bennet Langton, Esq. and the Dowager Countess of Rothes.
 Nov. 22. At his house, in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, in his 56th year, James Wilson, Esq. FRS. Professor of Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons, and many years lecturer in the Hunterian school of Windmill-street.
 — At his seat at Eardiston, Worcester, in his 76th year, Sir Wm. Smith, Bart. many years an active Magistrate of that county. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only surviving son now Sir Sydney Smith.
 23. At Falmouth, Mrs. Pellew, the lady of S. Pellew, Esq. Collector of his Majesty's Customs at that Port.
 — Lately at Horton-lodge, near Epsom, aged 88, the Hon. Louisa Browning, widow of J. Browning, Esq. eldest daughter and only surviving child of the late Rt. Hon. Chas. Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and sister to Sir Frederic Calvert, the last Lord Baltimore.

- At Ashton-under-Lyne, aged 84, Mr. James Newton. This very eccentric character lived quite a solitary being, rarely admitting any one within his house. His property, which was originally considerable, gradually decreased through his neglect. About three years since his house was broken open, since which event he never went to bed, but always slept upon a sofa with six wax lights burning in the room, both summer and winter.
25. In Old Burlington-street, the lady of Thomas Corkayne, Esq. three weeks after child-birth.
- At Necton, at the house of his son-in-law, W. Mason, Esq. the Rev. Paul Columbine, DD. Rector of Little Plumstead with Witton and Brundale annexed, Rector of Thurlton, and perpetual Curate of Hardley, all in Norfolk; also Rector of Chilton in Suffolk. He had been 64 years the incumbent of Thurlton and Hardley, and was in the 92d year of his age.
26. At Woodcot-house, near Reading, Ann, the wife of Thos. Fraser, Esq. late High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, after a long and severe illness.
- At Twickenham, in her 96th year, Mrs. Sarah D'Oyly, the widow of Christopher D'Oyly, Esq. and sister of the late Hans Stanley, Esq. and Lady Mendip, and grand-daughter of Sir Hans Sloane.
29. At his house, in Wellington-crescent, Ramsgate, the Rev. Archdeacon Vince, MA. FRs. Pluvian Professor of Astronomy to the University of Cambridge, Rector of Kirby Bedon, and Vicar of South Creak, Norfolk. The Professor was a native of Fressingfield in Suffolk; his parents were in very humble circumstances, and were unable to do much towards educating him, yet he discovered at a very early age an aptitude for mathematical studies, which fortunately obtained for him the notice of the late Mr. Tilney, and through him the assistance of more opulent patrons. By their aid he was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he ultimately obtained the highest mathematical honours. Besides his large work on Astronomy, he was author of several other Mathematical publications.
30. At St. Paul's Cray, Mrs. Chittock, daughter of the late Dr. Stebbing, Preacher of Gray's-inn and Chaucerellor of the Diocese of Sarum.
- Dec. 1. At Clifton, after a lingering illness, Lieut.-General John Lee.
- At Newton-house, the seat of the Earl of Darlington, in her 20th year, Miss Russel, niece to the Countess of Darlington. This unfortunate young lady was killed in her bed, by the falling of a stack of chimneys through the ceiling of her apartment, during a violent gale, between 3 and 4 in the morning. For some time hopes were entertained of her resuscitation, as there were no marks of serious injury on her person.
2. At Cholmondeley-house, Piccadilly, Colonel Seymour, son-in-law of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, in consequence of a disease contracted when on duty with his regiment, 3d Guards, at Walcheren.
- Richard Henry Lloyd, Esq. one of the Aldermen of Winchester, aged 64.
- At Ripley, Surrey, in his 80th year, Robert Harrison, Esq. formerly of Mansion-house-street, Banker.
3. Miss Poulter, daughter of the Rev. E. Poulter, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.
- At his house, Upper Cadogan-place, aged 33, Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Hamilton. This officer had been 18 years in the service of his country, and had been repeatedly wounded in different engagements under the Duke of Wellington. He was also Military Secretary at Ceylon, from which Island he returned under the influence of diseases of the climate, which terminated in his death.
4. At Stratford, in his 76th year, the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, LL.D. FRs. &c. who is succeeded in his title and estate by his nephew, John Minet Henniker, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, and of Stratford-green, Essex. His remains were interred in the family vault at Thornham, Suffolk, on the 15th.
5. At Brighton, in his 65th year, James Perry, Esq. the Editor and Proprietor of the Morning Chronicle. Mr. Perry was a native of Aberdeen, where he was born, Oct. 14th, 1756, and in 1771, was entered at the University of that city. He afterwards studied the Scots Law under Dr. A. D. Fordyce, intending to follow the Legal Profession; but in consequence of some unsuccessful speculations of his father, who was a builder, he was compelled to relinquish this design; and, in 1777, he came to London, where he was recommended to Mr. Urquhart, one of the Proprietors of the General Advertiser. About this period he published some poems and political pamphlets; afterwards (1782) he commenced the European Magazine, which Journal, however, he conducted only twelve months, being then chosen Editor of the Gazetteer. At the commencement of the French Revolution he became the Chief Proprietor, as well as Editor, of the Morning Chronicle. In 1798 he married Miss Anne Hill. The character of this gentleman, as a Public Journalist, is well known, and the rectitude of his political principles were admitted, even by those who espoused a different party. His remains were interred, on the 12th, in his family vault, at Wimbledon; the funeral, in compliance with his wish, was strictly private, there being present only his executors, his two sons, Mr. William and Mr. Thomas Erskine Perry, and a few friends.
7. At Taunton, in her 76th year, Mary Anne, Dowager Baroness de Paravicini, relict of Jean Baptiste, Baron de Paravicini, formerly Lieut.-Colonel Commandant of the regiment of Vergiers Suisse, in the service of Louis 16th. Madame de Paravicini was a native of Oakhampton, Devonshire.
- Of apoplexy, aged 69, John Ring, Esq. Surgeon, Hanover-street, Hanover-square.
8. At Bishton, Staffordshire, in his 85th year, John Sparrow, Esq. late chairman of the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and one of the oldest Magistrates of that county.
9. In her 71st year, Mary, the wife of Charles Lloyd, Esq. Banker, of Birmingham.
11. At her house in Queen Ann-street, aged 82, the Honourable Mrs. Anson, relict to the late George Anson, Esq. of Shuckborough, in the county of Stafford. She was daughter of George Venables, first Lord Vernon, and mother to the late, and grand-mother to the present Viscount Anson.
- At his house in Mansfield-street, Sir Martin Browne Folkes, Bart. of Hillington-hall, in the county of Norfolk, MP. for the borough of King's Lynn, in the same county, and FRs. He was created a Baronet, 1774; served the office of High Sheriff for the county, 1783; and, in 1790, was chosen Member for Lynn, which borough he continued to represent till the time of his death. Sir Martin married Fanny, one of the daughters, and co-heiresses of Sir John Turner, Bart. of Warham, Norfolk, by whom he has left one son.
14. In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald, widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel Fitzgerald, of the 2d Life Guards, who fell at Waterloo.
15. In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, aged 27, Ann, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Wilby.

IN IRELAND.

- At Dublin, in her 53d year, Mrs. Matilda Wolseley, only sister of Sir Wm. Wolseley, Bart. of Mount Wolseley, in the county of Carlow.
- Aged 15, Mr. Lennon, the eldest son of Major Lennon, of Grange cottage, Queen's county. This young gentleman went to call upon a friend a few years older than himself, and being wrapped up in a Portuguese cloak, most imprudently determined upon surprising him, and concealing his face, and assuming a feigned voice, accosted him as a robber. The effects of his levity proved most fatal, for the other snatching up a blunderbuss, wounded Mr. Lennon in the face and head so horribly, that he died the next morning.
- At Dublin, Mrs. Aylmer, relict of the late Capt. Richard Aylmer, of the 17th regiment of foot, and grand-daughter to the late Sir John Norris, Vice-Admiral of England, and Admiral and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Fleets.

ABROAD.

- At Valencia, in South America, of his wounds received in the battle of Carabobo, July 17th, Thomas Ilderton Ferriar, Esq. eldest son of the

late Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, Colonel in the Columbian service, and Adjutant General of the Apure.

At Chupra, in Bengal, in his 22d year, William Hankey Smith, Esq. of the Hon. Company's Civil Service, eldest son of N. Hankey Smith, Esq. of Deerbotts, Suffolk.

On his passage home from Grenada, John Orle, Esq. Capt. of the 9th regiment of foot, and son of the late Robert Ogle, Esq. of Eglington, in the county of Northampton.

At Florence, suddenly, the Countess of Besborough, wife of the Earl of Besborough, and sister of the late Duchess of Devonshire and of Earl Spencer.

At Paris, the relict of the late Hon. Thomas Walpole.

At Geneva, Bryan Cook, Esq. of Owston, in the county of York, in his 66th year.

At the Cape of Good Hope, Dr. Hussey, who had resided there 14 years, as Inspector of the Military Hospitals.

At Paramaribo, in his 27th year, Thomas Sherrard Wale, Esq. eldest son of Lieut.-General Sir C. Wale, KCB. of Little Shelford, Cambridgeshire.

At Paris, after a few days illness, the celebrated sportsman, Colonel Thornton, late of Thornville Royal, Yorkshire.

At Malta, where he went for the benefit of his health, Sir James Ormsby, Bart. in his 25th year.

LONGEVITY.

At Liverpool, Edward Simon, aged 104 years and 22 days, a labourer in the Docks. This instance of longevity seems to have been hereditary, for his mother had attained the unusually great age of 105 years at the time of her death.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. William Wilkinson, M.A. of the University of Oxford, to the Living of Sowerby, near Thirk, Yorkshire. Patron the Archbishop of York. —A Dispensation has passed the Great Seal, enabling the Rev. G. F. L. Nicolay, M.A. Domestic Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of York, to hold the Vicarage of Little Marlow, Bucks, with the Rectory of St. Michael and St. Martin Vintry, in the city of London. —The Rev. Charles Penrice, to the Rectory of Little Plumstead with Witley and Brundale annexed, vacant by the death of Dr. Columbine. —The Rev. J. T. Hurlock, DD. Prebend of Salisbury Cathedral. —The Rev. Edward Day, AB. instituted to the Rectory of Kirby Bedon, Norfolk, vacated by the death of Professor Vince, of Cambridge.

OXFORD.—The Rev. Henry Hart Milmar, AM. of Brasenose College, elected Professor of Poetry in the room of the Rev. John Josias Conybeare, resigned. —The following subjects chosen for the Chancellor's Prizes, the ensuing year, viz.

Latin Verses; *Alpes ab Annibale superatae.*

English Essay; *On the Study of Moral Evidence.*

Latin Essay; *An re vera praevaluerit apud Eru- ditiores Antiquorum Polytheismus?*

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize, for the best composition in English Verse of 50 lines, by an under Graduate—*Pulmyra.*

CAMBRIDGE.—The Pluvian Professorship being vacant by the death of Archdeacon Vince, the Vice-Chancellor has appointed the 3d of January for the election of a new Professor. —At a Congregation, held on the 5th of December, the following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—Lord Hervey, of Trinity College, eldest son of the Earl of Bristol.

Master of Arts.—The Rev. R. Skinner, of St. College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—The Rev. Charles Burton, of St. John's.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—The subjects for the Vice-Chancellor's Prize, at the next Spring Commencement, are, for Graduates; *Elizabeth receiving the account of the Death of her Sister, Queen Mary.* —For under Graduates; *The Reply of Hippocrates to King Artaxerxes.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1821.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

THIS month has been very wet and windy, and the temperature of the air was high for the season. In the course of the month, rather more than 6 inches of rain fell here; a depth unprecedented in any monthly period during the last seven years, and of which about 4 inches were received in the pluviometer in five days, namely; on the 3d, 0.63 inch; 11th, 1.42 inch; 16th, 0.90 inch; 17th, 0.74 inch; and on the 30th, 0.30 inch. So copious and frequent have the rains been since the Autumnal Equinox, particularly in the western parts of the country, that the lowest lands have long lain under water. It has rained, more or less, on 23 days (or 10 whole days and nights) this month; and the strong southerly and south-westerly gales with which it has been accompanied, have had their usual effects upon houses, trees, and shipping. To show the perturbed state of

the air, it is only necessary to mention, that the barometer has undergone 29 changes in 30 days: and the number of gales, or the days on which they have prevailed, is as follows:—1 from SE., 5 from S., 12 from SW., 2 from W., and 1 from NW.: so that 21 days have presented a melancholy aspect of the weather.

The mean temperature of the air is $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than the average temperature of November for the last seven years; and having had but two slight frosts this month, the temperature of spring-water falls very slowly. The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are, 1 anthe- lion, 1 parhelion, 1 paraselene, 5 solar and 4 lunar halos, 15 meteors, 2 perfect rainbows, lightning 2, thunder 1, and 21 gales of wind.

DAILY REMARKS.

November 1. An overcast sky, with drizzling rain at intervals, and a strong gale from SW.

2. As the preceding day: a wet night, and the gale from the same quarter more boisterous.

3. A continuation of the gale, with almost incessant rain; and violent squalls in the night.

4. A fine day, with the exception of a few passing Nimbi and light showers: a clear frosty night; the ice, for the first time

this autumn, on the leads of the Observatory, being as thick as a dollar.

5. Fair, with *Cumuli* at mid-day, which passed to *Cumulostrati*; between two of these clouds, at a quarter past 3 PM. the planet Venus presented herself to the naked eye; she was about 10° to the westward of the meridian at that time. Large and small coloured halos, a close corona, and a burr around the moon in the evening, caused by the different altitudes of the passing cirrostrative clouds.

6. Hoar-frost and a *Stratus* early, followed by a fair morning: PM. overcast, and two winds almost opposite to each other.

7. Overcast and a fresh gale from SE. A large lunar halo in the evening.

8. *Cirri* and *Cirrostrati* in the day; and passing *Cirrocumuli* in flocks by night, with an increased temperature.

9. Overcast and a brisk wind. A halo in the evening 45° in diameter.

10. A wet mist in the morning, which terminated in light rain: PM. cloudy and fine, and a brisk gale from the South.

11. AM. overcast with several *Strata* of clouds, and a continuation of the gale: PM. steady and almost incessant rain and wind.

12. Calm and fine, but a humid air with *Strata* in the morning and evening. A solar halo at mid-day in a bed of attenuated *Cirrus*; and a lunar halo with a faint parselene at half past 8 in the evening in a similar modification—the dew collected in the rain-gauge in the night amounted to between 2 and $\frac{3}{100}$ of an inch.

13. An overcast sky and a brisk wind all day: a rainy night.

14. Overcast and drizzling, with gleams of sunshine at intervals, and a fresh gale from the south. Venus was seen here again with the naked eye at half past 3 PM., when she was about 43° distant from the sun.

15. Overcast, except an hour at noon. Groups of thunder clouds were wafted from the southward in the afternoon by a stiff gale, followed by rain, and one small meteor in the evening.

16. A strong gale with showers of rain—2 perfect rainbows at mid-day, and very vivid lightning throughout the night (which first came from SW. at 8 PM.) accompanied with thunder, heavy rain and hail, and a hard gale from that quarter.

17. The lighter modifications of clouds, a solar halo, and a parhelion on the east side of the sun in the morning: PM. heavy rain, particularly in the night.

18. Overcast with *Cumulostratus*, and a heavy gale from the SW. by night.

19. AM. wet and windy: PM. fine, and a copious dew in the night.

20. Overcast in the day; and rain by night.

21. A fine dry day: overcast with an attenuated veil of *Cirrostratus* in the evening, followed by rain.

22. AM. rain and a strong gale from SW.: PM. cloudy and fine, and a gale from the W.

23. Cloudy, and a continuation of the gale till mid-day, when a smart shower of rain descended from an extensive *Nimbus*: PM. fine—a gale from NW. in the afternoon, and 6 small meteors in the evening.

24. After a shower of rain, a fine morning: PM. cloudy and windy.

25. AM. plumose and linear *Cirri* and *Cirrocumuli* in small round flocks, succeeded by beds of *Cirrostratus*: PM. an overcast sky, light rain, and a hard gale from the SW. An anthelion of several colours appeared in the forenoon for two minutes only, in a narrow cirrocumulative cloud. It was about 125° distant from, opposite to, and of the same altitude as the sun, and $\frac{2}{3}$ of a degree in diameter. It was different, both in colour and distance from the sun, from the *anthelia* which we have hitherto seen, as it had much the appearance of a beautifully coloured parhelion rather irregularly shaped, the colours not having exhibited a circular form.

26. AM. overcast, and a continuation of the gale: PM. rain and wind.

27. A fine day and night, and a dry NW. breeze. The clouds were tinged with several colours at sunset, and 4 small meteors appeared near the polar star in the evening.

28. Light rain nearly all day and night, and a strong gale from SW.

29. AM. as the preceding: PM. fine. The planet Venus was $45^{\circ} 10'$ distant from the sun's centre when on the meridian a few minutes past 3 PM., and sufficiently bright at that time to be measured with a sextant. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc was of a dull red colour in the evening, for the first time this autumn, and the upper cusp remarkably blunt compared with the lower one. Lightning towards the NW. from 8 till 11 PM., followed by low black clouds, 2 small meteors, rain, and a very hard gale from SW.

30. AM. fine, with beds of *Cirrocumulus* of a sponge-like appearance, floating beneath linear *Cirrus* and dense *Cirrostratus*: PM. rain, and a very hard gale from SW., which increased so much in violence towards midnight, as to become almost a hurricane, and appears to have been generally felt throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland: indeed, the damage sustained by shipping and houses, with the loss of many valuable lives, in the course of a few hours, seems almost incredible.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

The units under Clouds represent inches.																			
Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROME-TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirrocumulus.	Cirrostratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.		
1		30.00	29.97	29.985	62	58	60	86	73	87	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.04
2		29.98	29.90	29.940	65	58	61.5	83	79	82	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.26
3	D	29.87	29.56	29.715	60	42	51	90	94	85	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.15
4		29.75	29.44	29.595	47	31	39	75	67	80	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.63
5		30.24	30.11	30.175	47	33	40	78	57	82	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.02
6		30.32	30.28	30.300	49	44	46.5	79	54	72	NW to E	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.15
7		30.21	30.16	30.185	52	48	50	64	56	64	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
8		30.12	30.10	30.110	54	48	51	70	66	74	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
9	O	30.08	30.07	30.075	53	49	51	71	69	74	SE to E	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.25
10		30.10	30.07	30.085	62	52	57	90	78	100	SE to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
11		29.94	29.78	29.860	59	50	54.5	84	90	97	S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.42
12		30.08	29.94	30.010	57	45	51	95	75	100	W to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10
13		29.95	29.73	29.840	57	55	56	98	80	91	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.22
14		29.79	29.77	29.780	60	54	57	92	84	96	SW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.07
15		29.73	29.55	29.640	62	53	57.5	94	80	85	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10
16	C	29.50	29.50	29.500	59	51	55	84	80	83	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.90
17		29.66	29.61	29.635	59	50	54.5	75	70	90	W to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.74
18		30.06	29.76	29.910	56	48	52	88	77	83	NW to E	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10
19		30.01	29.97	29.990	58	47	52.5	90	83	96	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.20
20		30.00	29.78	29.890	55	49	52	80	63	80	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.12
21		29.88	29.64	29.760	54	40	47	87	57	79	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.08
22		29.72	29.56	29.640	57	49	53	94	88	72	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.09
23		30.02	29.76	29.890	60	40	50	87	82	92	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.07
24		29.81	29.70	29.755	57	46	51.5	82	67	72	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.14
25		29.79	29.65	29.720	54	52	53	77	70	90	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.07
26		29.41	29.28	29.345	59	45	52	77	86	82	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.28
27		29.81	29.48	29.645	47	36	41.5	77	54	74	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.12
28		29.84	29.72	29.780	56	52	54	75	92	88	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.19
29		29.84	29.65	29.745	57	45	51	94	65	72	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.16
30		29.90	29.67	29.785	51	48	49.5	80	68	96	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.30
		30.32	29.28	29.813	65	31	51.72	83.2	73.4	83.9		21	21	27	2	12	20	23	1.35
																			6.02

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.32 Nov. 6th, Wind E.
{ Minimum..... 29.28 Do. 26th, Do. SW.

Range of the Mercury 1.04

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month 29.843

for the lunar period, ending the 24th instant..... 29.937

for 13 days, with the Moon in North declination 29.921

for 17 days, with the Moon in South declination 29.953

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury 7.490

Greatest variation in 24 hours 0.530

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 29

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 65° November 2d, Wind SW.

{ Minimum 31° Do. 4th, Do. NW.

Range 34

Mean temperature of the Air 51.72

for 30 days with the Sun in Scorpio 52.73

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 20.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 53.82

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air 100° in the evenings of the 10th and 12th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto 54 in the afternoons of the 6th and 27th.

Range of the Index 46

Mean at 2 o'clock PM. 73.4

at 8 Do. .. AM..... 83.2

at 8 Do. .. PM..... 83.9

of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock 80.2

Evaporation for the month 1.35 inch.

Rain and Hail, for Ditto 6.02 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, SW.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 1; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 9; an overcast sky, without rain, 10; rain, 10.—Total, 30 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.

21 21 27 2 12 20 23

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
—	—	1	5	3½	10	5½	5	30

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The Life of William Hey, Esq. FRS. late Senior Surgeon of the General Infirmary at Leeds. In Two Parts.—Part I. The Professional Life, with Remarks on his Writings.—Part II. The Moral and Social Life, with Appendices. By John Pearson, FRS. &c.

The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Samuel Butler, with additional Notes, &c. In 2 Vols. 8vo.

The Royal Exile, or Poetical Epistles of Mary, Queen of Scots, during her Captivity in England, with other Original Poems. By a Young Lady. In 2 Vols. 8vo.

A Celestial Atlas, comprising Projections of the Planispheres and particular Constructions of the Signs of the Zodiac, and the Constellations in each Hemisphere, exactly as they appear in the Heavens, in a Series of Thirty beautifully Engraved Maps. By Alexander Jamieson, A.M.

Illustrations of the History, Manners and Customs, Arts, Sciences, and Literature of Japan; selected from Japanese Manuscripts, and Printed Works. By M. Titsingh, formerly chief Agent of the Dutch East India Company at Nangasaki; and accompanied with many Coloured Engravings, faithfully Copied from Original Japanese Paintings and Designs.

Constance, a Tale. By Miss Hill, Author of *The Poet's Child*.

Remarks on Cutaneous Diseases. By Mr. Wilkinson, of Sloane-street.

A new Edition of Mr. Young's Farmer's Kalendar. By Mr. John Middleton, Author of the Middlesex Survey.

Description de l'Egypte, ou Recueil des Observations et des Recherches Faites en Egypte, Pendant l'Expédition de l'Armée Française. In 25 8vo. Vols. and 180 Livraisons of Plates. To be published Monthly.

A Practical Scheme for the Reduction of the Public Debt and Taxation, without Individual Sacrifice. By Jonathan Wilks.

The Village Coquette, a Novel. By the Author of *Such is the World*. In 3 Vols. 12mo.

A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste. By M. M'Dermot. In 1 Vol. 8vo.

Blighted Ambition, or the Rise and Fall of the Earl of Somerset, an Historical Romance. By Maurice Brantome. In 3 Vols. 12mo.

A Universal Technological Dictionary, containing Definitions of all Terms of Art and Science, Drawn from the most Ap-

proved Writers, Ancient and Modern. By Mr. Crabb, Author of *English Synonyms*. In Two 4to. Vols. with numerous Engravings, to be published in Monthly Parts.

Elements of Self Knowledge, or a Familiar Introduction to Moral Philosophy. In 1 Vol. 12mo. principally adapted to Young Persons, entering into active Life. By the Rev. Thomas Finch.

A Fourth and Improved Edition of Mr. Robert Stevers's Essay on Average, and on other Subjects connected with the Contract of Marine Insurance. To which will be added, the Practice and Law of Mercantile Arbitrations.

Laodamia to Protesilaus, and Enone to Paris, Translated from Ovid's Epistles, into English Verse. By J. Guy, Jun.

Conversations on Mineralogy, with Plates, by Mr. Lowry. In 12mo.

Europe, or a General Survey of the present Situation of the principal Powers, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects. By a Citizen of the United States. In 1 Vol. 8vo.

The Perils of Man, or War, Women, and Witchcraft. In 3 Vols. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1822. Containing Memoirs of celebrated Men who have died in 1820-21.

An Atlas of Ancient Geography. By S. Butler, DD. Author of *Ancient and Modern Geography*. Also, by the same, *An Atlas of Modern Geography*.

Mr. Booth's Letter to Mr. Malthus, on the Subject of Population.

Madaline, a Tale. In 2 Vols. 12mo. By Mrs. Opie.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. In 1 Vol. 8vo.

A new Work by Miss Spence, entitled *Old Stories*. In 3 Vols.

The Second Edition of *Views of America*, in a Series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England, during 1818-19-20. By Frances Wright.

Proofs and Illustrations of the Principles of Population. By Francis Place.

A Mother's Portrait Sketched soon after her Decease, for the Study of her Children. By their Surviving Parent.

The Principles of Medicine, on the plan of the Baconian Philosophy.—Vol. I. On Febrile and Inflammatory Diseases. By Mr. R. D. Hamilton.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.

A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome. By the Rev. Edward Burton, MA. 8vo. 15s.

Iamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians. By Thos. Taylor. 8vo. 16s.

Views in Paris and its Environs. By Frederick Nash. No. 7. 4to. 16s.

A View of the Inside of Westminster Abbey, with the Ceremony of the Coronation, engraved by C. Turner, from a Picture by Frederic Nash. 12 1s. Proofs, 12 11s. 6d.

Views of the Colosseum, engraved by W. Cook, and by J. C. Allan. No. I. 12 1s. Proofs, 12 10s.

Smirke's Illustration of Merry Wives of Windsor, being No. III. of Illustrations of Shakspeare. Royal 8vo. 14s. Imperial 8vo. 18s.

A Series of Portraits of Eminent Characters, introduced into the Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley, No. I. to V. 12mo. 8s. each. 8vo. 10s.

Biography.

Anecdotes of Dr. Samuel Johnson, during the last twenty Years of his Life. By Hester Lynch Piozzi. Small 8vo. 7s.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri. By Charles Lloyd. 12mo. 3s.

Botany.

A Natural Arrangement of British Plants, according to their Relations to each other, as pointed out by Jussieu, &c. By Samuel Frederick Gray. 2 Vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

Education.

The Scottish Orphans, a Moral Tale for Young People. By Mrs. Blackwood. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The Orphans of Normandy, or Florentin and Lucie. By Mrs. Sherwood. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

A Dictionary of French Homonymes. By D. Boileau. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language on a New Plan. By the Rev. W. Yates. 4to. 2l. 10s.

The fruits of Enterprize, exhibited in the Travels of Belzoni. By the Author of the Indian Cabinet. With 24 Engravings. 6s.

Geography.

New Edinburgh General Atlas; consisting of 48 Plates, including every New Discovery, &c. with an Index. Each Map is accompanied with a Letter-press Description, embracing every important feature in the Geographical, Political, and Statistical condition of the Countries delineated thereon. Oblong folio, half-bound, 3l. 3s.

A System of Universal Geography. By Malte Brun. Part III. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

History.

Quintus Curtius's History of Alexander the Great, translated by Peter Pratt, 2 Vols. 12 10s.

The History of Scotland from the Invasion of the Romans till the Union with England. With a Sketch of the Rebelions of 1715 and 1745. By D. Mackintosh. 12mo. 6s.

Medicine, Surgery, and Physiology.

The Art of Invigorating and Preserving Life, with the Pleasure of making a Will. By Dr. Kitchiner. Third 12mo, Edition. 7s.

A Letter to Dr. Parry, on the Influence of Artificial Eruptions in certain Diseases, &c. By Edward Jenner, MD. &c. 4to. 5s.

A System of Pathological and Operative Surgery, founded on Anatomy, with Engravings. By Robert All, FRS. &c. Vols. I. and II. 12s. 6d. each.

Miscellaneous Works of the late Robert Willan, MD. Edited by Ashby Smith, MD. 8vo. 12s.

A Treatise on Diseases of the Nervous System.—Vol. I. on Convulsive and Maniacal Affections. By J. C. Prichard, MD. &c. 8vo. 12s.

A Treatise on Diseases of the Chest, Translated from the French of R. T. H. Laennec, MD. By John Forbes, MD. 8vo. 14s.

Miscellaneous.

Sir William Jones's Discourses, 2 Vols. 24mo 5s. 6d.

A Brief Display of the Origin of Ordeals, Trials of Battle, Courts of Chivalry, &c. By James P. Gilchrist. 8vo. 12s.

The Beauties of Addison, 12mo. 6s.

Letters of Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, with a Memoir and Notes. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The Gossip, a Series of Original Essays and Letters, &c. 4s. 6d.

Time's Telescope for 1822; or, the Astronomer's, Naturalist's, Botanist's, and Historian's Guide throughout the Year: with an Introduction, containing the Outlines of Conchology, and a coloured Plate of Shells. 12mo. 9s.

Leigh's New Picture of London and its Environs for 1822, with very important additions and numerous Views, expressly engraved for this Edition. 18mo. Price 9s.

Observations on Vocal Music, and Rules for the Accent and Emphasis of Poetry. By W. Kitchiner, MD. 12mo. 4s.

Frend's Evening Amusement for 1822. 3s.

Novels and Tales.

The Pirate. By the Author of Waverley. 3 Vols. 12 11s. 6d.

The Sybil's Warning. By Edward Ball, Esq. 2 Vols. 12mo. 12s.

May You Like It. By a Country Curate. 12mo. 6s.

The Priest, a Novel. In 3 Vols. 18s.

Maurice Powell, an Historical Welsh Tale of England's Troubles. 3 Vols. 18s.

Poetry and the Drama.

Sardanapalus, a Tragedy; The Two Foscari, a Tragedy; Cain, a Mystery. By Lord Byron. 8vo. 15s.

Gordon, a Tale; a Poetical Review of Don Juan. 8vo. 4s.

Specimens of the German Lyric Poets, consisting of Translations in Verse, from the Works of Burger, Goethe, Klopstock, &c. with Biographical Notices. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Faustus, from the German of Goethe, with Retsch's Twenty-six Outlines, 4to. 20s. The Plates separately, 14s.

The Pleasures of Conversation, a Poem. By W. Cooke, Esq. 5s. 6d.

The Two Pages of Frederick the Great, a Comic Piece. By John Poole, Esq. 2s.

Idle Hours, a Collection of Poems. By W. H. Armstrong, 12mo. 6s.

Selim, a Turkish Tale, in Three Cantos. By G. Fitzgerald.

Sir Heraud of Arden, a Tale, rl. 8vo. 6s.

Desultory Thoughts in London, Titus and Gisippus, and other Poems. By Charles Lloyd. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Rosalie, a Swiss Relic, with other Poems. 5s.

Political Economy.

Elements of Political Economy. By James Mill, Esq. 8vo. 8s.

An Essay on the Theory of Money, and the Principles of Commerce. By John Wheatley.—Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 1s.

Howell's Collection of State Trials.—Vol. XXX. being Vol. IX. of the Continuation, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Theology.

Sermons, by Edward Maltby, DD. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.

An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, MA. 4 Vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.

Six Discourses Preached before the University of Oxford. By Thomas L. Strong, BD. 8vo. 6s.

Voyages, Travels, and Topography.

Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France, with 17 Coloured Engravings, by Rowlandson, royal 8vo. 18s.

Italy. By Lady Morgan. 3 Vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

Sketches taken during Ten Voyages to Africa. By Captain John Adams. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Letters from Palestine, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judæa. By T. R. Jolliffe. Third Edition. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Some Account of Kentish Town, its Ancient Condition, Improvement, and present State. 2s. 6d.

NEW PATENTS.

Thomas Martin and Charles Grafton, of Birmingham, printing ink manufacturers; for a method of making fine light black of very superior colour, which they call spirit black; and a new apparatus for producing the same.—Oct. 24th.

Benjamin Thompson, of Ayton Cottage, Durham, Gent. for a method of facilitating the conveyance of carriages along iron and wood rail-ways, tram-ways, and other roads.—Oct. 24th.

Charles Tuckley, Sen. of Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker; for certain improvements applicable to window-sashes, either single or double hung, fixed or sliding sashes, casements, window shutters, and window blinds.—Nov. 1st.

Samuel Hobday, of Birmingham, patent snuffer maker; for a method of manufacturing the furniture for umbrellas and parasols, and of uniting the same together.—Nov. 1st.

John Frederick Archbold, Esq. of Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London; for a mode of ventilating close carriages.—Nov. 1st.

Richard Wright, of Mount-row, Kent-road, Surrey, engineer; for improvements in the process of distillation.—Nov. 9th.

David Redmund, of Agnes-Circus, Old-street-road, Middlesex, engineer; for an improvement in the construction or manufacture of hinges for doors.—Nov. 9th.

Franz Areton Egells, of Britannia-terrace, City-road, Middlesex, engineer; for certain improvements on steam-engines. Nov. 9th.

William Westley Richards, of Birmingham, gun-maker; for an improvement in the construction of gun and pistol locks.—Nov. 10th.

James Gardner, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, ironmonger; for a machine preparatory to melting in the manufacture of tallow, soap, and candles; and which machine may be used for other similar purposes.—Nov. 9th.

John Bates, of Bradford, Yorkshire, machine-maker; for certain machinery for the purpose of feeding furnaces of every description, steam-engines, and other boilers, with coal, coke, and fuel of every kind.—Nov. 9th.

William Penrose, of Stummorgangs, Yorkshire, miller; for various improvements in the machinery for propelling vessels, and in vessels so propelled.—Nov. 10th.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

Gazette—Nov. 24 to Dec. 20.

Beaumont, J. D. Maidstone, upholsterer. [Dickinson, 35, St. Swithin's-lane. T.
Byass, H. Rayleigh, Essex, surgeon. [Milne, Temple. C.
Clark, J. Commercial-place, Commercial-road, Middlesex, ship-owner. [Simpson, 1, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street. T.
Dentith, J. Liverpool, silversmith. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Dobell, J. Cranbrook, Kent, currier. [Alliston, Freeman's-court, Cornhill. T.
Dobson, T. and G. Thompson, Darlington, Durham, mercers. [Perkins, Gray's-inn. C.
Elliott, T. and S. Haslock, Northampton, boot manufacturers. [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange. T.
Mumby, R. Glamford Briggs, Lincoln, mercer. [Mason, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars. C.
Ricket, H. Shoreditch, Middlesex, grocer. [Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.
Rivolta, A. Brook-street, Holborn, looking-glass manufacturer. [Jones, New Inn. T.
Sanders, J. Coventry, auctioneer. [Coombe, Copthall-court. C.
Temple, N. Fleet-street, wine-merchant. [Bartlett, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street. T.
Warner, R. Huntingdon, ironmonger. [Egan, 25, Essex-street, Strand. C.
Whitley, T. Batcombe, Somerset, shopkeeper. [Dyne, 59, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
Whitehead, James, Hanley, Stafford, merchant. [Wright, 10, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.
Wild, W. Sheffield, merchant. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn. C.
Winch, B. Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer. [Gregson, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.
Nov. 27.—Bayliss, T. Curdworth, Warwick, dealer. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Boulton, J. and J. W. Cole, Peterborough, bankers. [Anderton, Quality-st. Chancery-lane. C.
Cooper, C. Upper North-place, Gray's-Inn-road, grocer. [Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.
Denzilve, M. K. Bridport, Dorset, bookseller. [Hopkinson, Lincoln's-inn. C.
Eastwood, R. Leeds, draper. [Makinson, Temple. C.
Fowler, J. Mark-lane, tea-dealer. [Hodgson, 14, John-street, Adelphi. T.
Jackson, R. Cannon-street, merchant. [Borradaile, jun. 18, Cateaton-street. T.
Kirkham, G. Lancaster, merchant. [Chippendall, 56, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
Levi, H. Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, merchant. [Green, Angel-court, Throgmorton-st. T.
Morton, P. Salford, Lancaster, merchant. [Ellis, Chancery-lane. C.
Nicolson, J. Cummersdale, Cumberland, iron-founder. [Clennell, Staple's-inn. C.
Parker, R. Whitechurch, Salop, stationer. [Stockler, New Boswell-court, Carey-street. C.
Ritchie, J., F. Richardson, and J. Ritchie, Watling-street, warehousemen. [Smith, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street. T.
Staff, C. and W. W., Norwich, bombazine-manufacturers. [Abbott, Roll's-yard, Chancery-lane. C.
Dec. 1.—Armistead, J. Clapham, York, cotton-spinner. [Norris, 26, John-street, Bedford-row. C.
Attwood, A. Lymington, Southampton, surgeon. [Capes, Gray's-inn. C.
Bray, D. Plymouth-dock, victualler. [Bourdillon, Bread street, Cheapside. C.
Campart, W. H. Croydon, hatter. [Saunders, 11, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. T.
Cella, P. Modford-court, Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. [Annesley, Finsbury-square. T.
Clarkson, J. Gracechurch-street, hatter. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-st. T.
Cropper, Jas. Great Peter-street, Westminster, brewer. [Mangnall, 16, Aldermanbury. T.
Fisher, F. Jun. Leicester-square, surgeon. [Budd, Bedford-row. T.

Hounsfield, J. Cononley, York, calico-manufacturer. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.
Howard, J. St. Martin's-court, St. Martin's-lane, cordwainer. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.
Kay, T. Lambridge-place, Somerset, auctioneer. [Noel, Great Ormond-street. T.
Longrigg, I. Liverpool, linen-draper. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Longster, G. Highbury-terrace, Islington, merchant. [Smith, Bedford-row. T.
Monkhouse, R. New Shoreham, Sussex, timber-merchant. [Hicks, Gray's-inn-square. C.
Niblock, J. and R. S. Latham, Bath, woollen-drappers. [Bourdillon, Bread-street. C.
Paine, E. Little Chart, Kent, paper-maker. [Elwyn, Thavies-inn. C.
Dec. 4.—Barker, W. Welch Whittle, Lancaster, victualler. [Chippendall, Great Queen-st. C.
Box, T. Buckingham, banker. [Evans, Hatton-garden. T.
Burkitt, W. Beverley, York, miller. [Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn. C.
Court, H. Fish-street-hill, straw hat-manufacturer. [Reynolds, 96, St. John-st. Clerkenwell. T.
Gayfer, T. Bruisyard, Suffolk, merchant. [Alexander, 36, Carey-st. Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
Greaves, J. Sheffield, York, merchant. [Knowles, 2, New-inn. C.
Harrison, John, Beckfoot, Westmoreland, joiner. [Holme, New-inn. C.
Hutchings, James, Home Park-buildings, Devon, builder. [Raine, Temple. C.
Mabson, W. Kelsale, Suffolk, farmer. [Elkins, Temple-chambers. C.
Moyse, W. Saxmundham, Suffolk, baker. [Elkins, Temple-chambers. C.
Staff, E. and W. W. Norwich, brick-makers. [Holme, New-inn. C.
Warner, J. Garforth, York, maltster. [Batty, Chancery-lane. C.
Dec. 8.—Bellott, H. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn. C.
Epps, J. Holborn, ham merchant. [Harvey, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.
Gale, Q. Newgate market, butcher. [Wilmot, 38, Essex-street, Strand. T.
Landeastle, J. and R. N. Gillard, jun. Bristol, carpenters. [Sherwood, Canterbury-square, Southwark. C.
Lapage, S. Clement's-lane, dry salter. [Griffith, 86, High-street, St. Mary-le-bone. T.
Litchfield, John, Cambridge, gardener. [Farlow, Gray's-inn. C.
Margetts, Thos. Old Woodstock, Oxford, wheelwright. [Lowden, Clement's-inn. C.
Marsden, P. Sheffield, grocer. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.
Page, W. Lime-street, spirit merchant. [Farlow, 14, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. T.
Staff, H. A. Norwich, soap-manufacturer. [Lythgoe, Essex-street, Strand. C.
Warner, R. Peckfield-house, Garforth, York, dealer. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-square. C.
Williams, Sam. Bristol, apothecary. [Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square. C.
Dec. 11.—Aydon, S. and W. Elwell, Shelf, York, iron-masters. [Walker, 29, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
Baker, W. and N. Baker, Portsea, grocers. [Shelton, Sessions-house, Old Bailey. C.
Calvert, J. Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, merchant. [Lavie, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
Edwards, W. Chatham, linen-draper. [Rippon, Great Surry-street. T.
Evans, T. Mackynlleth, Montgomery, innkeeper. [Philpot, 3, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square. C.
Fuller, J. M. Worthing, linen-draper. [Jones, Sise-lane. T.
Garrick, J. L. Mitcham, merchant. [Grimaldi, 1, Copthall-court. T.
Haviland, R. Cirencester, Gloucester, rectifier. [Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square. C.

Holland, H. L. Birmingham, builder. [Alexander, Carey-street, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Kerwood, C. G. John-street, West, Middlesex, printer. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.]
 Rendall, J. Bridport, Dorset, painter. [Allen, Clifford's-inn. C.]
 Tippetts, E. and E. Gethen, Basinghall-street, factors. [Pullen, 34, Fore-street, Cripplegate. T.]
 Todd, S. Southampton, mercer. [Browne, New Furnival's-inn. C.]
 Townsend, J. Honiton, Devon, and G. Brooke, Whimble, Devon, bankers. [Luxmoore, Red Lion-square, Holborn. C.]
 Wills, R. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tobacconist. [Cobb, Clement's-inn. T.]

Dec. 15.—Beale, W. Newbury, Berks, timber-dealer. [Ashfield, Tokenhouse-yard. C.]
 Bell, J. and G. Bell, Berwick-upon-Tweed, coopers. [Bennett, Lambeth-hill, Doctor's Commons. T.]
 Brander, J. and J. Barclay, Size-lane, merchants. [Hurd, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.]
 Browne, J. Canterbury, linen-draper. [Reardon, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.]
 Chamberlin, J. Bristol, merchant. [Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Cleaver, W. Church-lane, Chelsea, grocer. [Dawson, Saville-place, New Burlington-street. T.]
 Durrant, William, Castle-street, Finsbury, tailor. [Clarke, Bishopsgate Churchyard. T.]
 Eastwood, H. Eastwood, York, fustian-manufacturer. [Ellis, 43, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Hatfield, H. Abingdon-row, Goswell-street-road, merchant. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.]
 James, R. Conderton, Worcester, dealer in horses. [Jenkins, 8, New-inn. C.]
 Kay, E. Sheffield, merchant. [Batty, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Moore, J. Sowerby, York, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-sq. C.]
 Potter, T. Manchester, publican. [Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn. C.]

Smith, H. St. Martin's-lane, Middlesex, woollen-draper. [Pownall, Old Jewry. T.]
 Dec. 18.—Bamford, R. Pontefract, York, maltster. [Lake, 9, Cateaton-street. C.]
 Barratt, A. Newport Pagnell, Buckingham, farmer. [Spence, 7, Furnival's-inn. C.]
 Bingham, R. Gosport, Southampton, clerk. [Montagu, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]
 Callanan, D. and T. Walsh, King-street, Wapping, soap-makers. [Thompson, 8, Walbrook. T.]
 Cavey, J. Beckley, Sussex, dealer. [Egan, 25, Essex-street, Strand. T.]
 Else, S. Tredegar Iron-works, Bedwellty, Monmouth, shopkeeper. [Gregory, Clement's-inn. C.]
 Gleave, S. Warrington, Lancaster, shopkeeper. [Hurd, London. C.]
 Jarvis, E. Norwich, carpenter. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Marshall, W. H. Bristol, ship-broker. [Vizard, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
 Parr, J. Stand-lane, within Pilkington, Lancaster, check-manufacturer. [Perkins, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]
 Pattison, C. St. Neots, Huntingdon, ironmonger. [Day, St. Neots. C.]
 Staples, G. C. Halifax, woolstapler. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Turner, G. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor, 9, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.]
 Wildman, J. Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant. [Le Blanc, New Bridge-street. T.]

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Nov. 27 to Dec. 20.

Bell, A. and J. Sword, rope-makers, Leith.
 Hutchinson, J. D. iron-merchant, Edinburgh.
 Chalmers, J. merchant, Glasgow.
 Myle, W. merchant, Leith.
 Provand, J. merchant, Glasgow.
 Swayne, W. manufacturer, Dysart.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 Dec.	Hamburg. 18 Dec.	Amsterdam 21 Dec.	Vienna. 5 Dec.	Nuremberg 13 Dec.	Berlin. 15 Dec.	Naples 6 Dec.	Leipsig. 14 Dec.	Bremen 13 Dec.
London ...	25.50	36.7½	40.10	10.	fl. 10.5	7.2½	585	6.19	617
Paris	—	25¾	57½	117½	fr. 119	83¾	22.80	80½	17¾
Hamburg .	185¼	—	35¼	146	146½	151½	41.80	146¾	134½
Amsterdam	57½	106½	—	135¼	136¼	144¼	46.75	138¼	125½
Vienna	252	147	36	—	40	105	57.90	101	—
Franckfort.	3¼	148½	35½	99½	106	103¾	—	100½	111
Augsburg .	250	147½	35½	99½	99¾	105	57.40	—	—
Genoa	475	81¼	91½	61½	—	—	1905	—	—
Leipsig	—	147¼	—	—	99¾	104½	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	512	88	98½	57	—	—	118	—	—
Lisbon	557	36¾	40¼	—	—	—	49½	—	—
Cadiz	15.50	92¼	102½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples	439	—	84	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa	15.56	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid	15.60	93	103	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	560	37½	40¼	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 16 Dec.	Breslaw. 12 Dec.	Christiana. 28 Nov.	Petersburg. 30 Nov.	Riga. 30 Nov.	Antwerp 17 Dec.	Madrid. 10 Dec.	Lisbon. 28 Nov.
London	152¾	7.2¼	Sp. 80.96	97½	98	40.5½	37½	51¼
Paris	79¾	—	—	95½	—	38	16	545
Hamburg	146½	154¼	191	8½	8½	35	—	39
Amsterdam .	135¼	144	—	91½	91½	1¼	—	43¼
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	860

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Nov. 27 to Dec. 25.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-13..12-12
Ditto at sight	12-10..12- 9
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-14..12-13
Antwerp	12-7
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-6
Altona, 2½ U	37-7
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-00
Ditto. 2 U	25-90
Bordeaux	25-90
Frankfort on the Main	} 156
Ex. M.	
Petersburg, rble, 3 Us.	3..9
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10..18
Trieste ditto	10..18
Madrid, effective	36..36½
Cadiz, effective	36
Bilboa	35¾..36
Barcelona	35½..35¾
Seville	35½..35¾
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47
Genoa	43¾
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27..60
Malta	45
Naples	39¾..40
Palermo, per oz.	119
Lisbon	50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	44..39
Bahia	50
Dublin	8½..8¾
Cork	9

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	9	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 33s. ¾d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 10½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Champions	2	10	0	to	4	5	0
Oxnobles	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples	2	10	0	to	3	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Nov. 26 to Dec. 24.

	Nov. 26.	Dec. 3.	Dec. 10.	Dec. 17.	Dec. 24.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	34 3 to 44 6	33 0 to 45 3	32 0 to 44 9	31 0 to 43 9	36 0 to 44 0
Sunderland	35 0 to 45 3	36 0 to 46 0	35 6 to 45 9	35 6 to 45 9	46 0 to 0 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Nov. 24	Dec. 3	Dec. 10	Dec. 17
Wheat	53 11	51 11	51 2	49 2
Rye	23 7	23 7	27 3	25 3
Barley	25 1	24 2	22 10	22 1
Oats	19 1	18 5	18 11	18 7
Beans	28 1	26 4	28 8	24 9
Peas	30 3	28 10	28 0	28 3

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Nov. 23, to Dec. 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	17,154	21,365	15,039	93,558
Barley	30,944	625	2,235	39,804
Oats	54,290	33,651	19,802	107,743
Rye	230	—	—	230
Beans	9,906	—	—	9,906
Pease	8,235	—	—	8,235
Malt	24,005	Qrs.	Flour 54,580	Sacks.

Foreign Flour — barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	40s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Yearling Bags	30s. to 50s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	50s. to 80s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Inferior	35s. to 50s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 0 to 4	0..4	0 to 4	10..1 6 to 1 12
Whitechapel.			
3 10 to 4	0..4	0 to 5	0..1 10 to 1 16
St. James's.			
3 0 to 4	4..3	12 to 4	10..1 4 to 1 11

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	2s. 4d.	to	3s. 4d.
Mutton	1s. 8d.	to	2s. 8d.
Veal	3s. 8d.	to	5s. 8d.
Pork	3s. 0d.	to	5s. 0d.
Lamb	0s. 0d.	to	0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	2s. 4d.	to	3s. 6d.
Mutton	1s. 10d.	to	2s. 6d.
Veal	3s. 8d.	to	6s. 0d.
Pork	2s. 8d.	to	4s. 4d.
Lamb	0s. 0d.	to	0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Nov. 23, to Dec. 24, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
18,166	1,631	118,320	1,590

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th Nov. to 24th Dec.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent.	Ret. Cent.	3 p. Cent.	Consols.	3 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent.	Nav.	Long An.	India St.	India	South Sea	South Sea	Old An.	Excheq.	Consols	for Acc.
Nov.																		
26	239	77½	7	78½	8	96½	110½	19½	—	—	242	69	—	—	—	3	78½	
27	239½	77½	7	78½	7½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	—	67	—	—	—	3	78½	
28	239	77	6½	77½	8½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	—	65	—	—	—	2	78½	
29	239	77½	6½	77½	8½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	241	66	—	—	—	3	78½	
30	—	77	6½	77½	8½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	78½	
Dec.																		
1	238½	76½	7	77½	8½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	240	67	—	—	—	4	78½	
3	238½	76½	7	77½	8½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	240½	65	—	—	—	3	78½	
4	236½	76½	7	76½	7½	96½	110½	19½	—	—	239	63	—	—	—	2	77½	
5	237	76½	shut.	—	—	96½	111	19½	—	—	—	66	—	—	—	2	78	
6	237½	76½	7	—	—	96½	111½	19½	—	—	—	65	—	—	—	2	78½	
7	—	76½	—	—	—	96½	111	19½	—	—	—	65	—	—	—	2	78	
8	—	76½	—	—	—	96½	111	19½	—	—	—	65	—	—	—	2	78	
10	—	76½	—	—	—	96½	110½	19½	—	—	—	67	—	—	—	2	77½	
11	235½	76½	—	—	—	96½	111	19½	—	—	—	63	—	—	—	2	77½	
12	236½	76½	—	—	—	96½	111½	19½	—	—	—	63	—	—	—	2	78	
13	237	76½	—	—	—	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	69	—	76½	—	2	78½	
14	236½	76½	—	—	—	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	70	—	76½	—	2	77½	
15	237	76½	—	—	—	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	—	3	78½	
17	236½	76½	—	—	—	96½	—	—	—	—	—	71	—	—	—	3	78	
18	237	76½	—	—	—	96½	111½	19½	—	—	—	71	—	76½	—	3	78½	
19	236½	76½	—	—	—	96½	111½	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	—	3	78½	
20	236½	76½	—	—	—	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	—	2	78½	
21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
22	236	76½	—	—	—	96½	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	—	3	78½	
24	236½	76½	—	—	—	96	—	19½	—	—	—	71	—	—	—	2	77½	

IRISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock.	Govt. Debt 3½ per cent.	Govt. Debt 4 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.	Govt. Debt 5 per cent.
Nov.																		
22	239	87	86½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	—	87	86½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	239	87	86½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dec.																		
1	236½	87½	86½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	—	86½	86½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	—	86½	86½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	235½	86	85½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	—	86	85½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	—	85	85	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	236½	85½	85½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

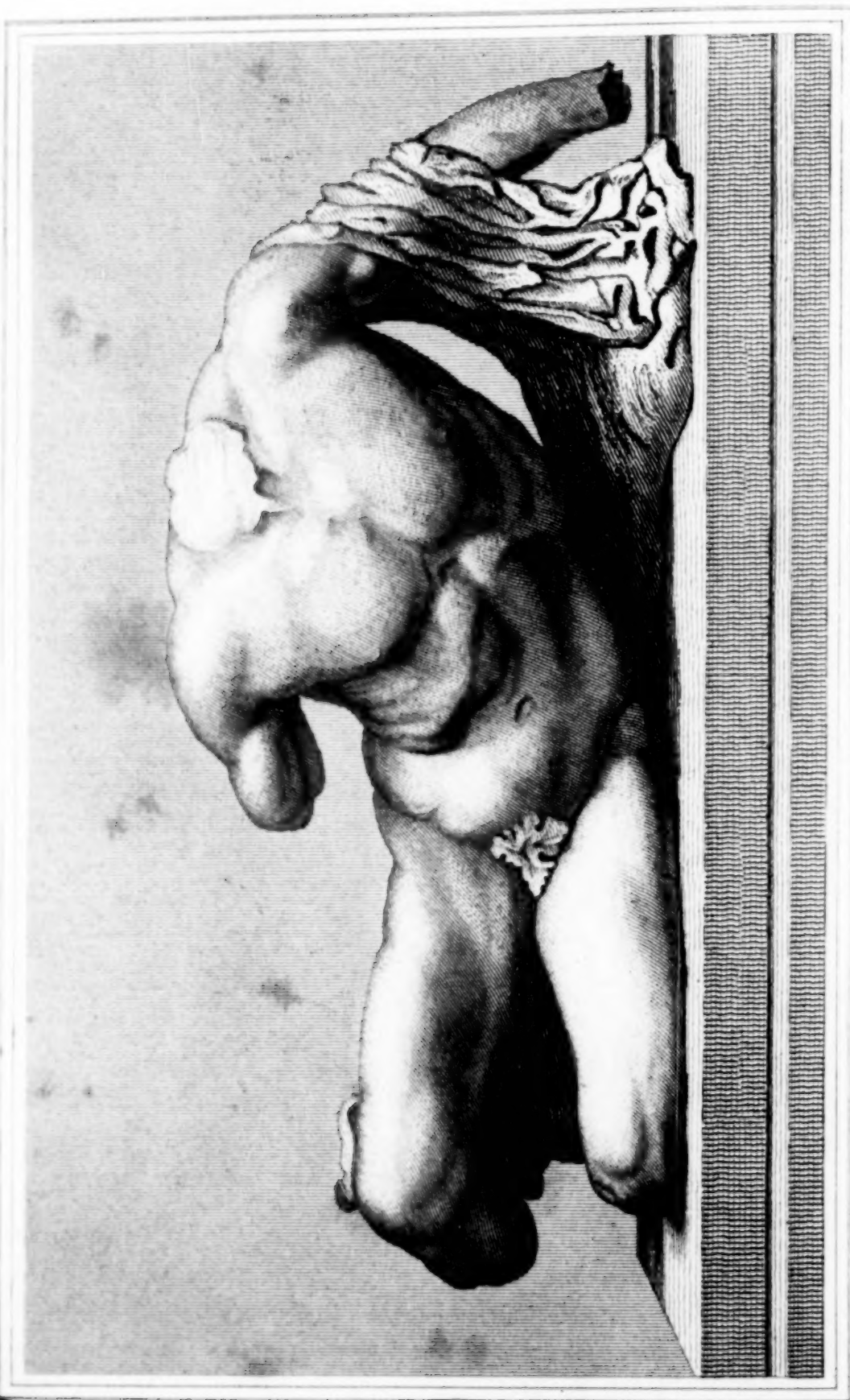
**Prices of the
FRENCH FUNDS,
From Nov. 24.
to Dec. 20.**

5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Nov.	
24	39 35
28	89 75
Dec.	
1	39 15 1597 50
4	38 50 —
8	87 40 1595 —
11	63 40 1592 50
15	87 40 1592 50
17	38 10 —
20	87 35 —

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.						NEW YORK.			
	Dec.						Nov.			
	4	7	11	14	18	21	10	15	16	23
Bank Shares.....	23	23	23	—	—	—	112	114½	114½	113½
6 per cent.....	1812.....	99	99	99	99	99	106½	106½	107½	107½
	1813.....	100	100	100	100	100	107½	107½	108½	108½
	1814.....	101½	101½	101½	102	102	109½	109½	109½	109½
	1815.....	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	111½	111½	110½	111½
5 per cent.....	1821.....	102	102	101	101	101	108½	108½	109	109½

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.



HYGIEIA. MARBLE. ROMAN.

See page 100.

